

JANUARY
No.52

10¢



CRACK COMICS

Captain
TRIUMPH
battles a
new menace,
The **PORCUPINE!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

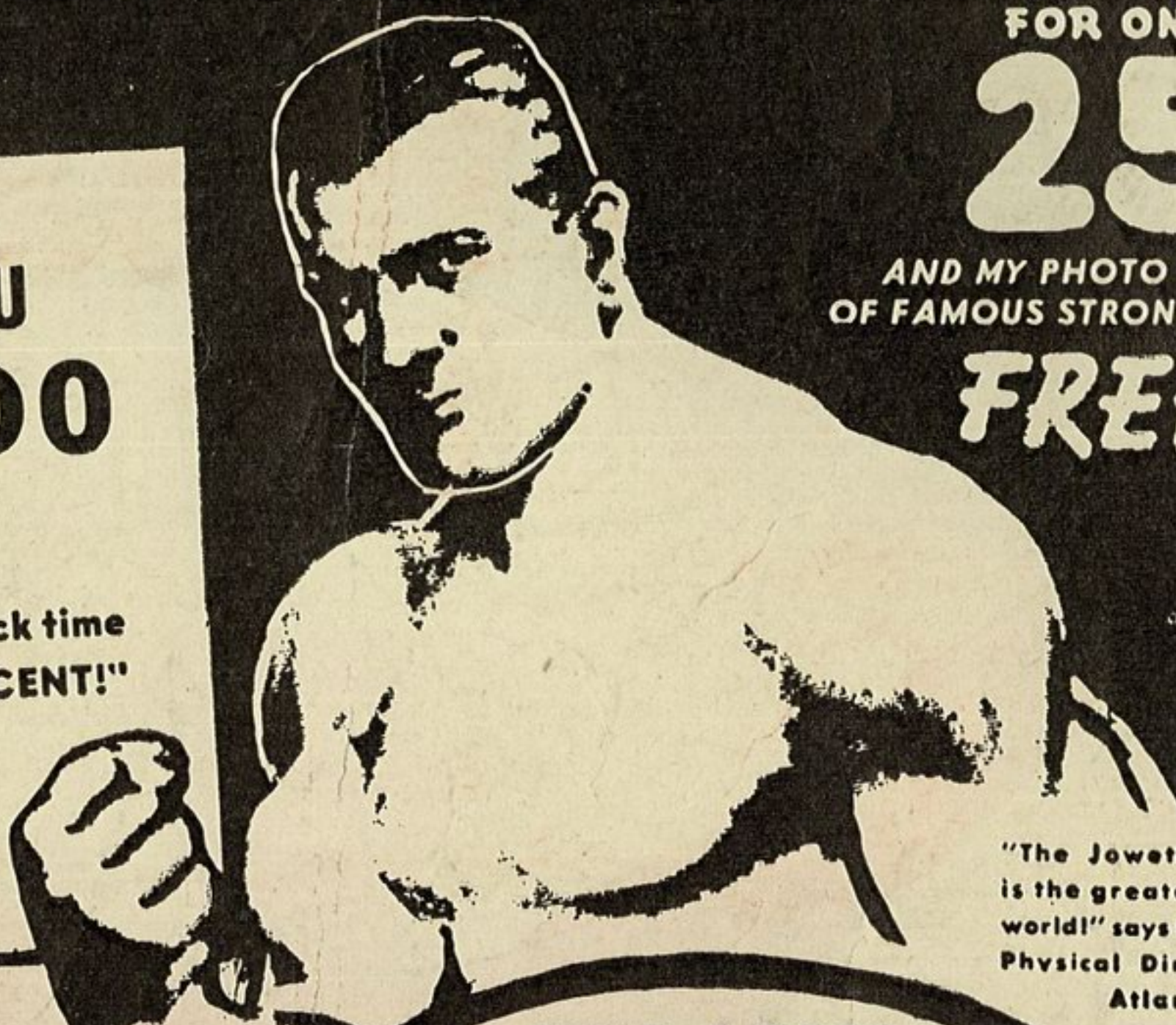
MAKE ME PROVE—
I can make YOU
**COMMANDO
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

AND MY PHOTO BOOK
OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

FREE!



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ What These Famous Pupils Say About Jowett. Why Don't You Follow in Their Footsteps!

A.
PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained
athlete who was
named Ameri-
ca's first prize-
winner for
Physical Per-
fection.



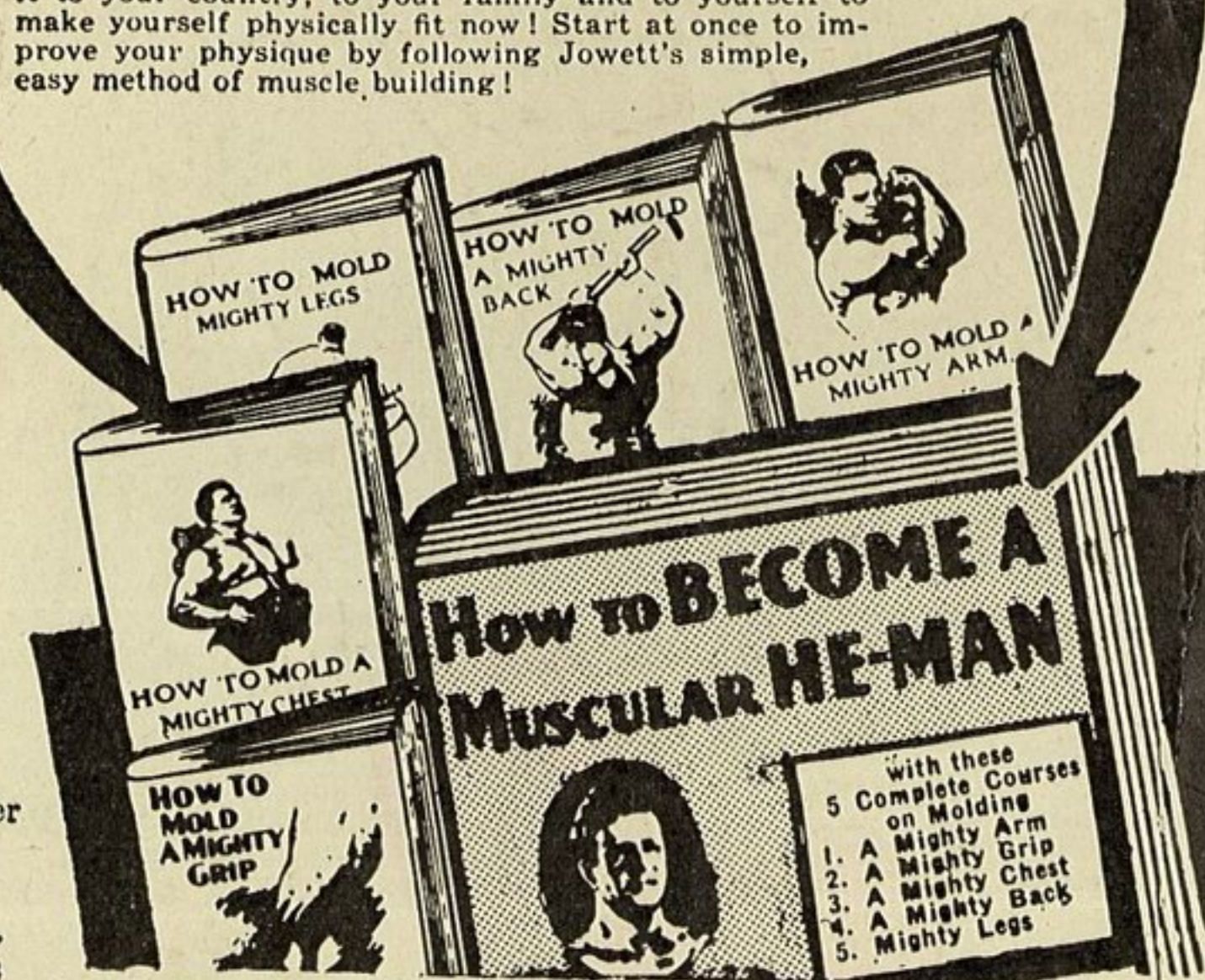
REX
FERRIS
Champion
Strength
Athlete of
South Africa.
Says he: "I
owe every-
thing to
Jowett meth-
ods!" Look
at this chest
—then consider
the value of
the Jowett
Courses!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F.
Jowett
Champion of
Champions

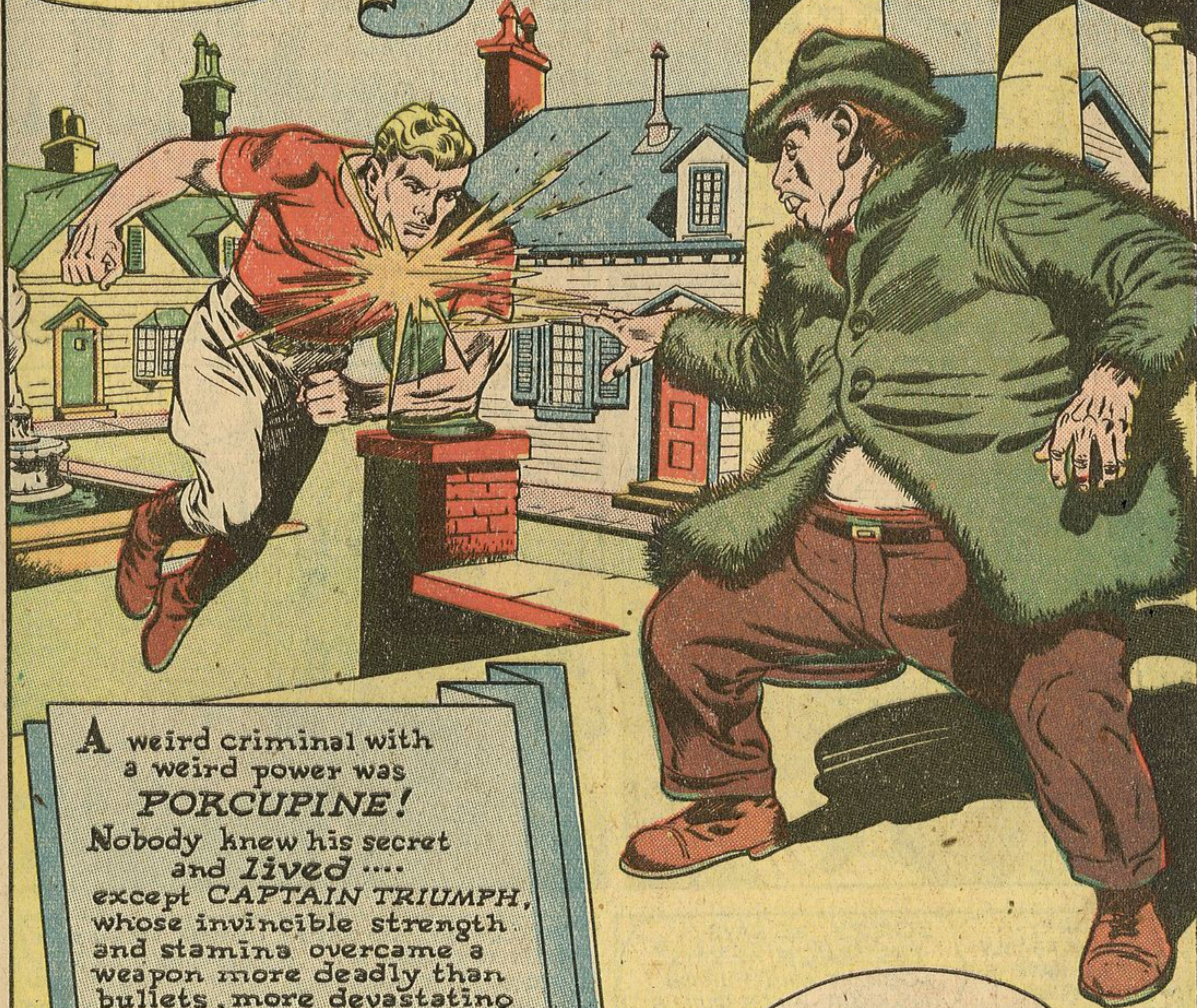
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE,
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-81 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett:—Please send by return mail,
prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men,
along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Mold-
ing a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm.
3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty
Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". En-
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Captain

TRIUMPH

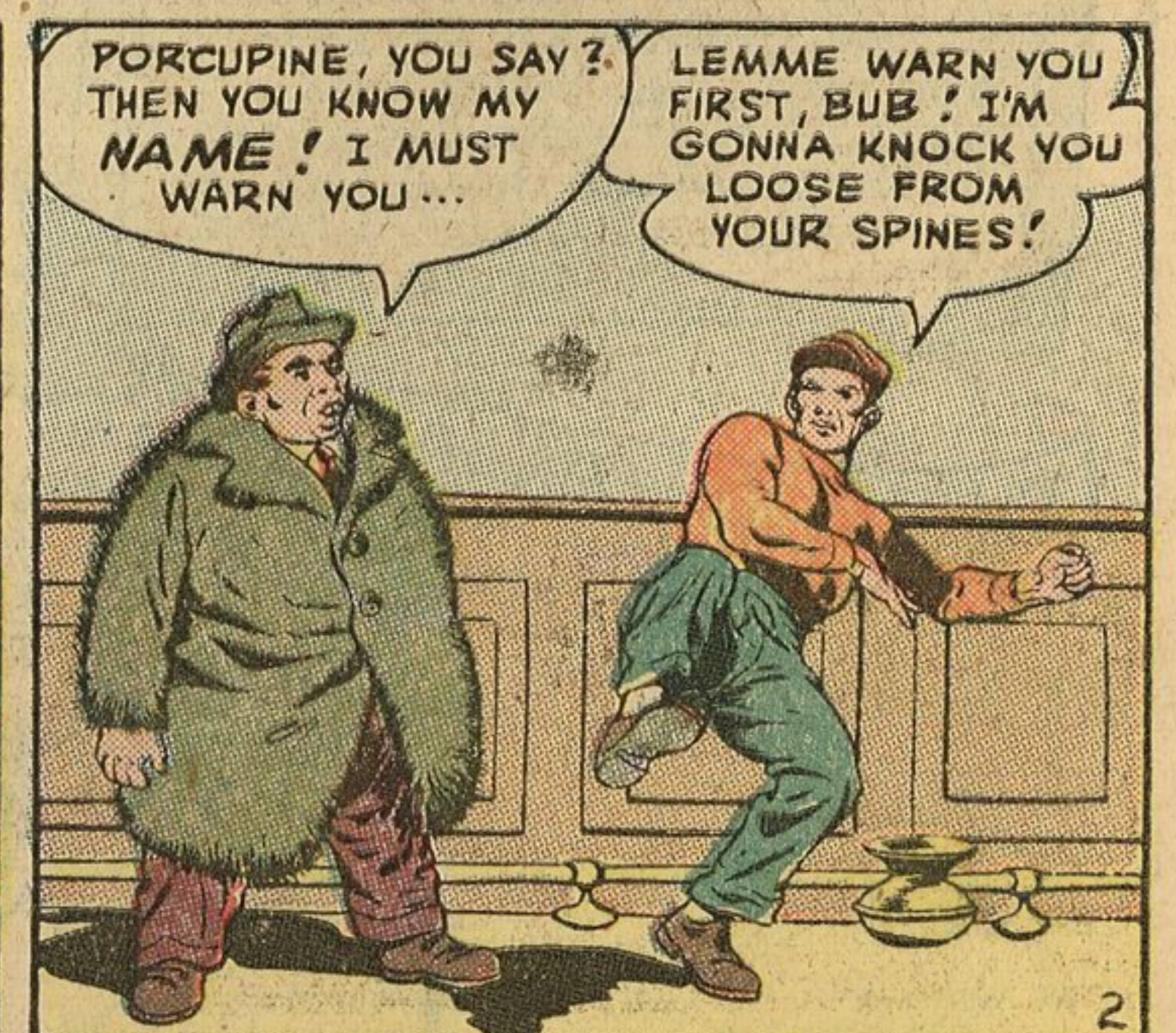
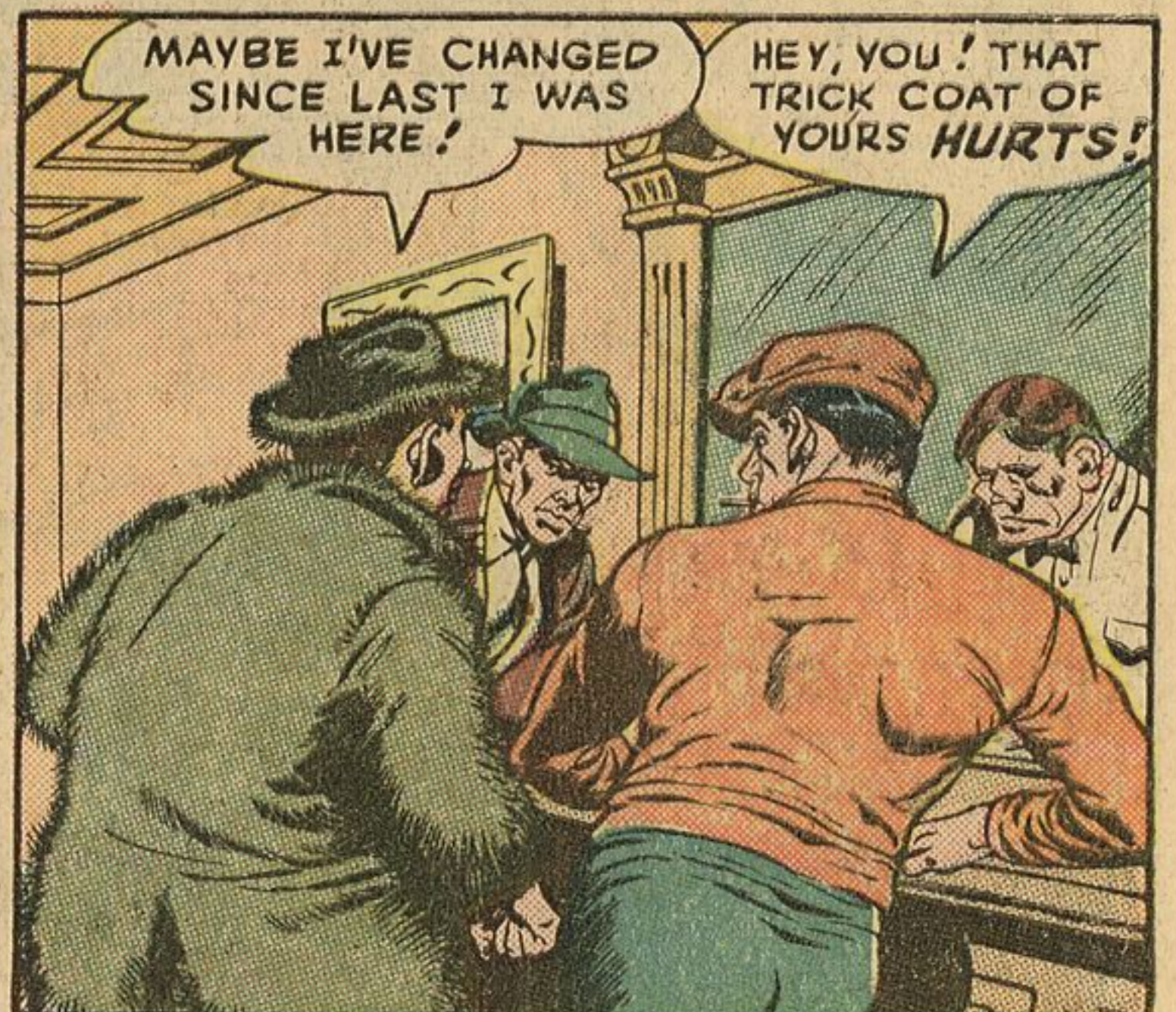
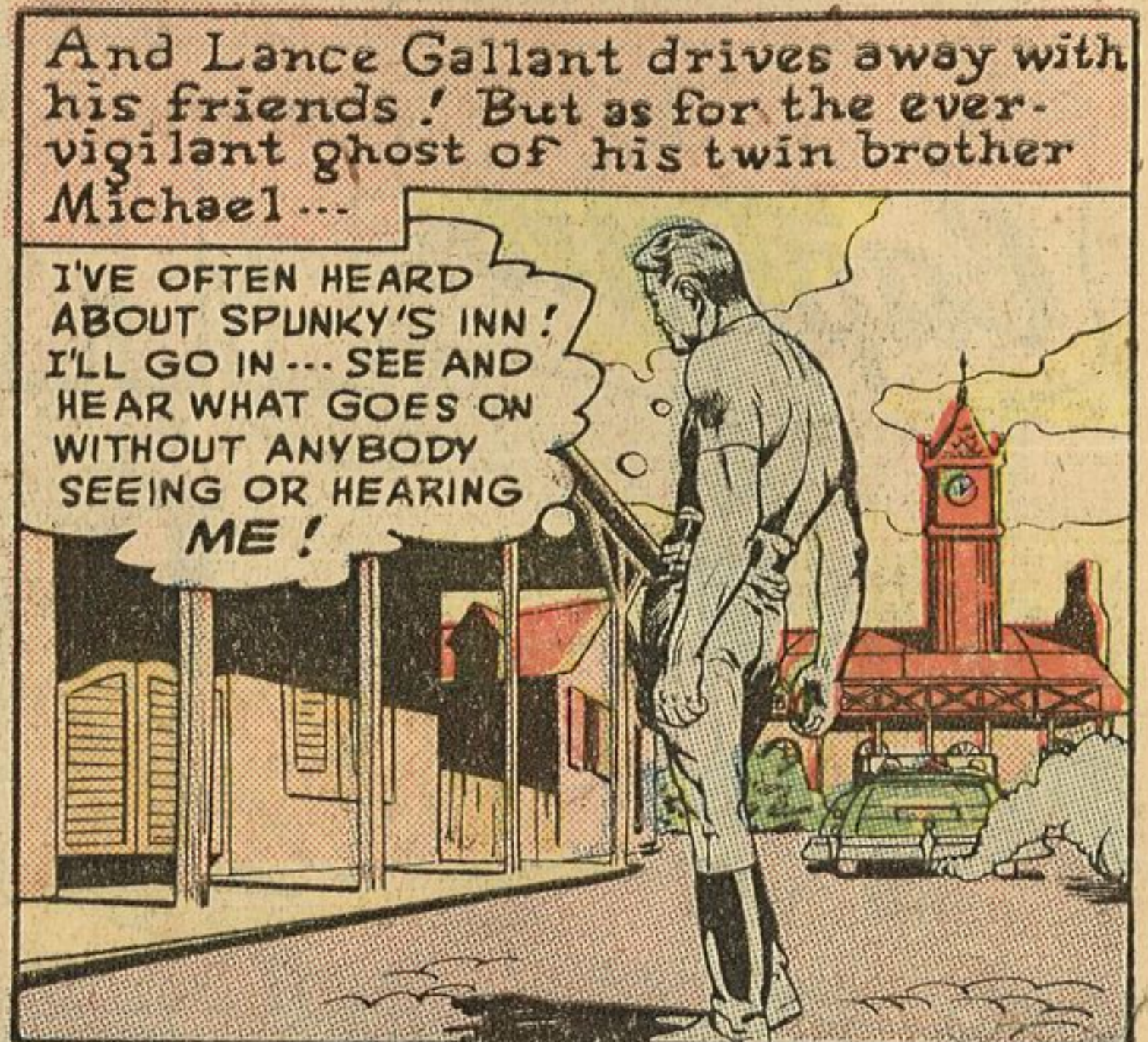
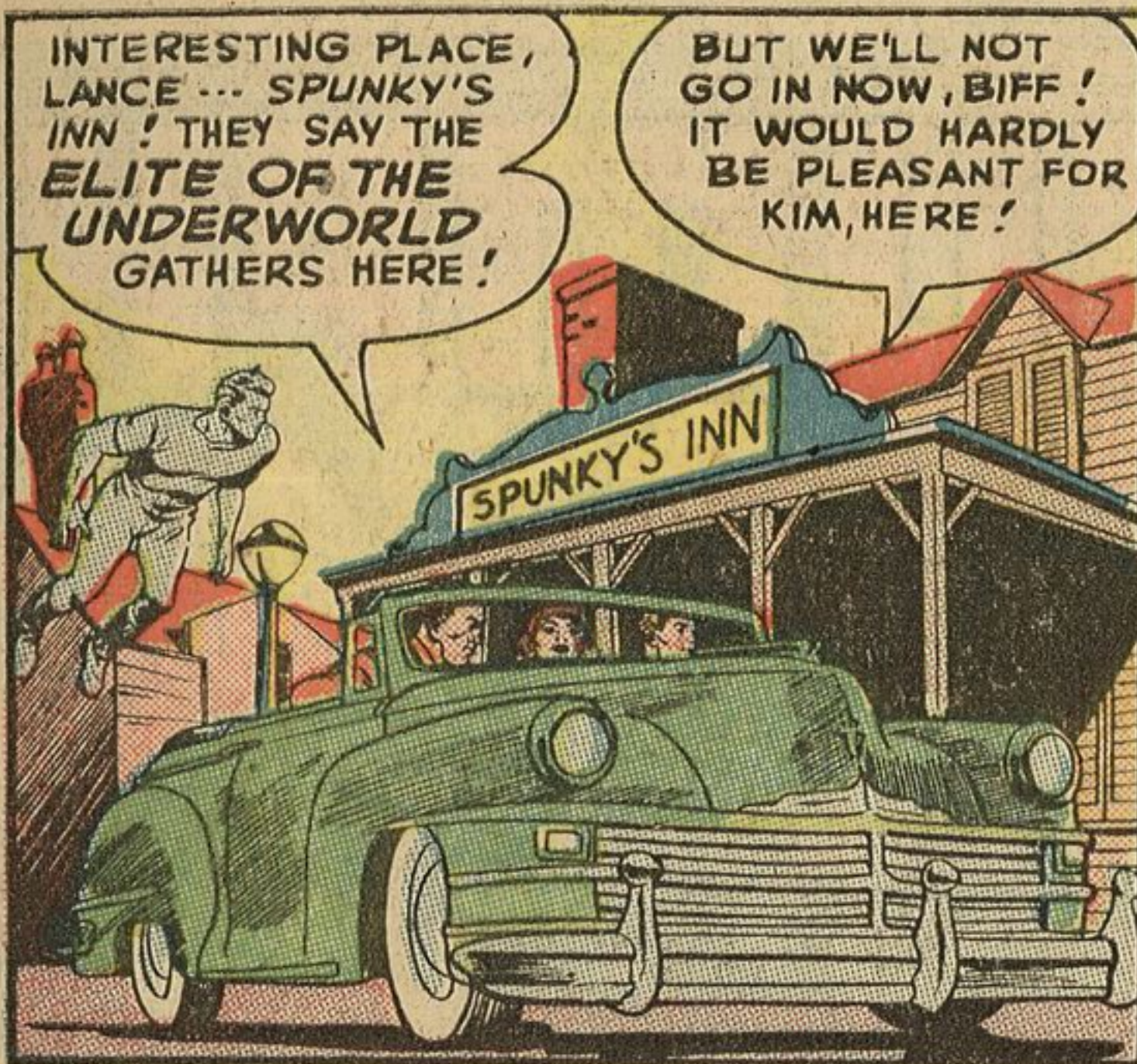


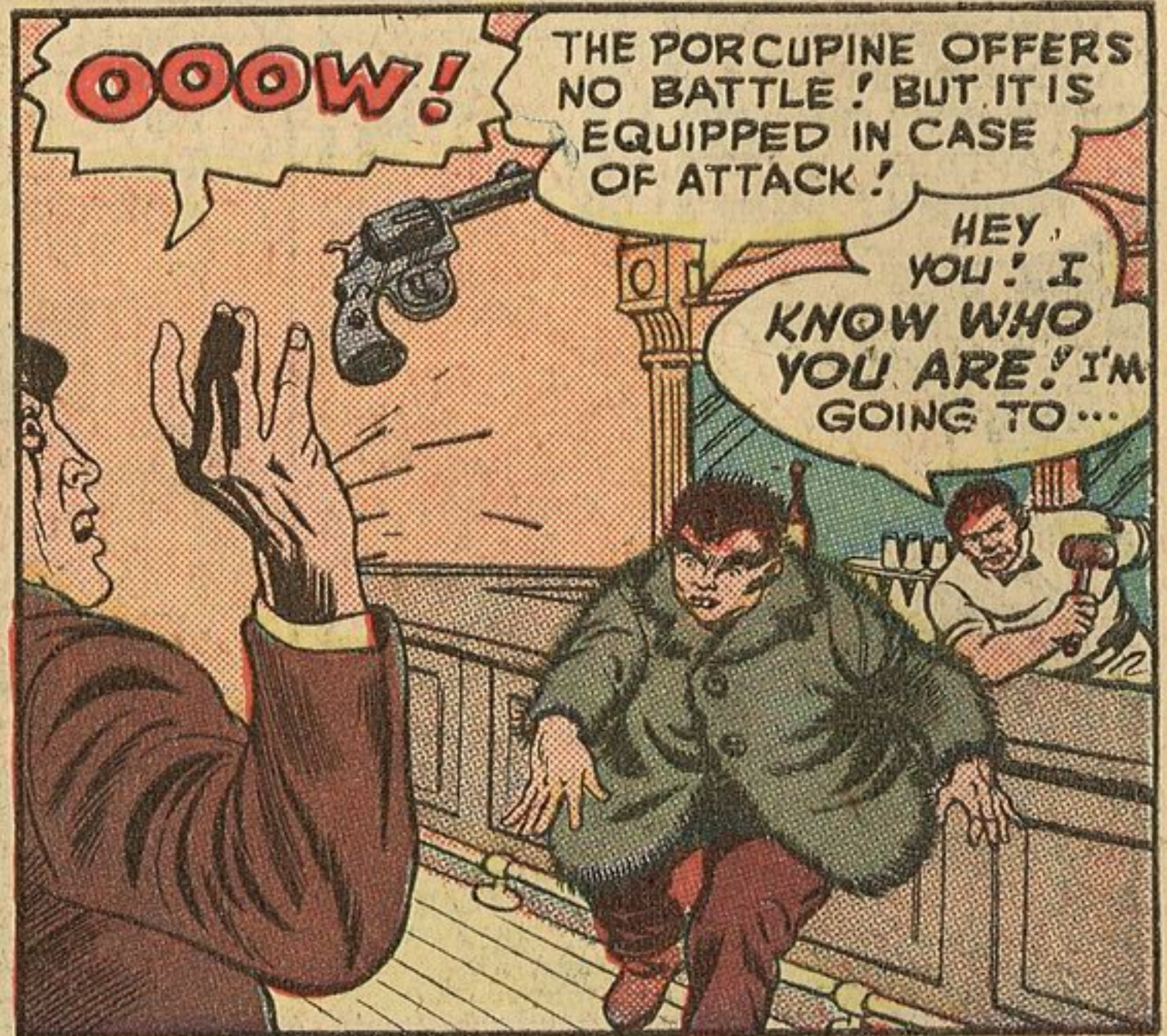
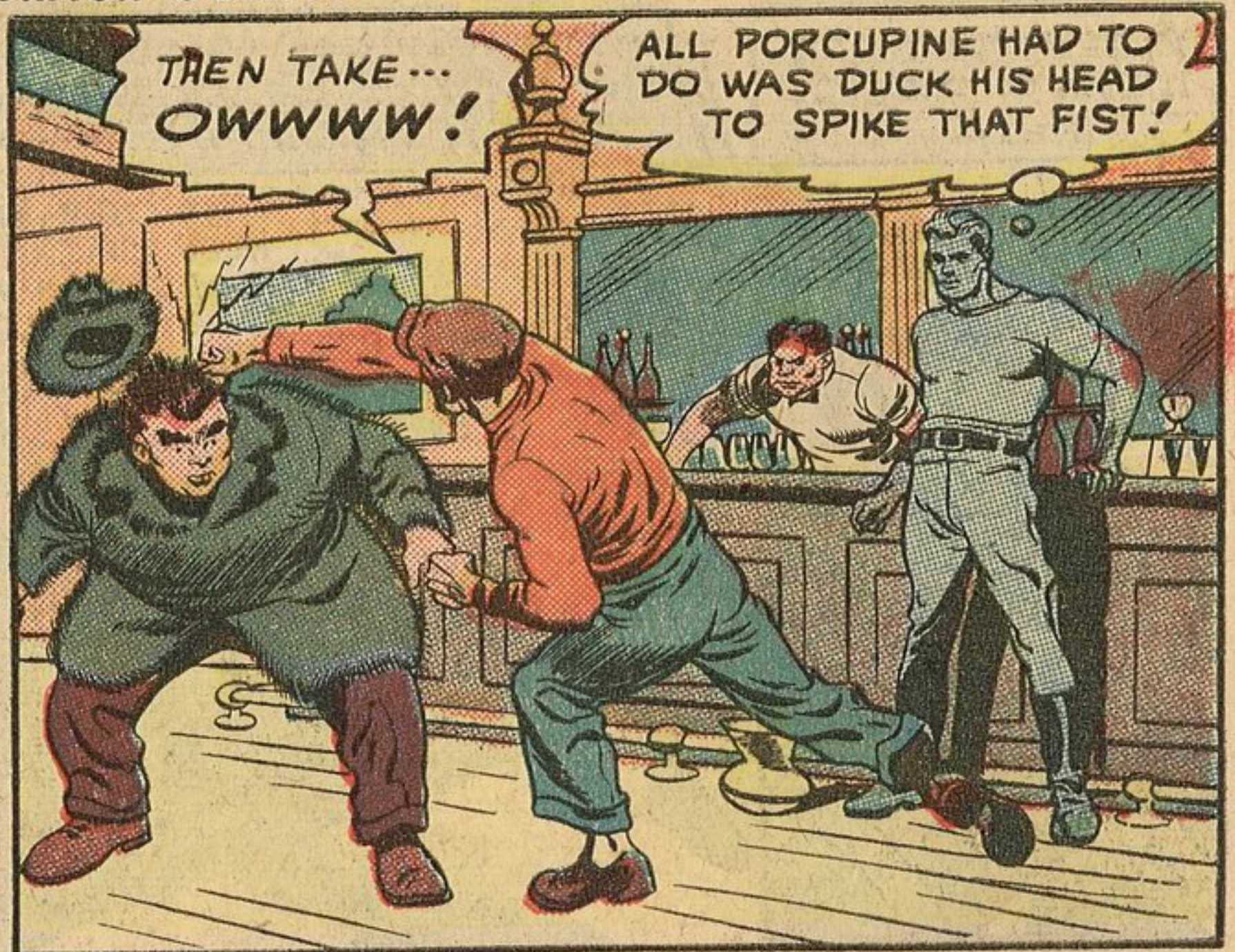
A weird criminal with
a weird power was
PORCUPINE!
Nobody knew his secret
and lived
except **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**,
whose invincible strength
and stamina overcame a
weapon more deadly than
bullets, more devastating
than plague!

The facts about Captain
Triumph...



I'M LANCE GALLANT!
WHEN I TOUCH THIS
BIRTHMARK, THE SPIRIT
OF MY DEAD TWIN BROTHER
MICHAEL MERGES WITH
ME... AND TOGETHER
WE BECOME
**CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH!**

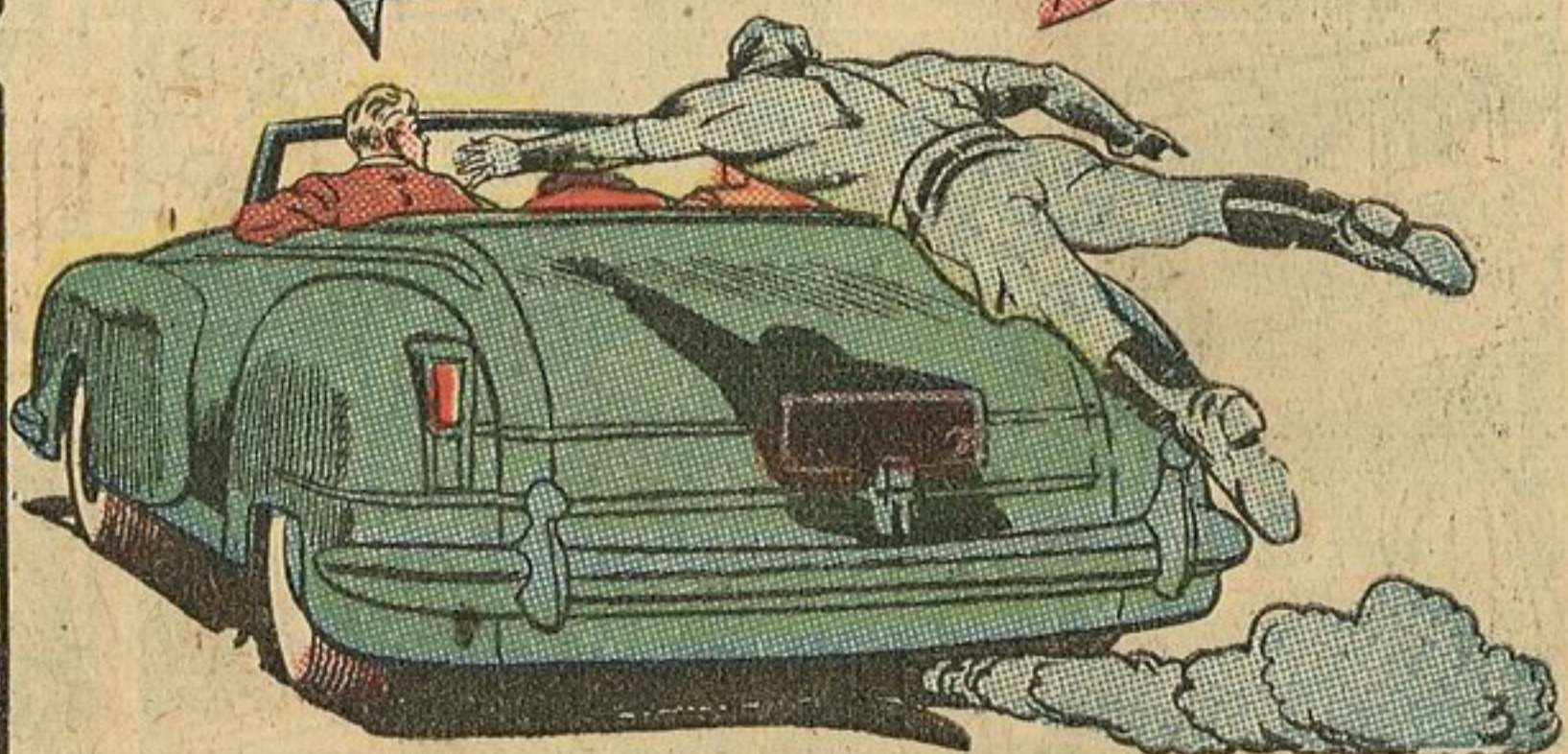




Flying like the shadow he is, Michael Gallant overtakes his brother, the only living creature who can see or hear him...

MICHAEL! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

LANCE! THERE'S STRANGE VIOLENCE BACK AT SPUNKY'S INN! QUICK! TOUCH THE BIRTHMARK!

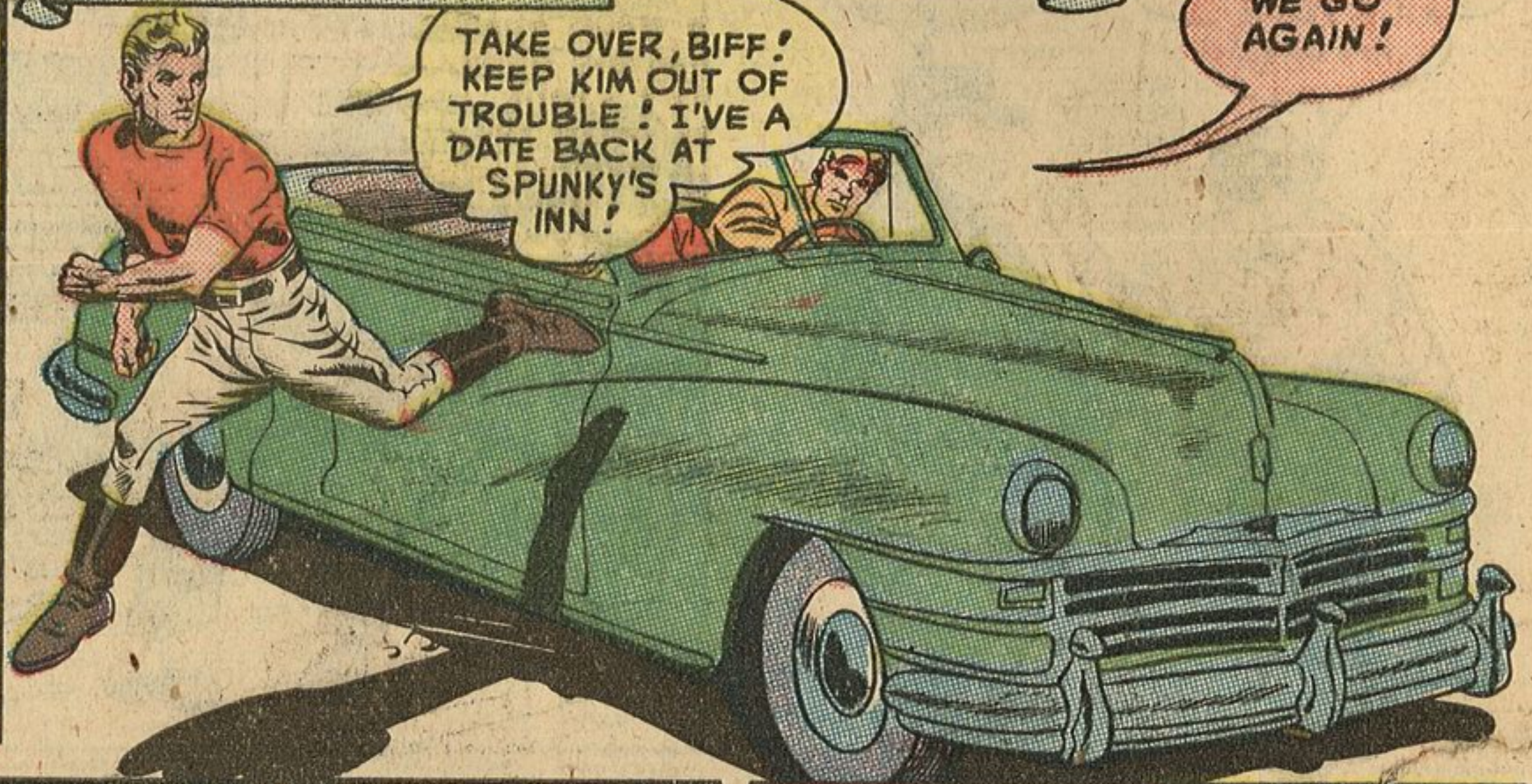


CRACK COMICS

A touch on the mark of magic, and...



...the spirit of Michael blends with the body of Lance into the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**



TAKE OVER, BIFF! KEEP KIM OUT OF TROUBLE! I'VE A DATE BACK AT SPUNKY'S INN!

OOOP! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

TURN THE CAR AROUND, BIFF! LET'S FOLLOW CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



I CAN TRY... BUT THE FASTEST CAR EVER MADE COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!

NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS PORCUPINE CHARACTER INTENDS TO DO!

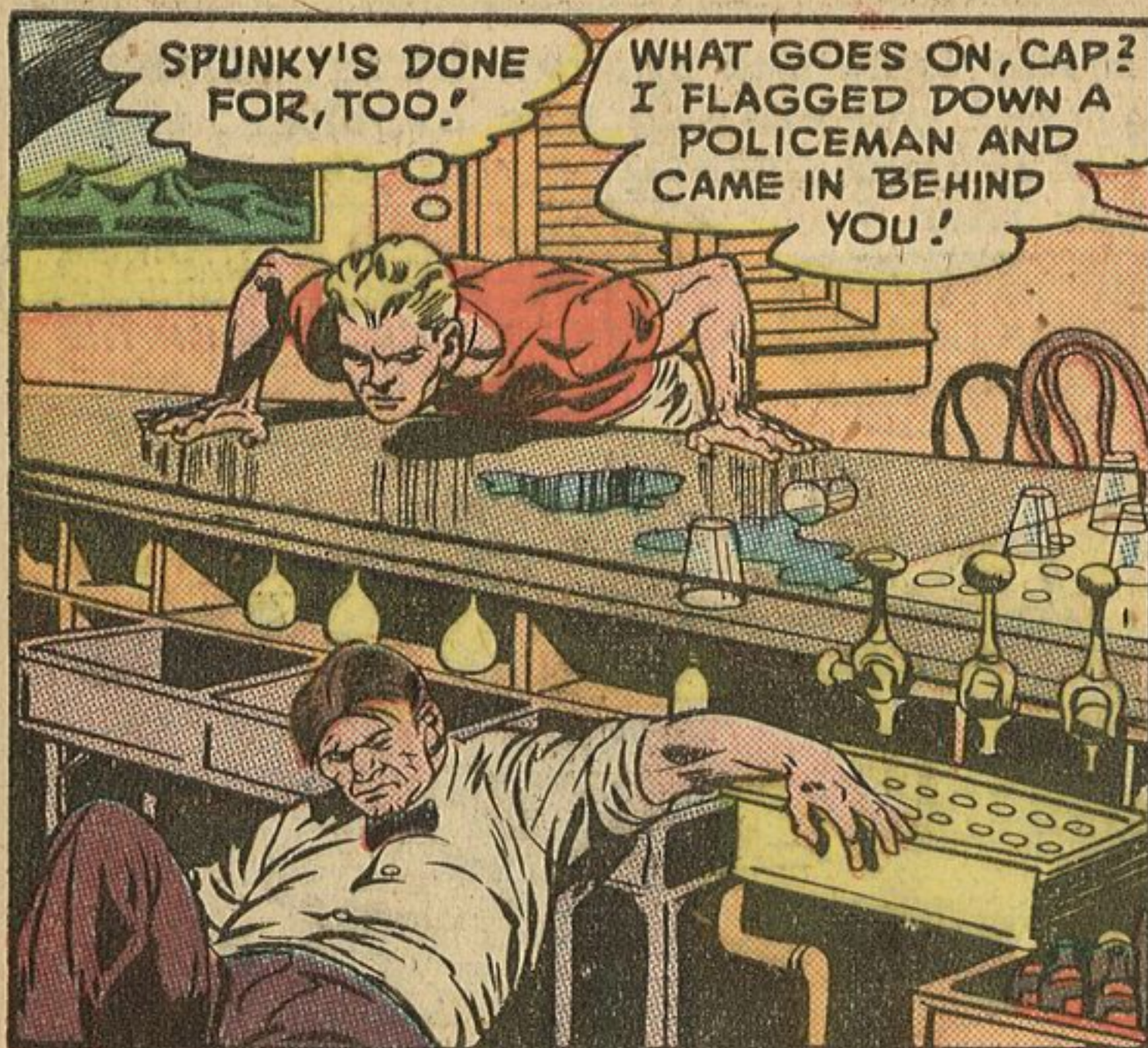


BUT PORCUPINE'S GONE --- AND HIS VICTIMS ARE DEAD! WHERE'S SPUNKY? MAYBE HE CAN TELL ME



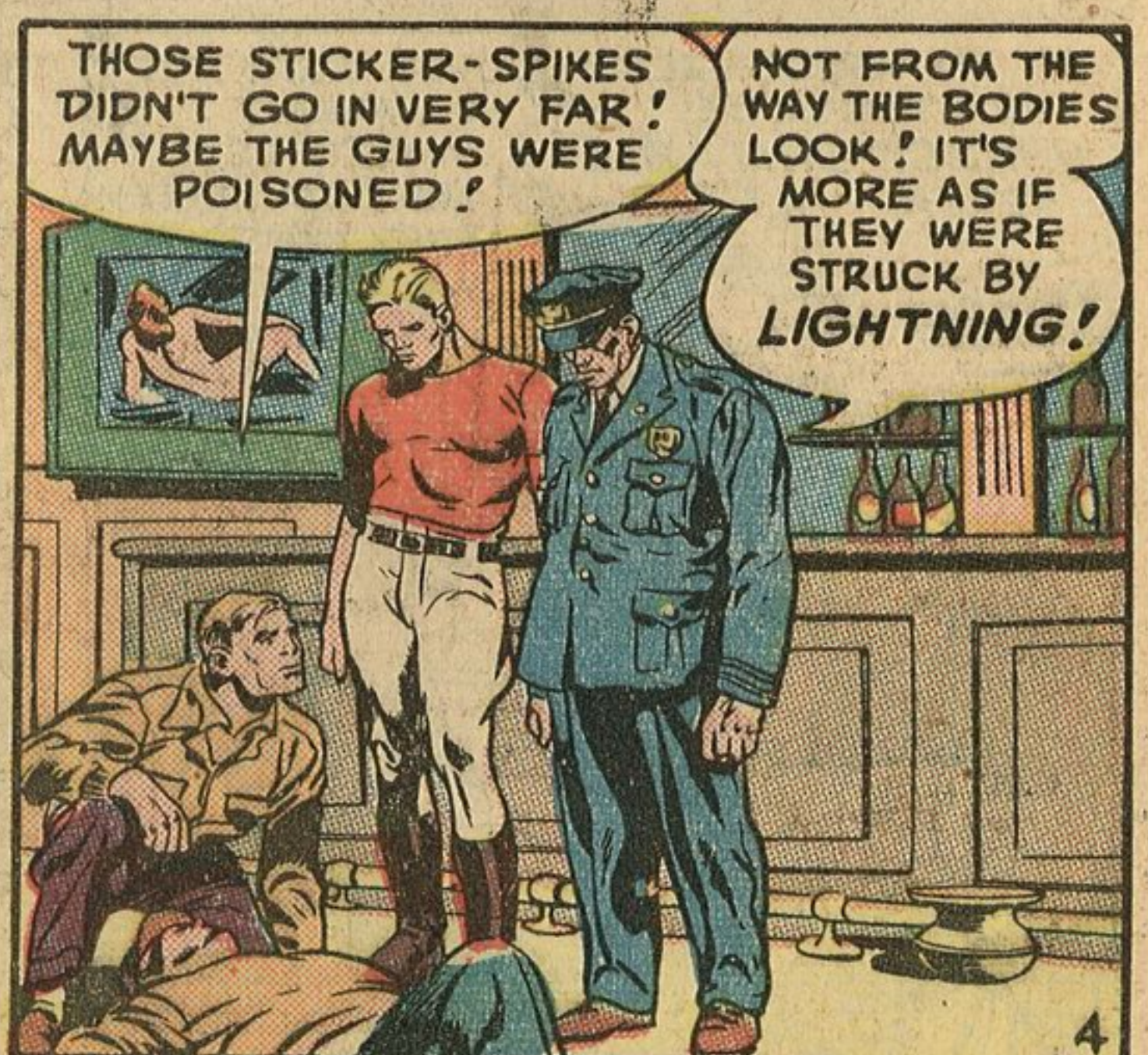
SPUNKY'S DONE FOR, TOO!

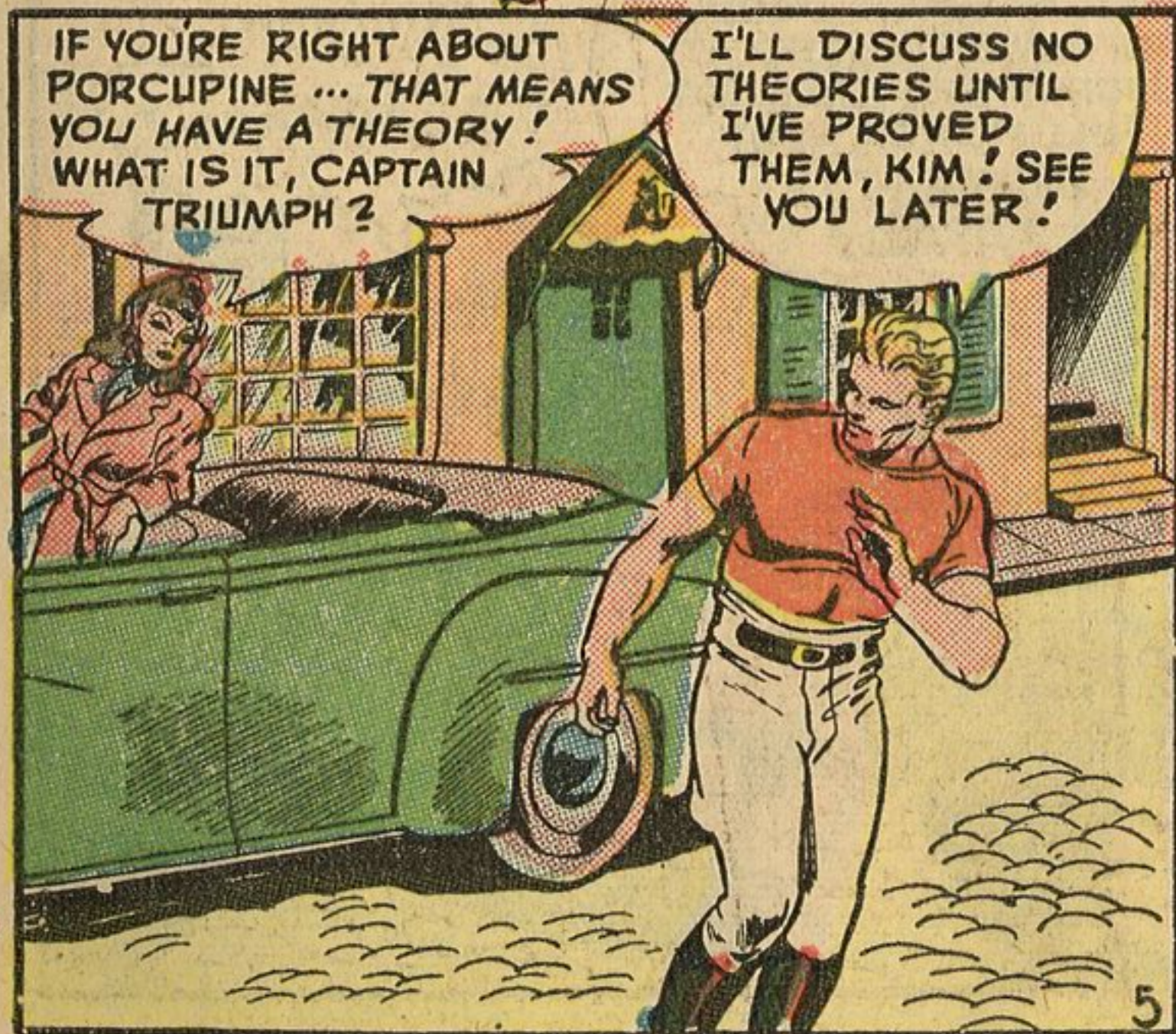
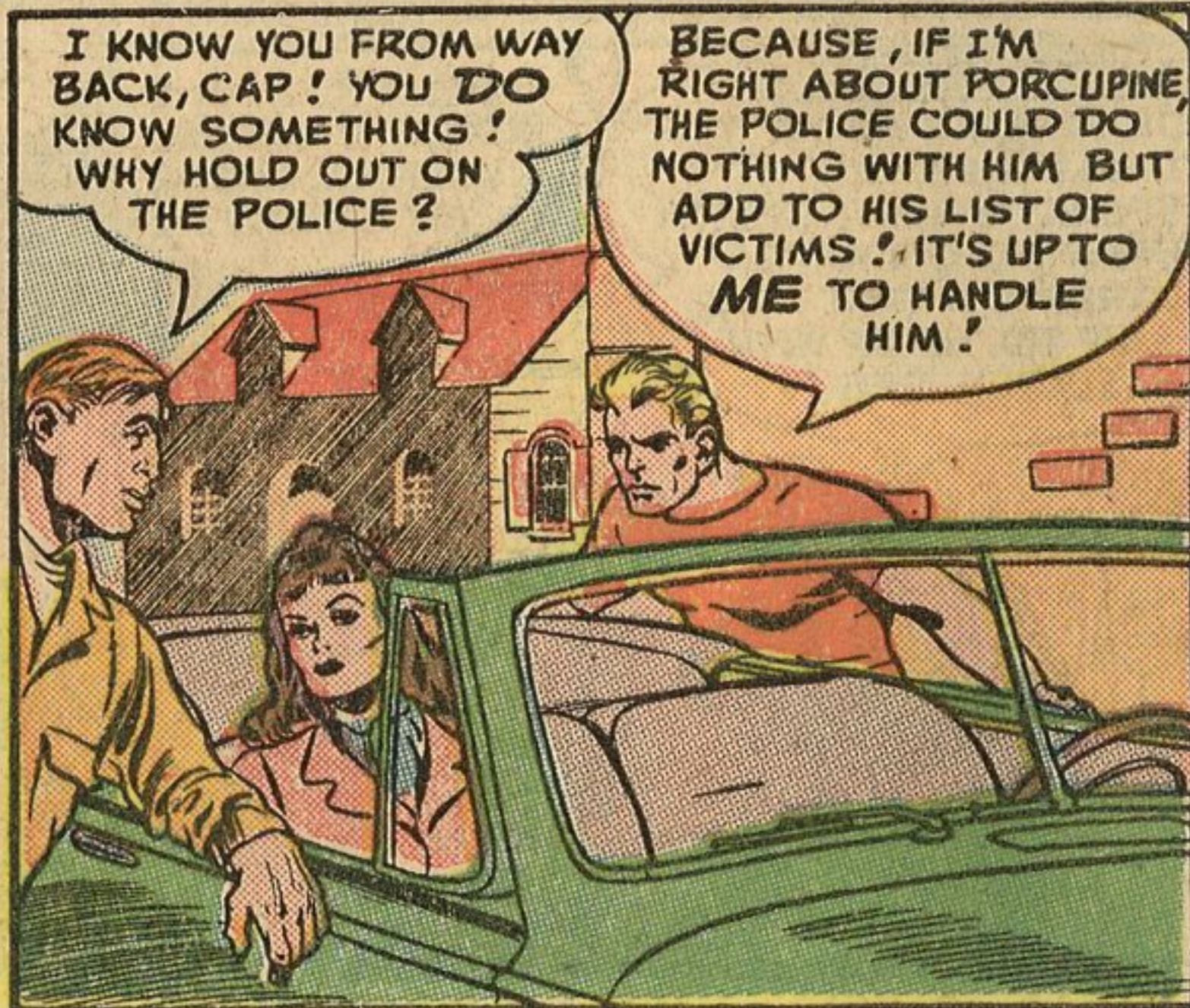
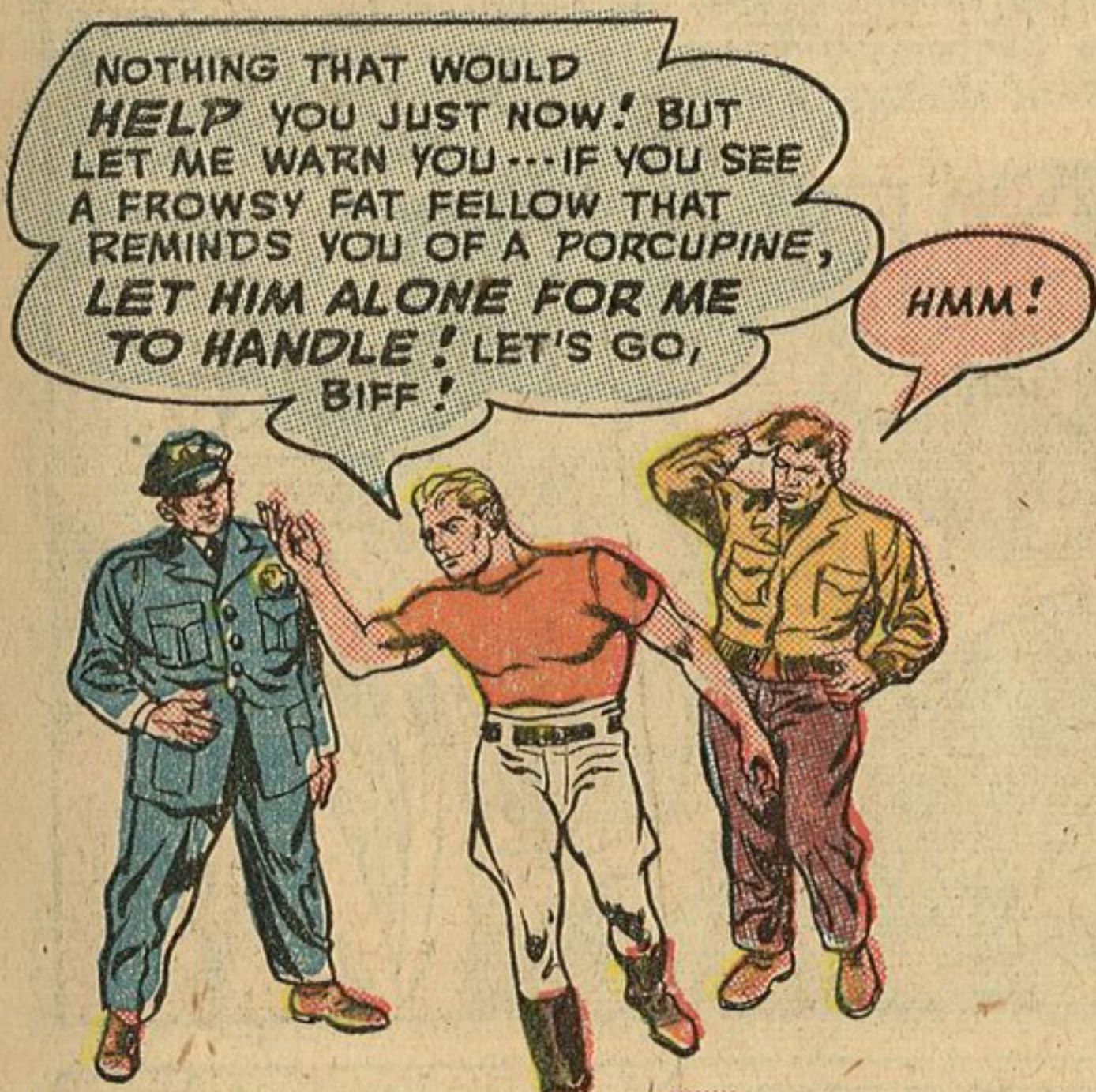
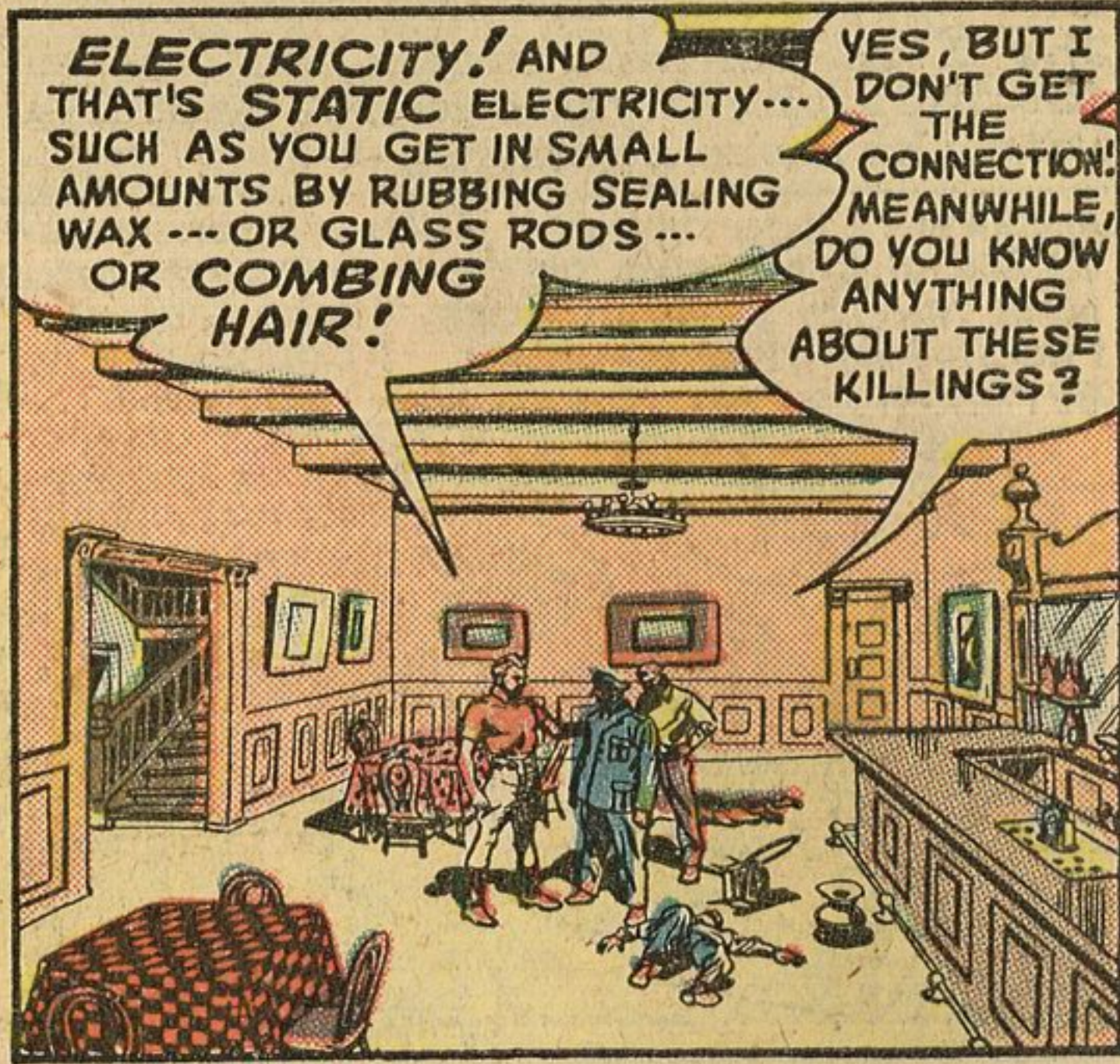
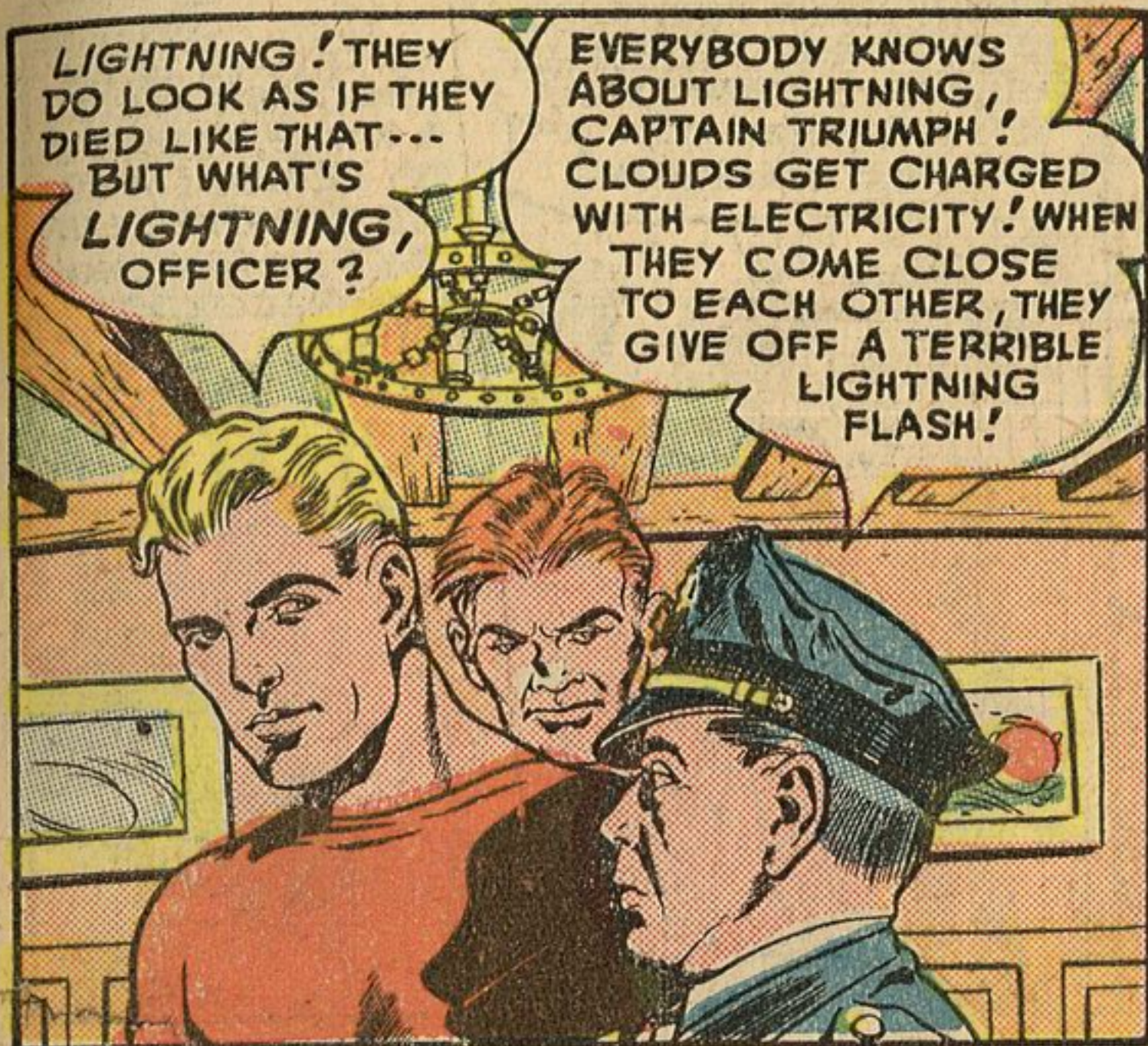
WHAT GOES ON, CAP? I FLAGGED DOWN A POLICEMAN AND CAME IN BEHIND YOU!



THOSE STICKER-SPIKES DIDN'T GO IN VERY FAR! MAYBE THE GUYS WERE POISONED!

NOT FROM THE WAY THE BODIES LOOK! IT'S MORE AS IF THEY WERE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!





But Captain Triumph leaves Biff and Kim behind, seeks hiding, and touches the mystic mark to divide into the twin brothers.....

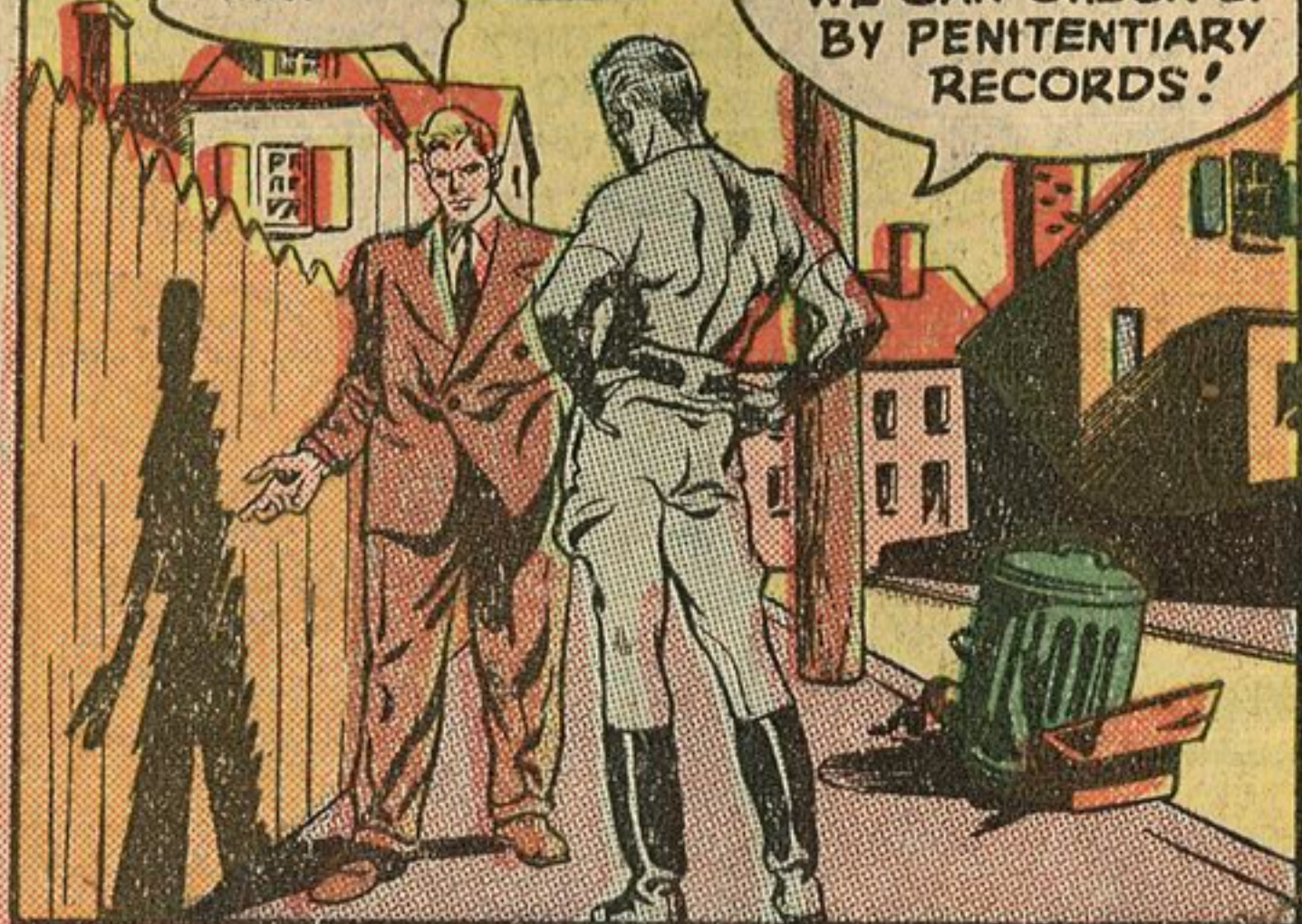
MICHAEL, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD DIG INTO THE MAIN THEORY WITHOUT MORE PROOF! WE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE --- LET'S DISCUSS WHAT MIGHT BE ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE!

WELL, PORCUPINE MUST HAVE COME INTO THE INN LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! SPUNKY WAS SLOW IN RECOGNIZING HIM! WHEN HE DID SEE WHO PORCUPINE WAS, HE GOT A FACEFUL OF THOSE DEADLY QUILLS!



SPUNKY KNEW HUNDREDS OF CROOKS! PORCUPINE MUST HAVE BEEN ONE! BUT IF SPUNKY HAD TROUBLE IDENTIFYING HIM----

...THEN PORCUPINE MUST HAVE BEEN GONE FOR QUITE A WHILE, PERHAPS TO PRISON! MAYBE WE CAN CHECK UP BY PENITENTIARY RECORDS!



But while the brothers depart to check up....

DIDJA HEAR ABOUT THE TRIPLE RUB-OUT AT SPUNKY'S INN? ONLY A BIG-TIME OPERATOR DARED DO THAT! I'D LIKE TO TIE UP WITH SUCH A GEE!

WOULD YOU, INDEED? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND!



YOU PUT THE SLUG ON SPUNKY? THAT TOOK NERVE AND---

DON'T BELIEVE THIS JERK! HE COULDN'T PUT THE SLUG ON A SLOT MACHINE!



YOU SEEM UNIMPRESSED! SO DID SPUNKY AND HIS TWO CUSTOMERS WHEN I SHOWED JUST A LITTLE OF MY POWER! THEY TOOK MINUTES TO DIE, BUT....

HAW! HAW! I'LL DIE QUICKER THAN THAT... LAUGHING!



THIS IS ABOUT DOUBLE THE POWER I USED AT SPUNKY'S --- STILL NOT FULL POWER, BUT INSTANTLY FATAL!

HAW! HAW! H----- AAAAAAAH!



CRACK COMICS



Meanwhile, at the penitentiary....

YES, MR. GALLANT, WE DID HAVE A PRISONER HERE CALLED PORCUPINE --- NICK-NAMED FOR HIS SPIKY HAIR! HE CAUSED NO TROUBLE, EXCEPT BY HIS DUMBNESS!

DUMBNESS?



HE WORKED IN THE ELECTRIC SHOP! THE OTHER WORKERS PLAYED JOKES BY GIVING HIM SHOCKS! HE CLAIMED TO LIKE IT! HE TOOK BIGGER SHOCKS ... BIGGER...

OVER YEARS OF TIME, EH? WHAT THEN?



JUST BEFORE HIS SENTENCE WAS FINISHED, HE STUMBLED BY ACCIDENT INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! AND HE SURVIVED ... AS IF PRACTICE HAD MADE HIM ABLE TO STAND TERRIBLE SHOCKS!

THANKS, WARDEN! YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP! GOODBYE!

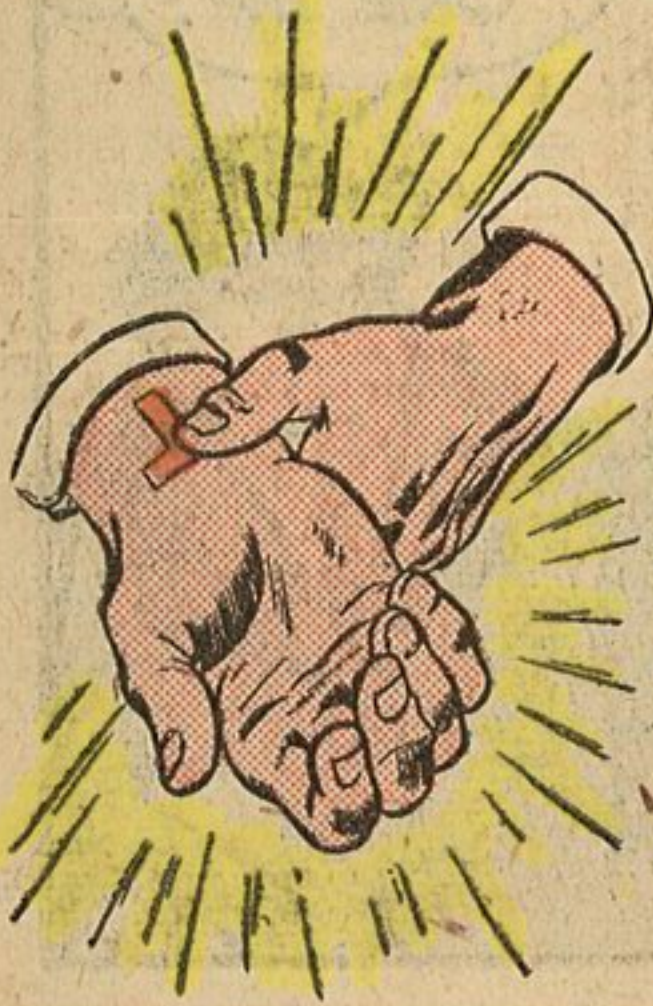


THE THEORY GETS BETTER ALL THE TIME, MICHAEL! I'VE JUST LEARNED...

HOLD IT, LANCE! BIFF AND KIM ARE CRUISING AROUND IN THE CAR, LOOKING FOR THE TROUBLE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FOUND! IF WE DON'T STOP THEM, IT MAY BE THEIR DESTRUCTION!



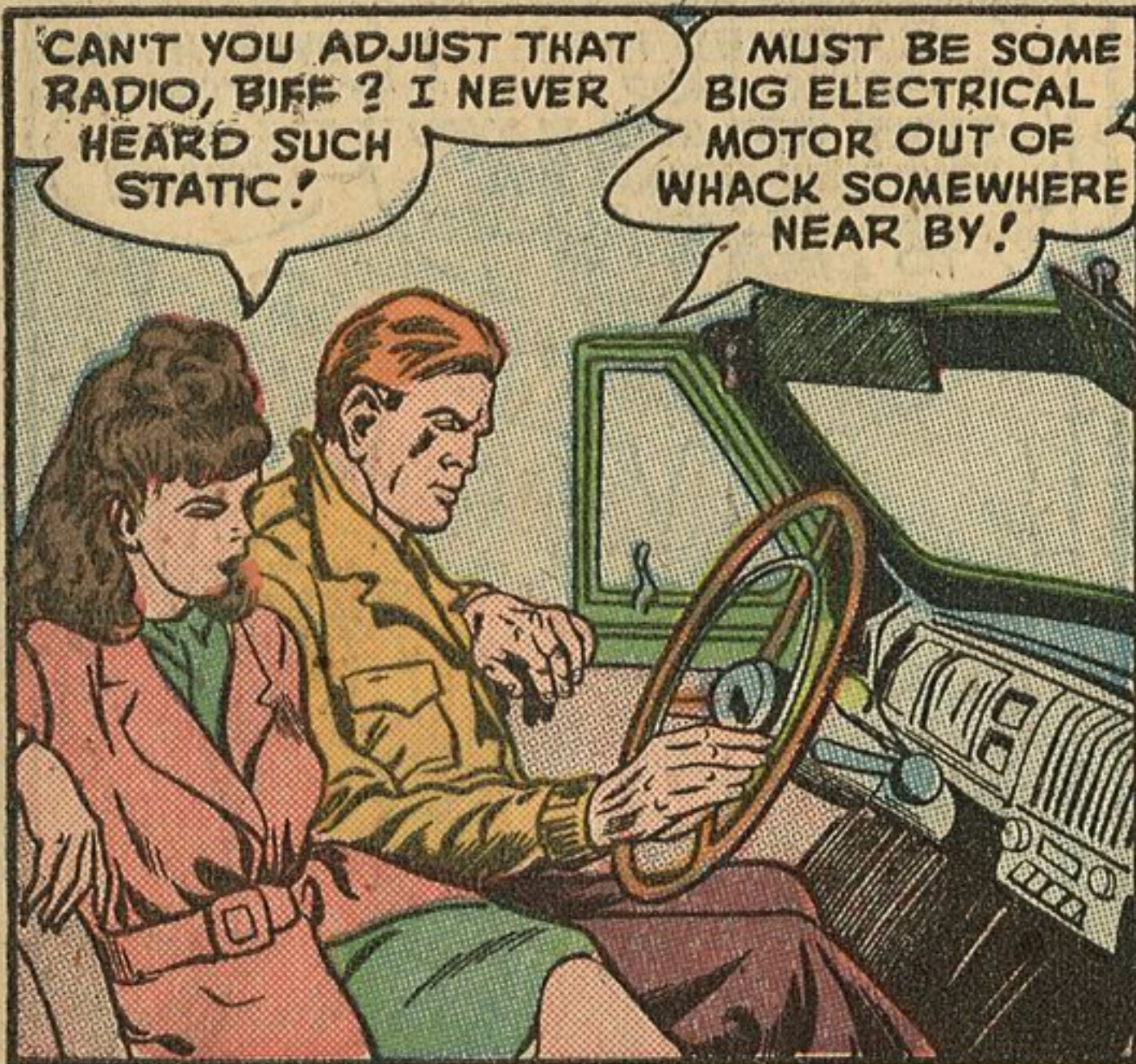
Once again
Lance touches
the birthmark,
becoming...



CAPTAIN TRIUMPH
WILL HAVE TO
SAVE THEM!

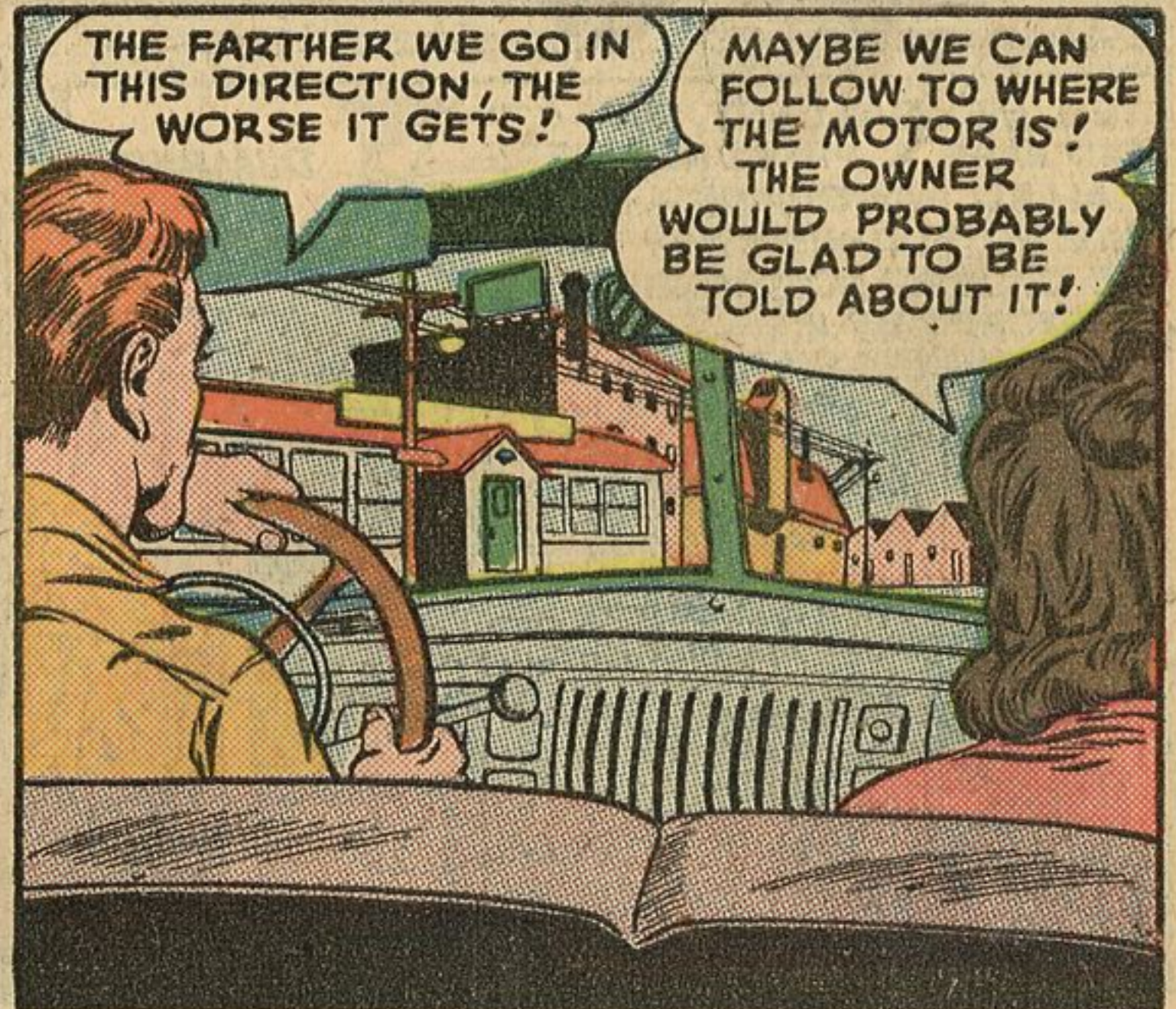


THEY WERE DRIVING
ALONG HERE A MOMENT
AGO... BUT WHERE DID
THEY GO WHEN THEY
LEFT?



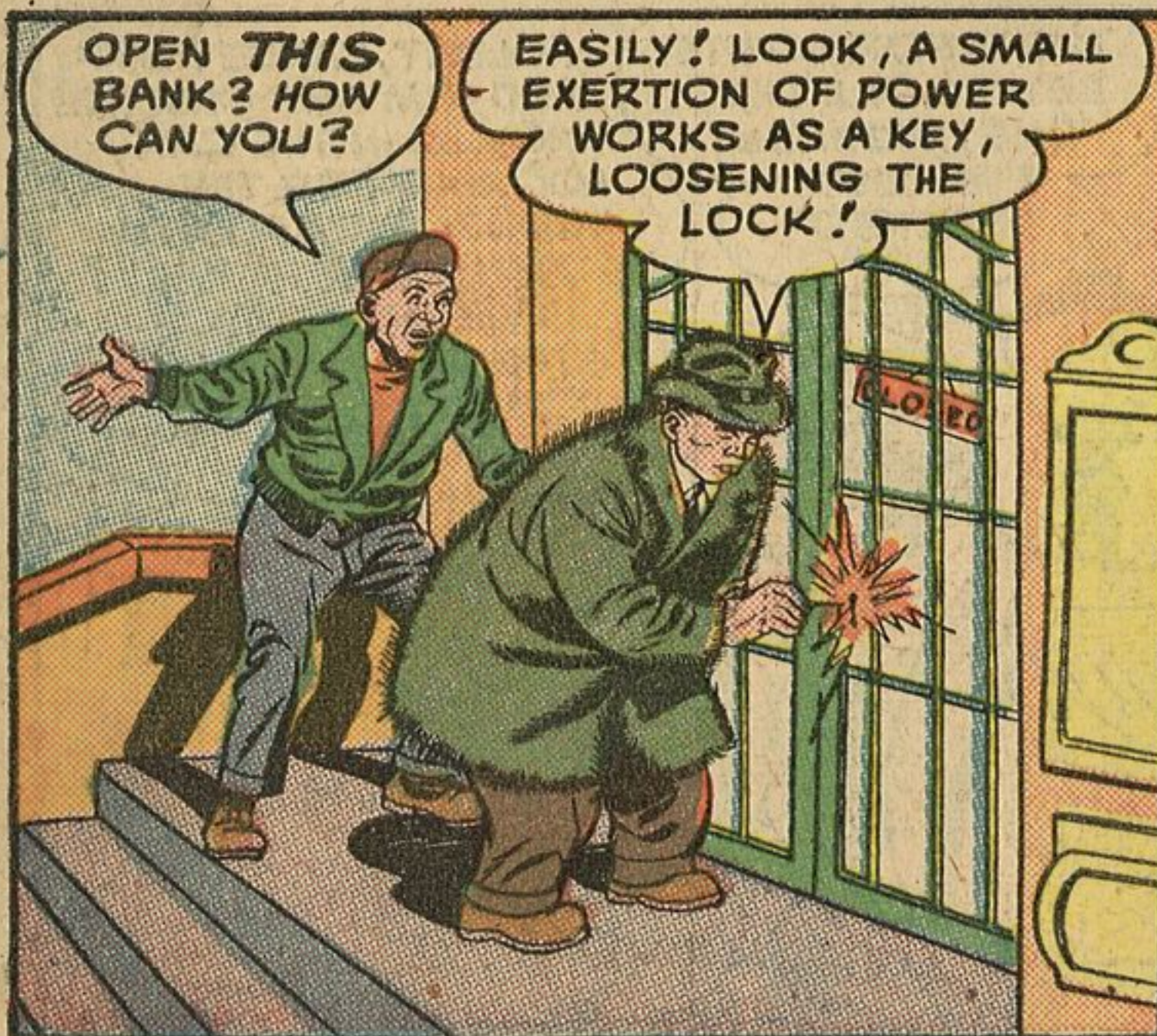
CAN'T YOU ADJUST THAT
RADIO, BIFF? I NEVER
HEARD SUCH
STATIC!

MUST BE SOME
BIG ELECTRICAL
MOTOR OUT OF
WHACK SOMEWHERE
NEAR BY!



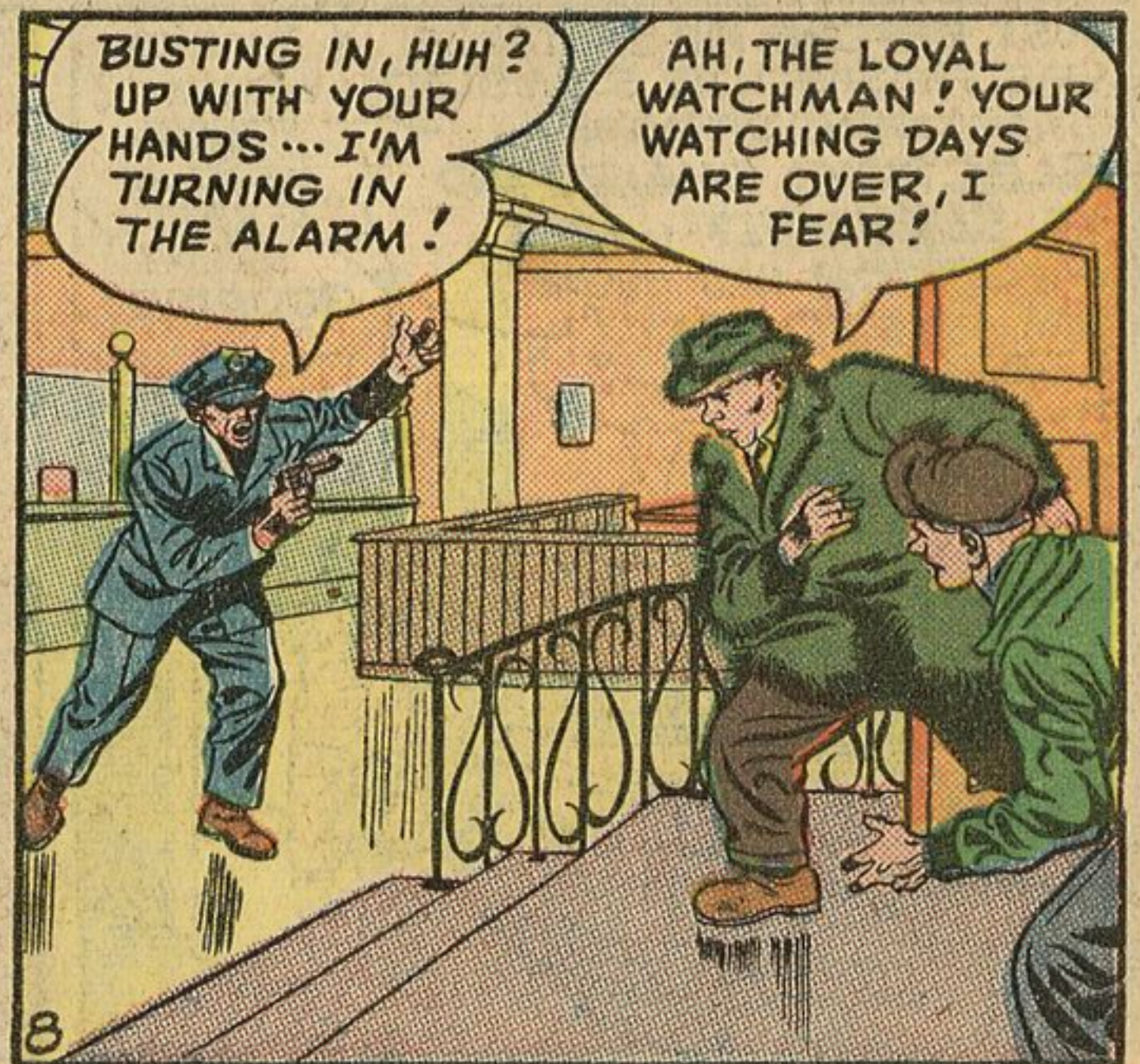
THE FARTHER WE GO IN
THIS DIRECTION, THE
WORSE IT GETS!

MAYBE WE CAN
FOLLOW TO WHERE
THE MOTOR IS!
THE OWNER
WOULD PROBABLY
BE GLAD TO BE
TOLD ABOUT IT!



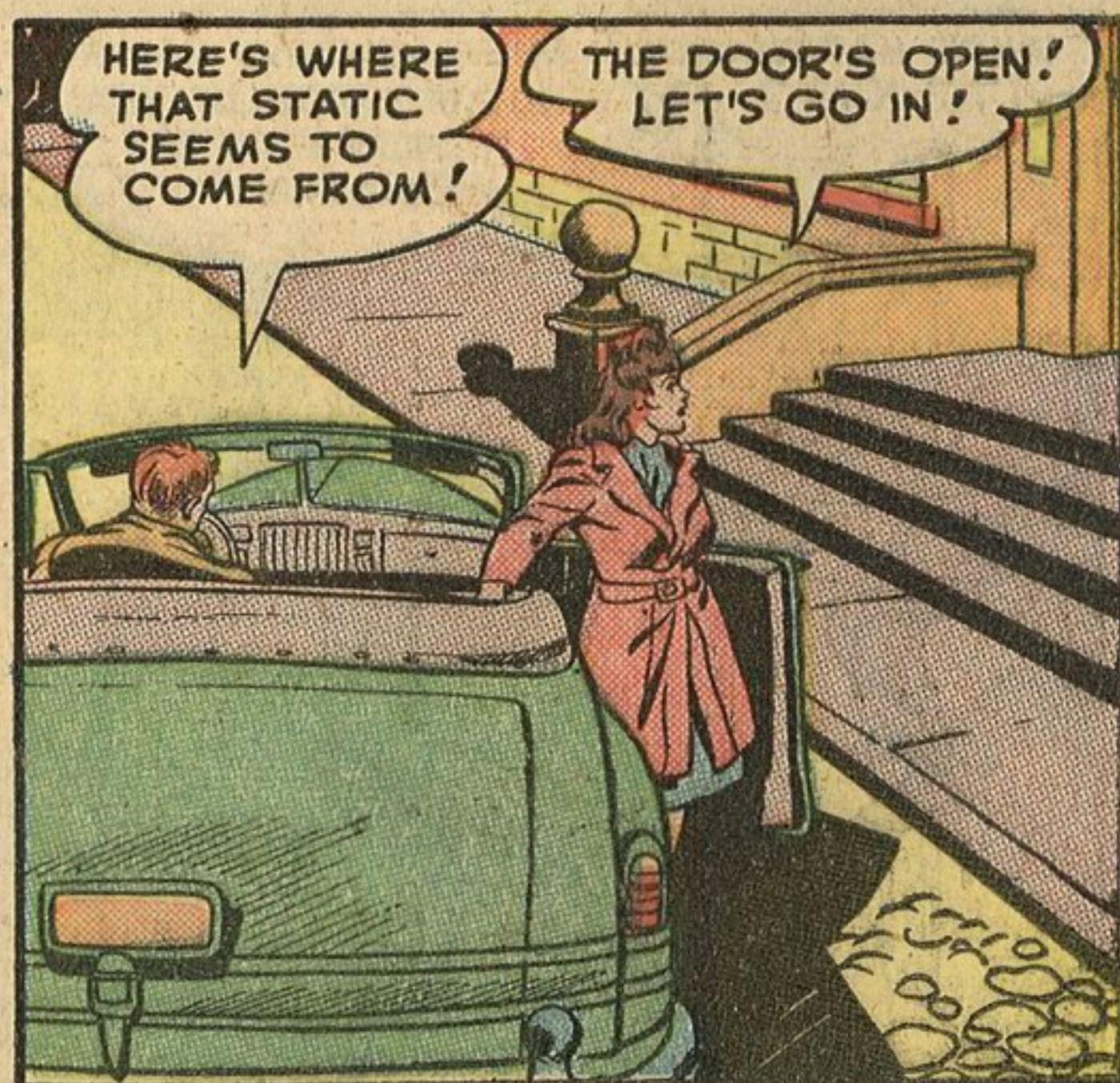
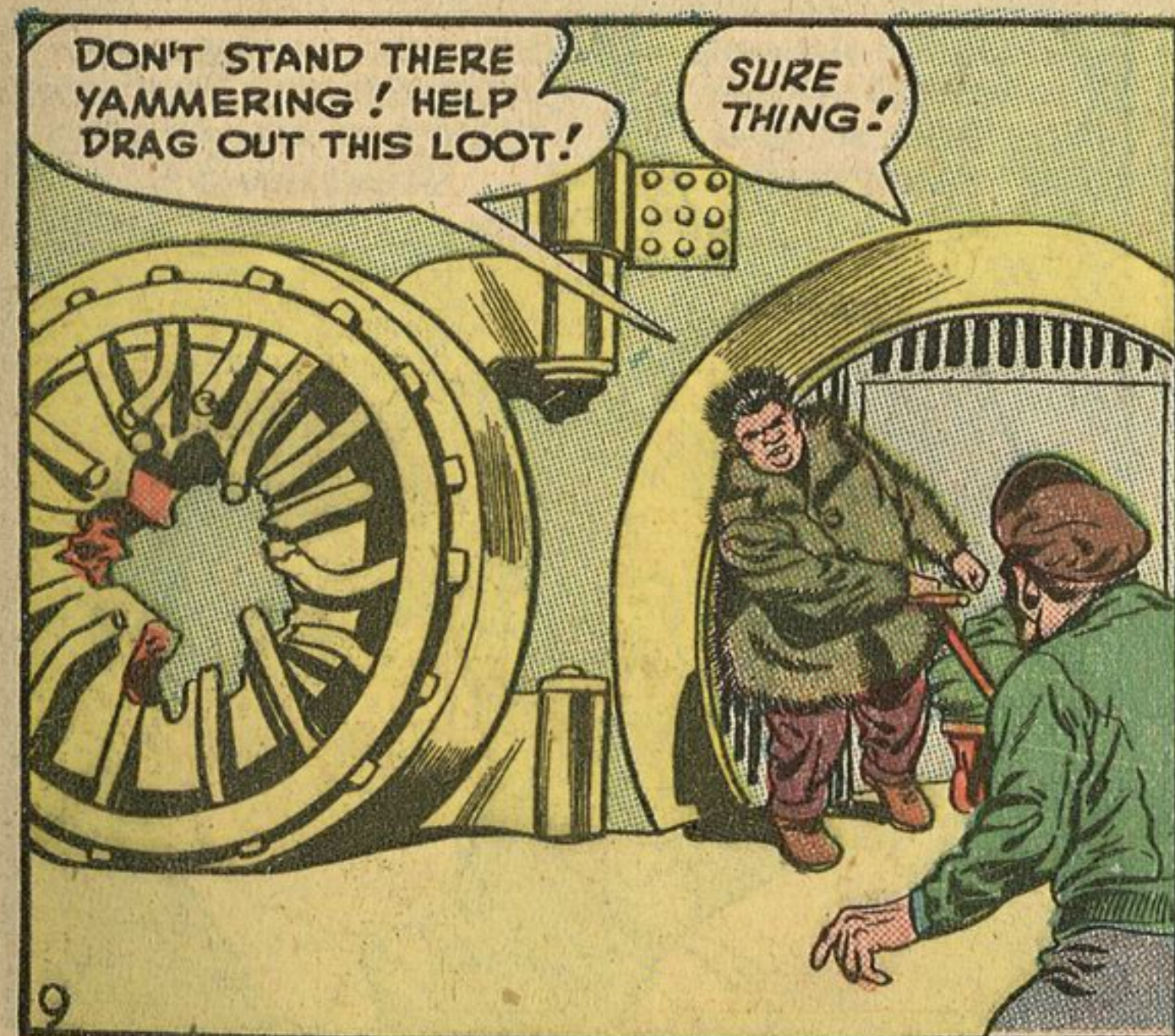
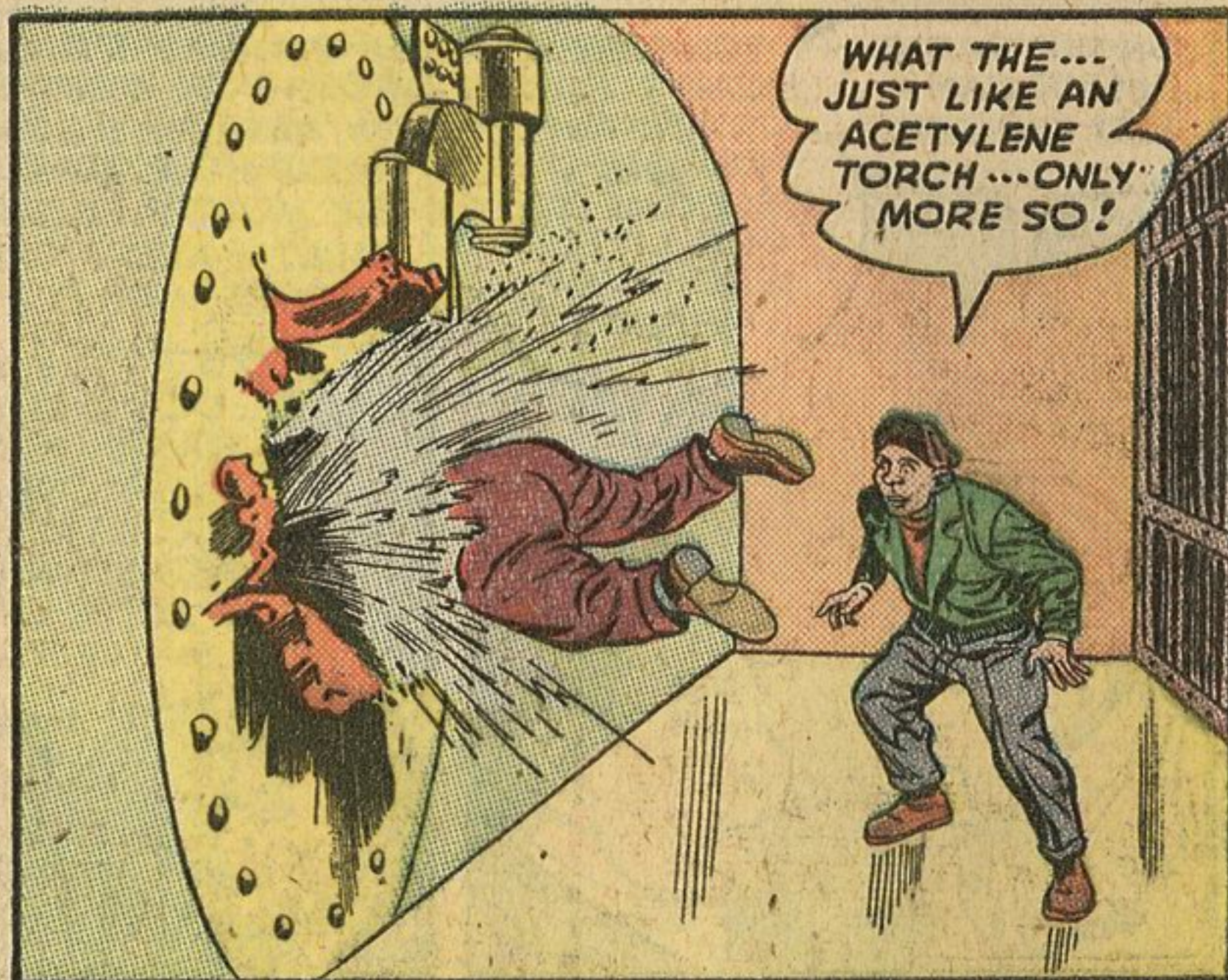
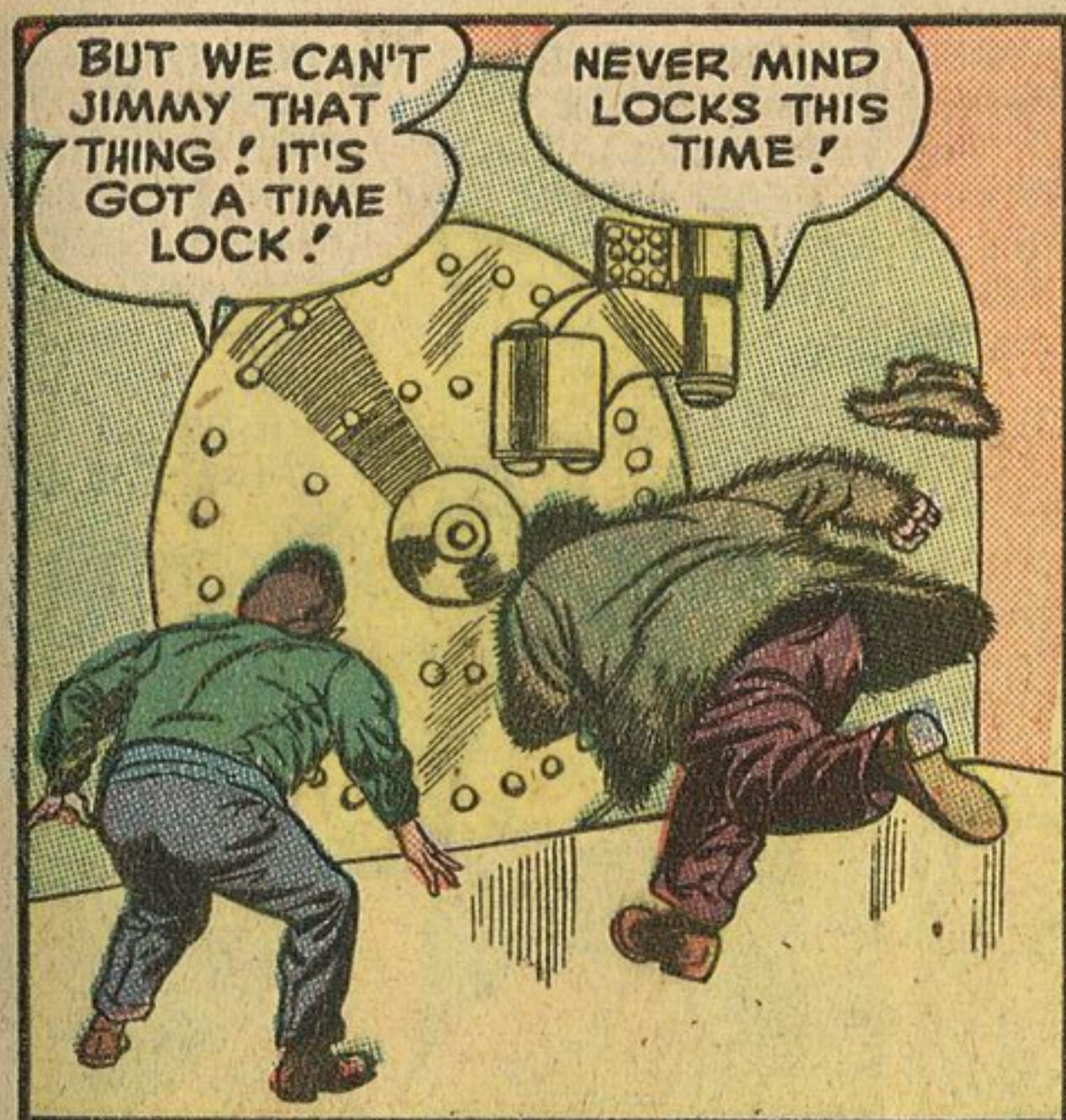
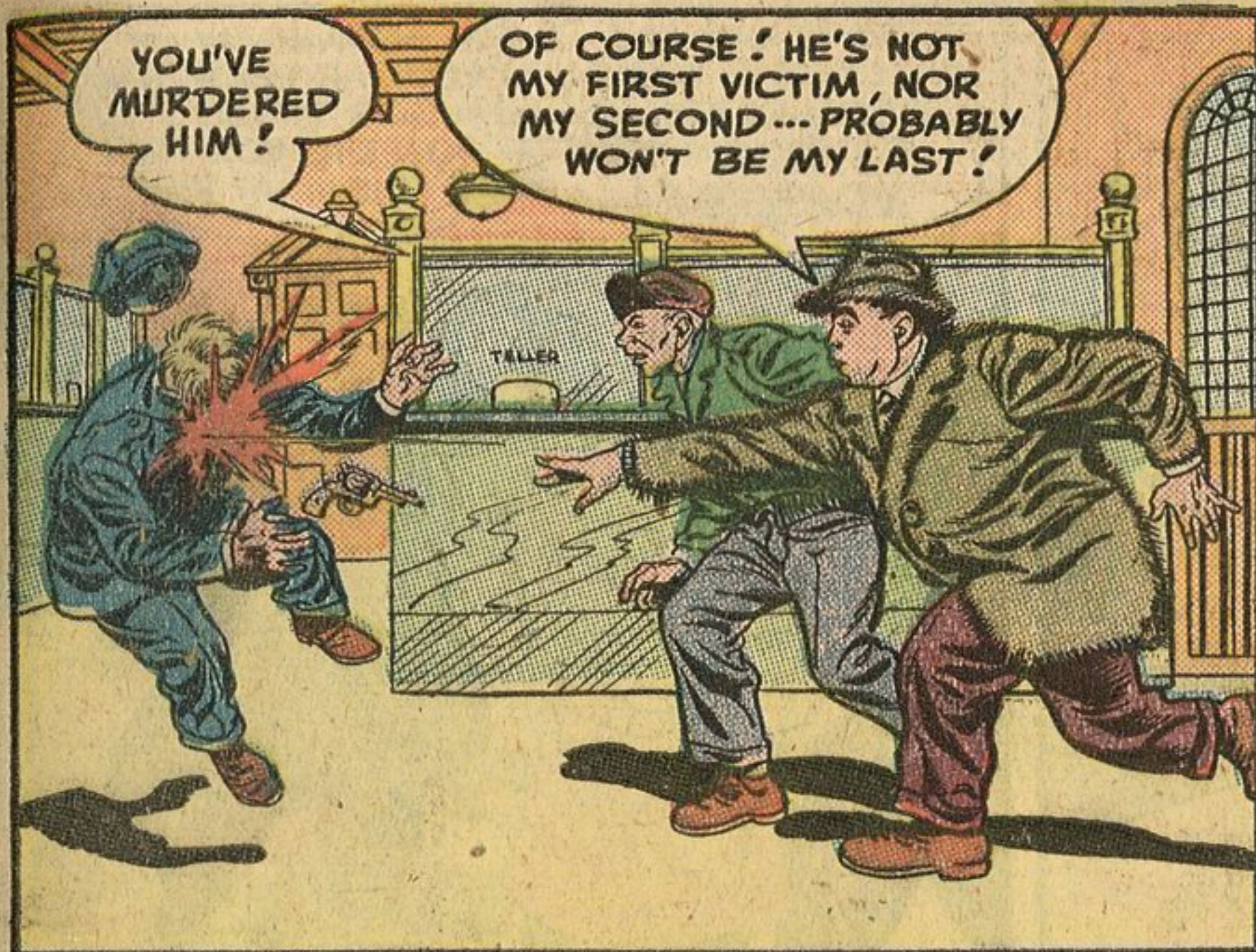
OPEN **THIS**
BANK? HOW
CAN YOU?

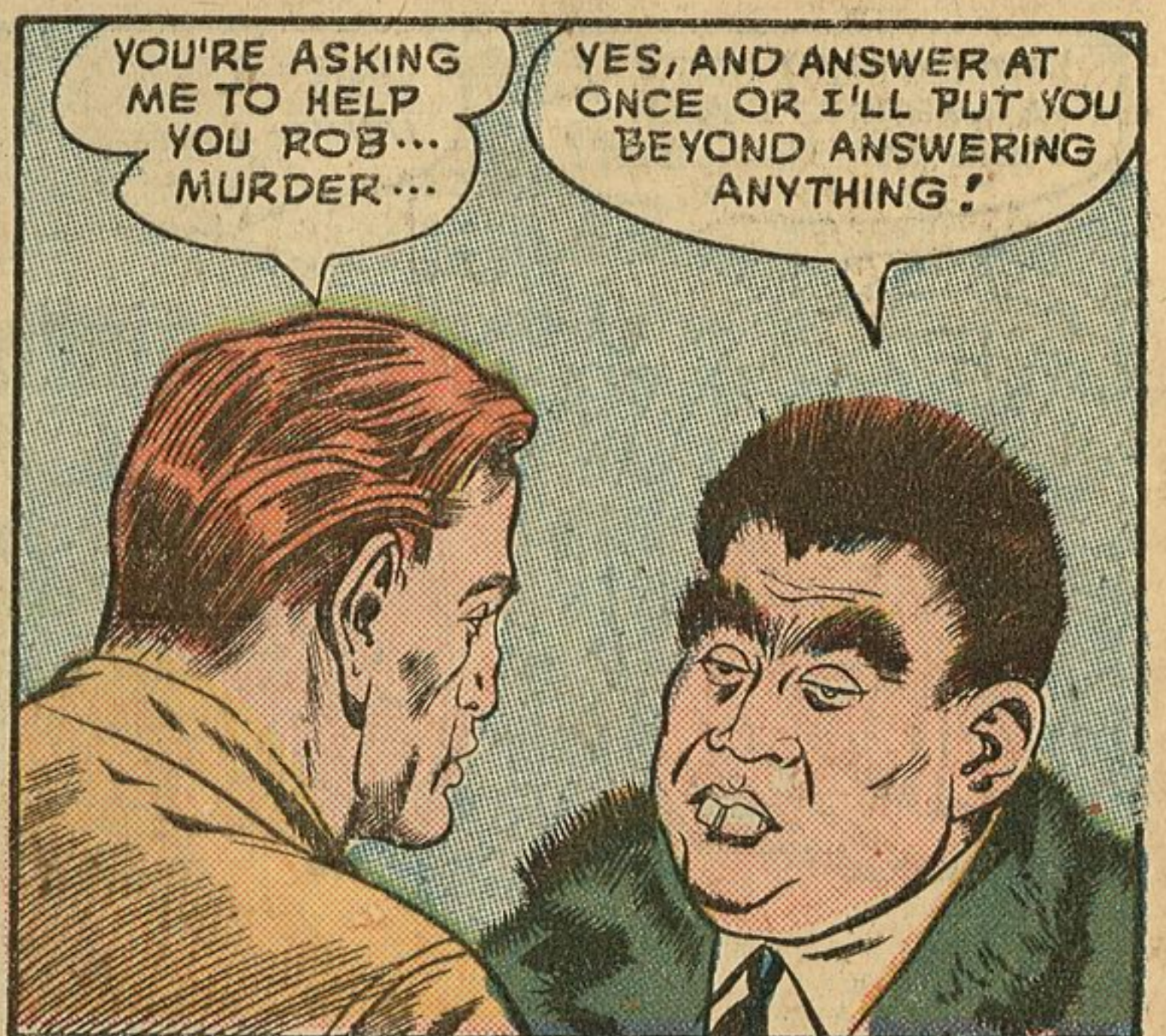
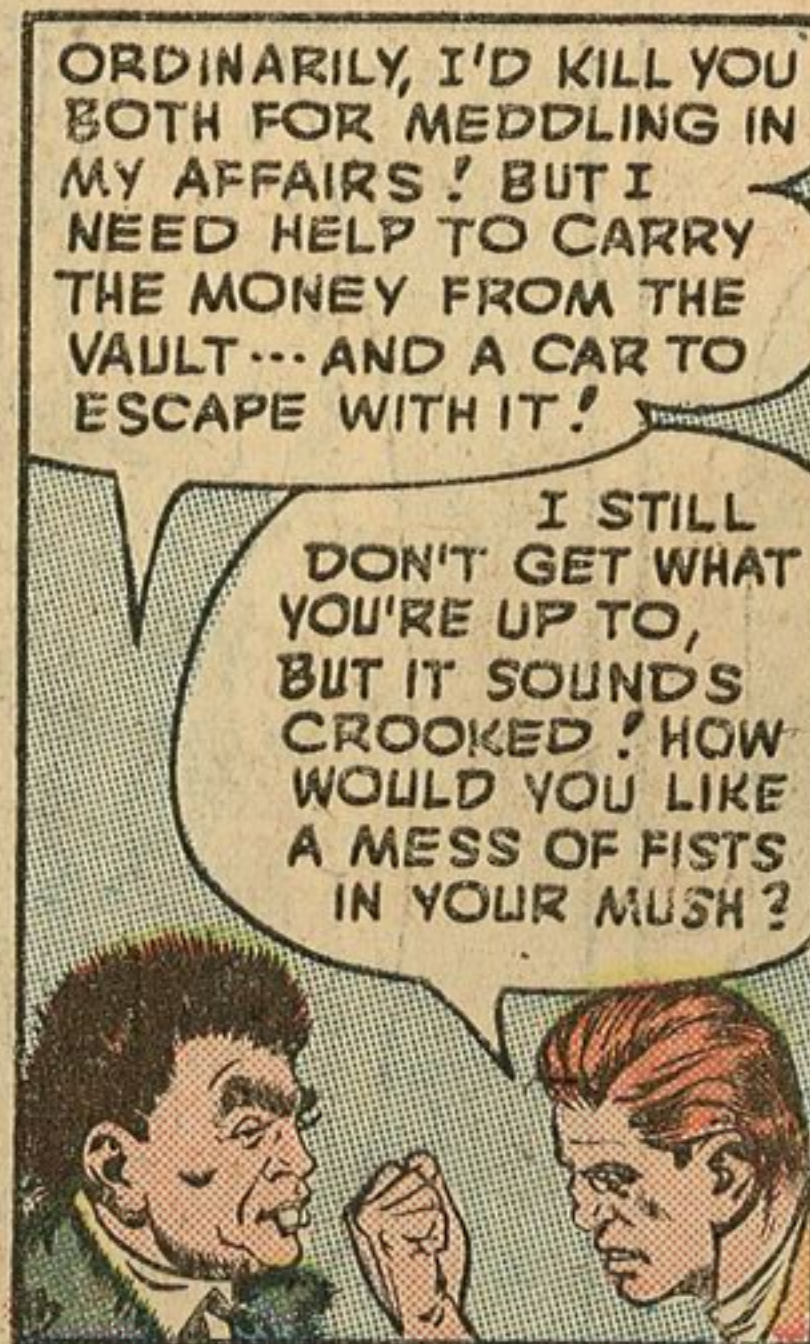
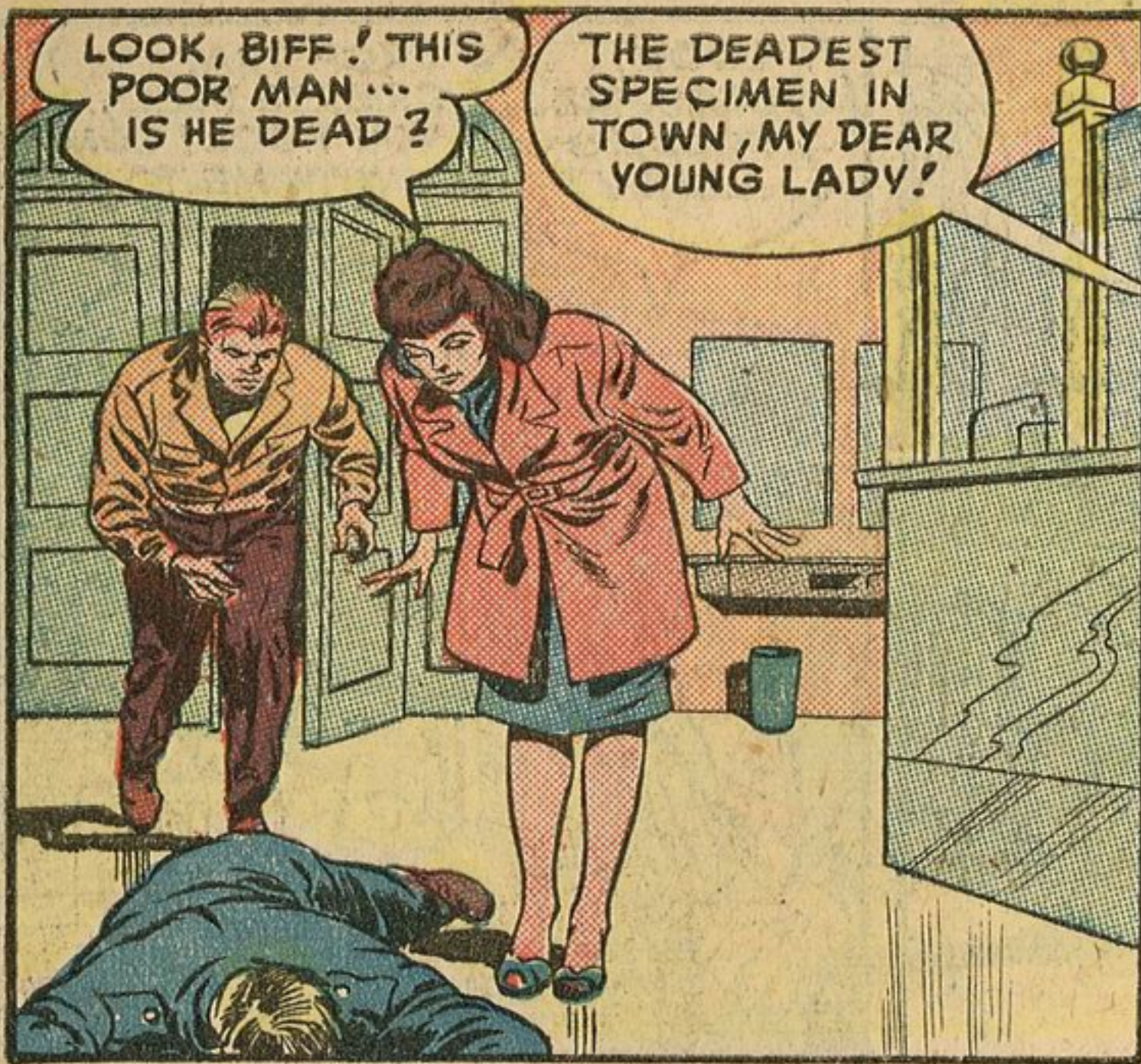
EASILY! LOOK, A SMALL
EXERTION OF POWER
WORKS AS A KEY,
LOOSENING THE
LOCK!



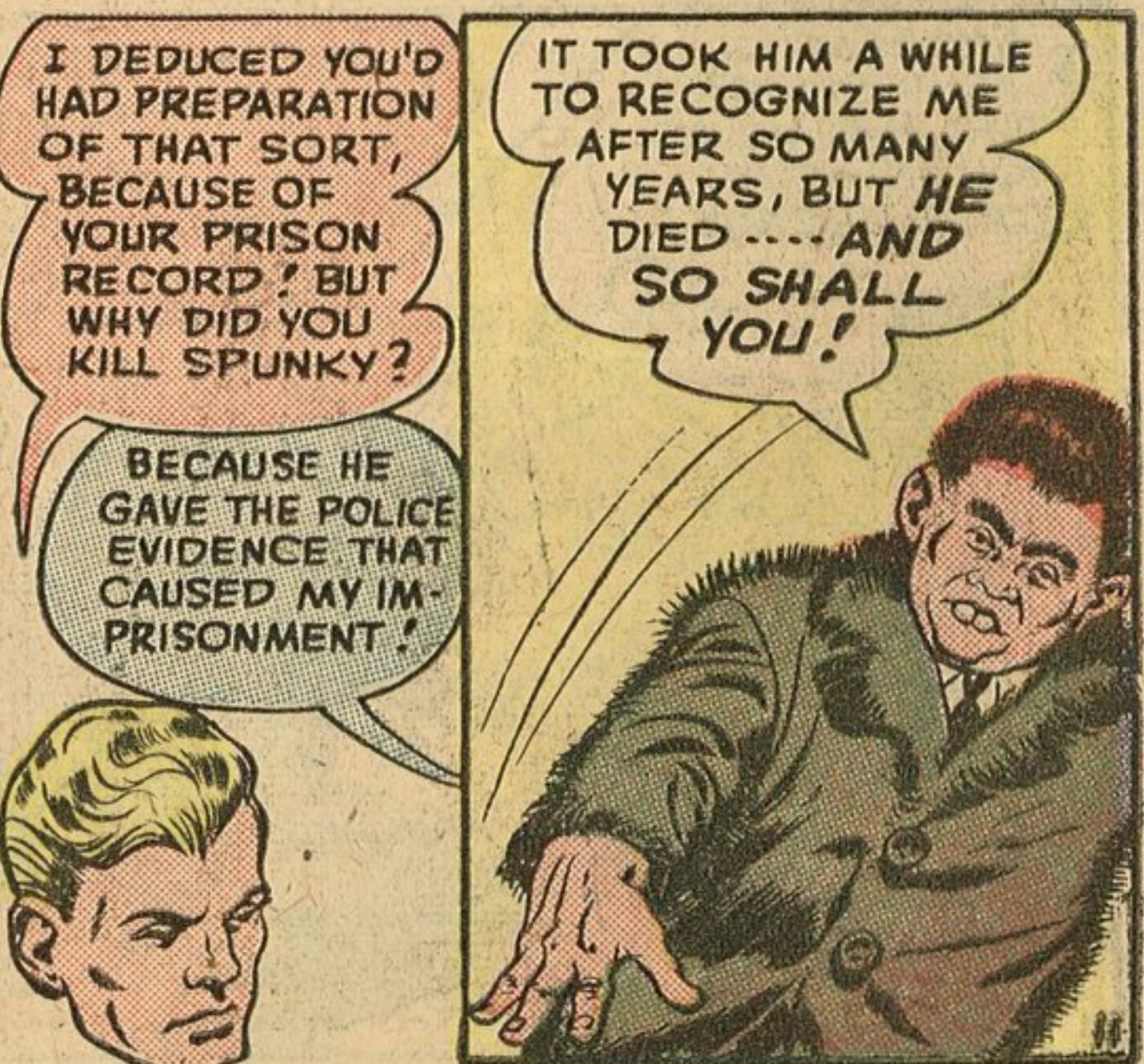
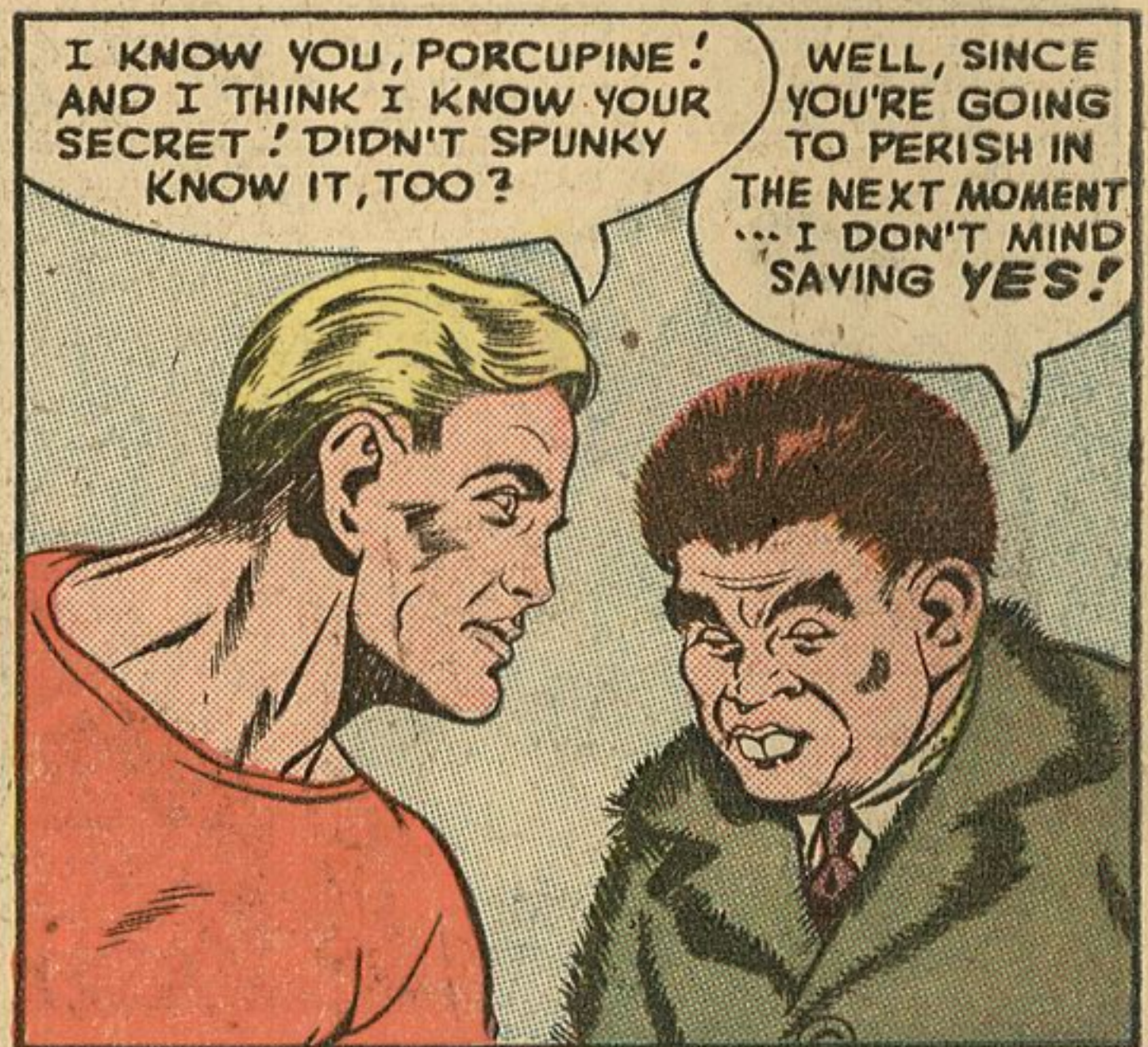
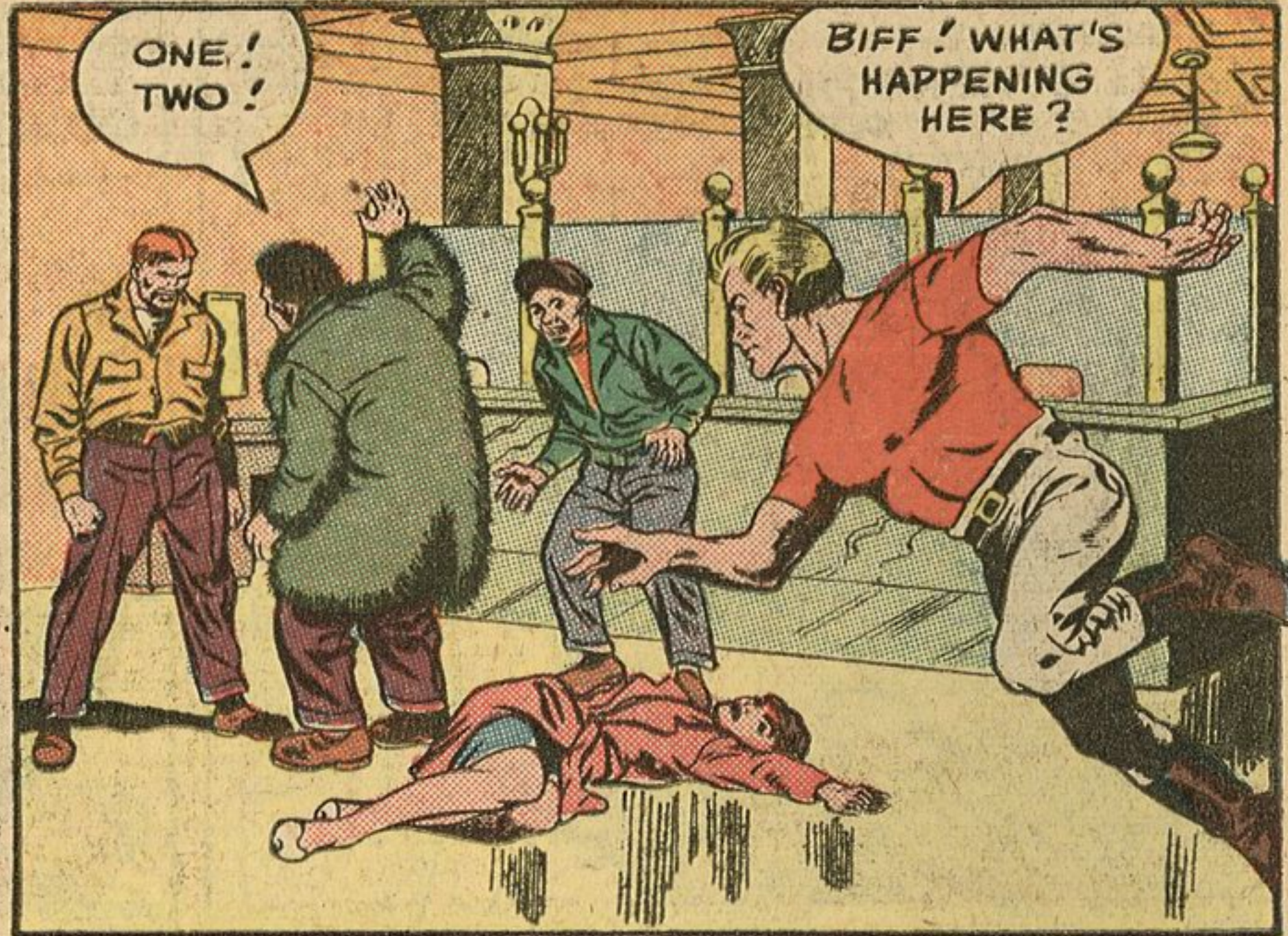
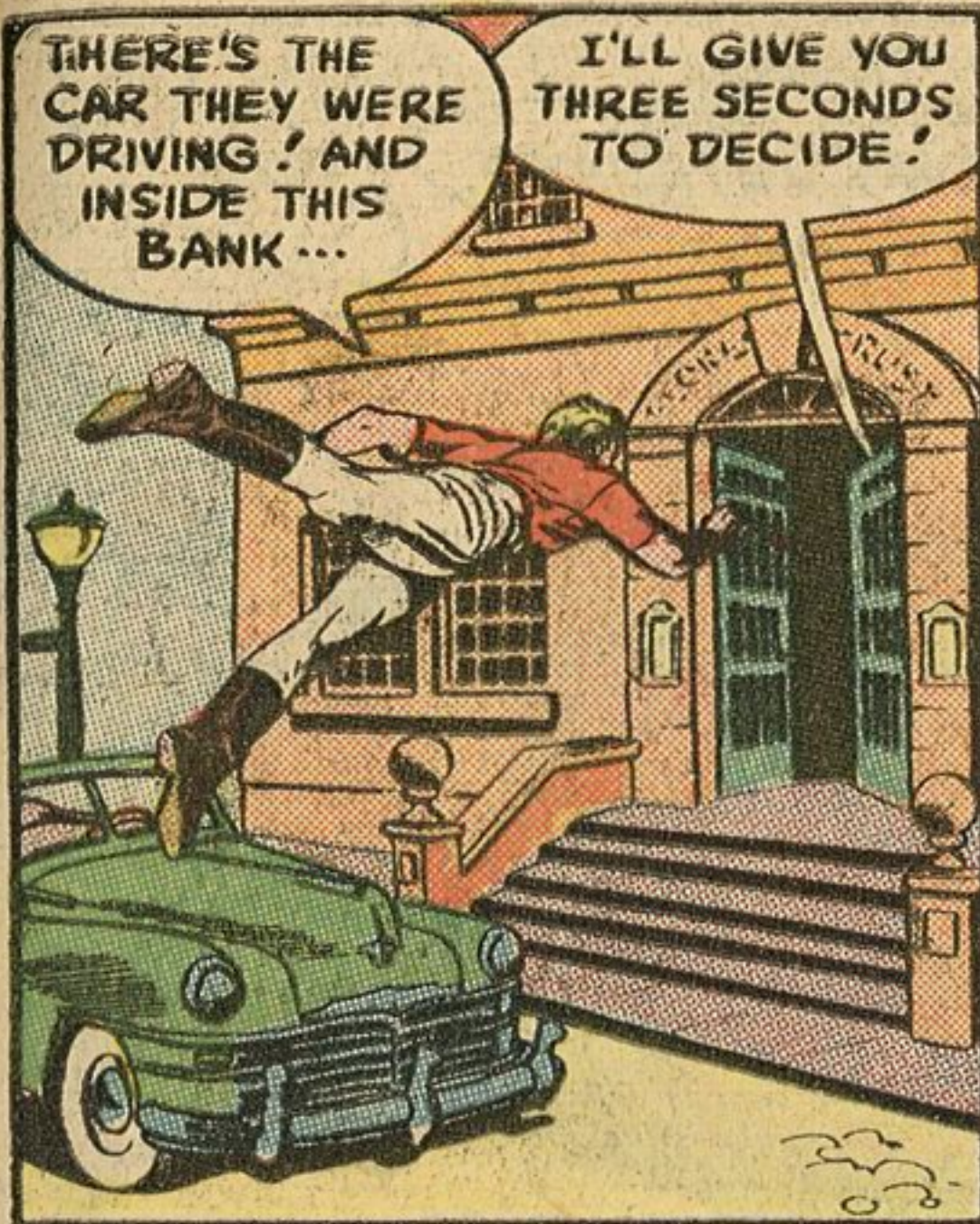
BUSTING IN, HUH?
UP WITH YOUR
HANDS... I'M
TURNING IN
THE ALARM!

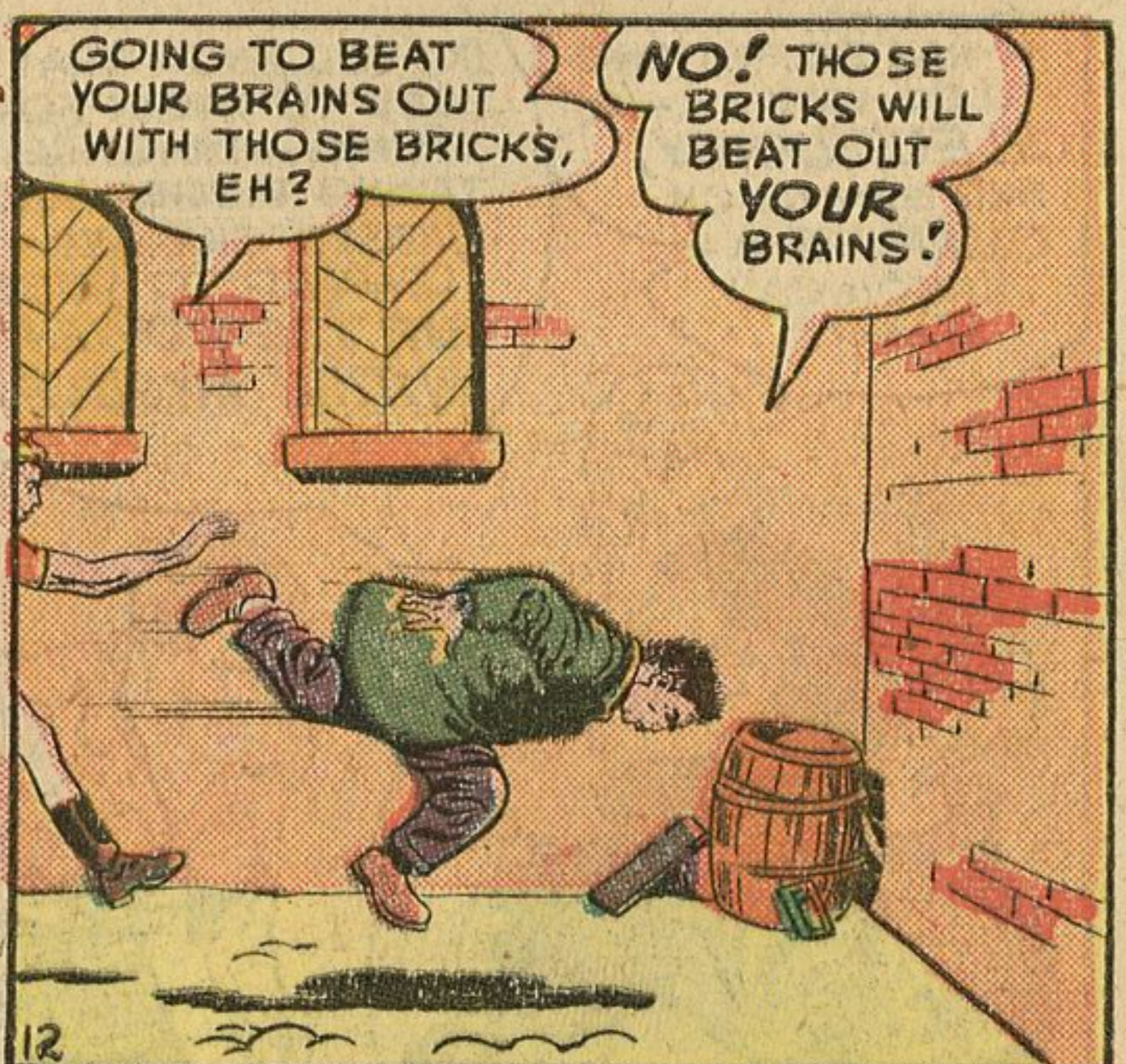
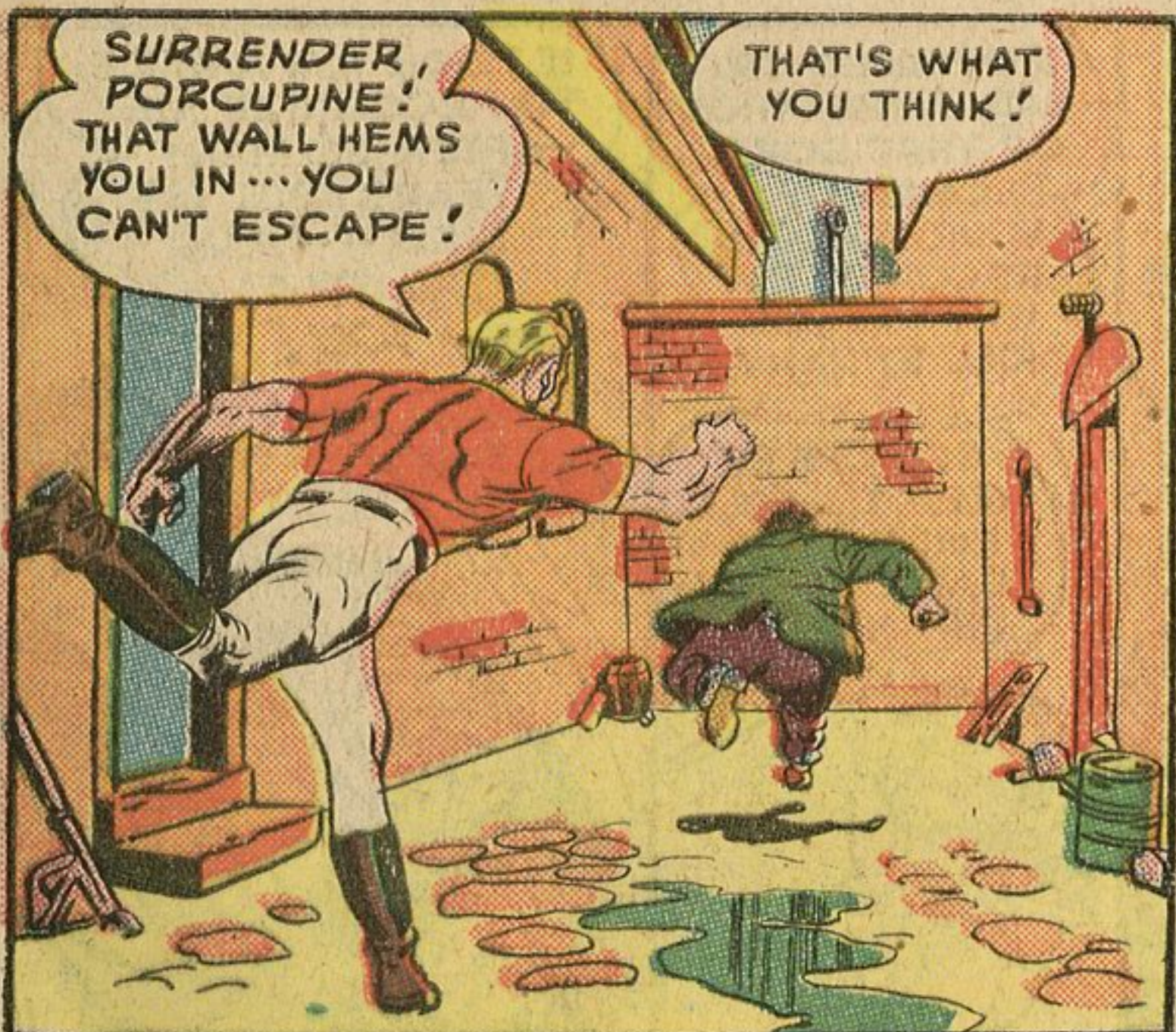
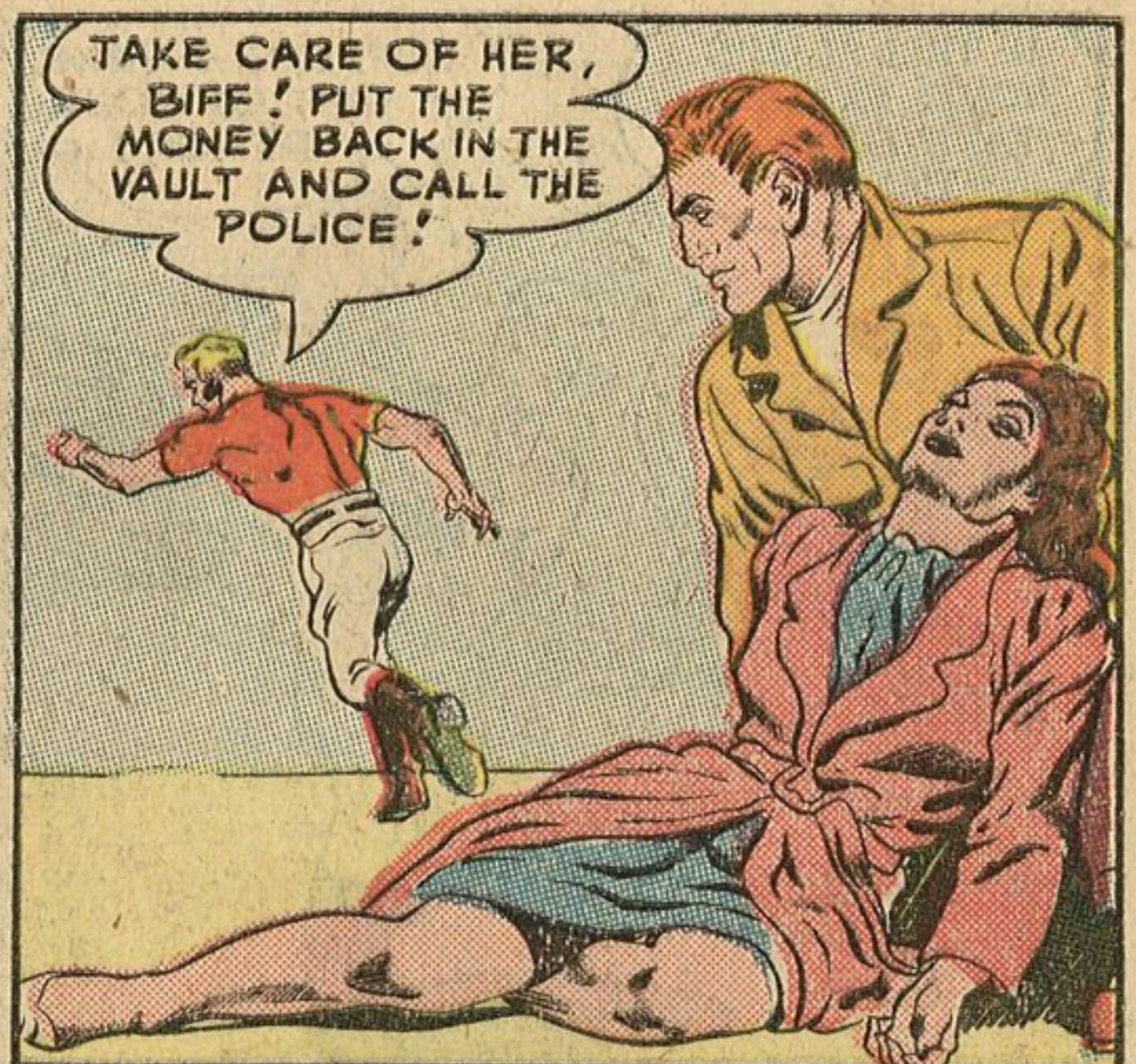
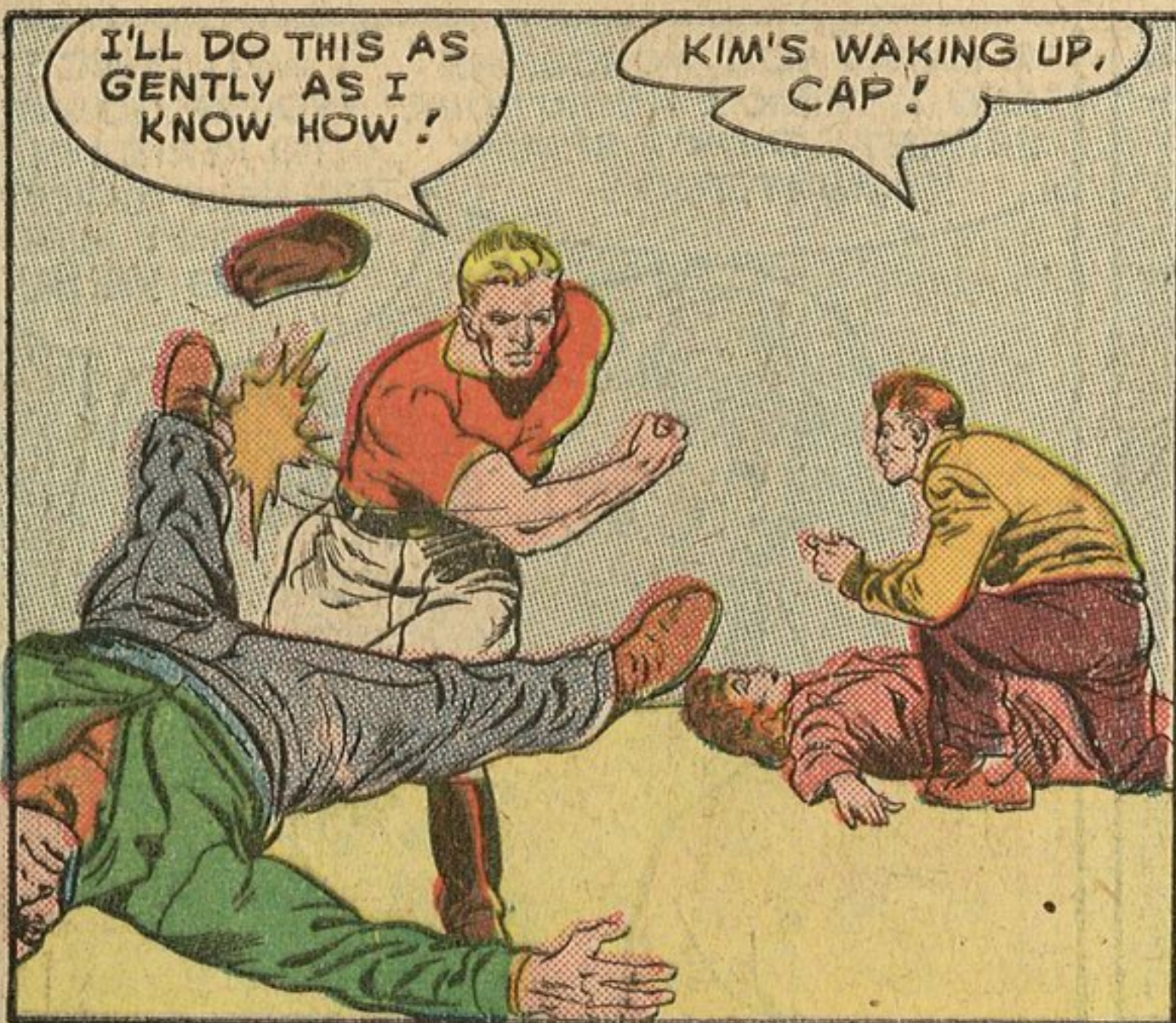
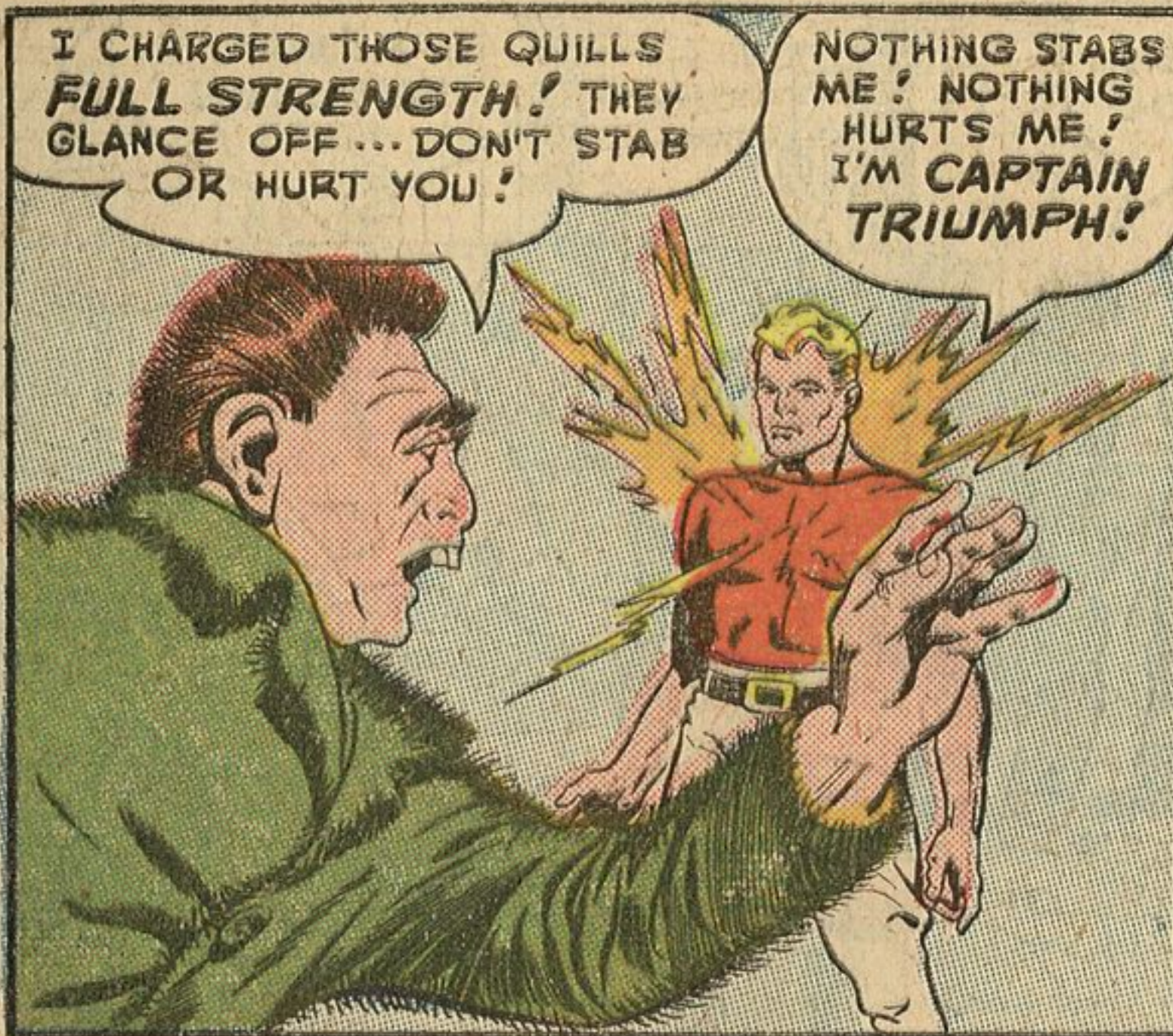
AH, THE LOYAL
WATCHMAN! YOUR
WATCHING DAYS
ARE OVER, I
FEAR!

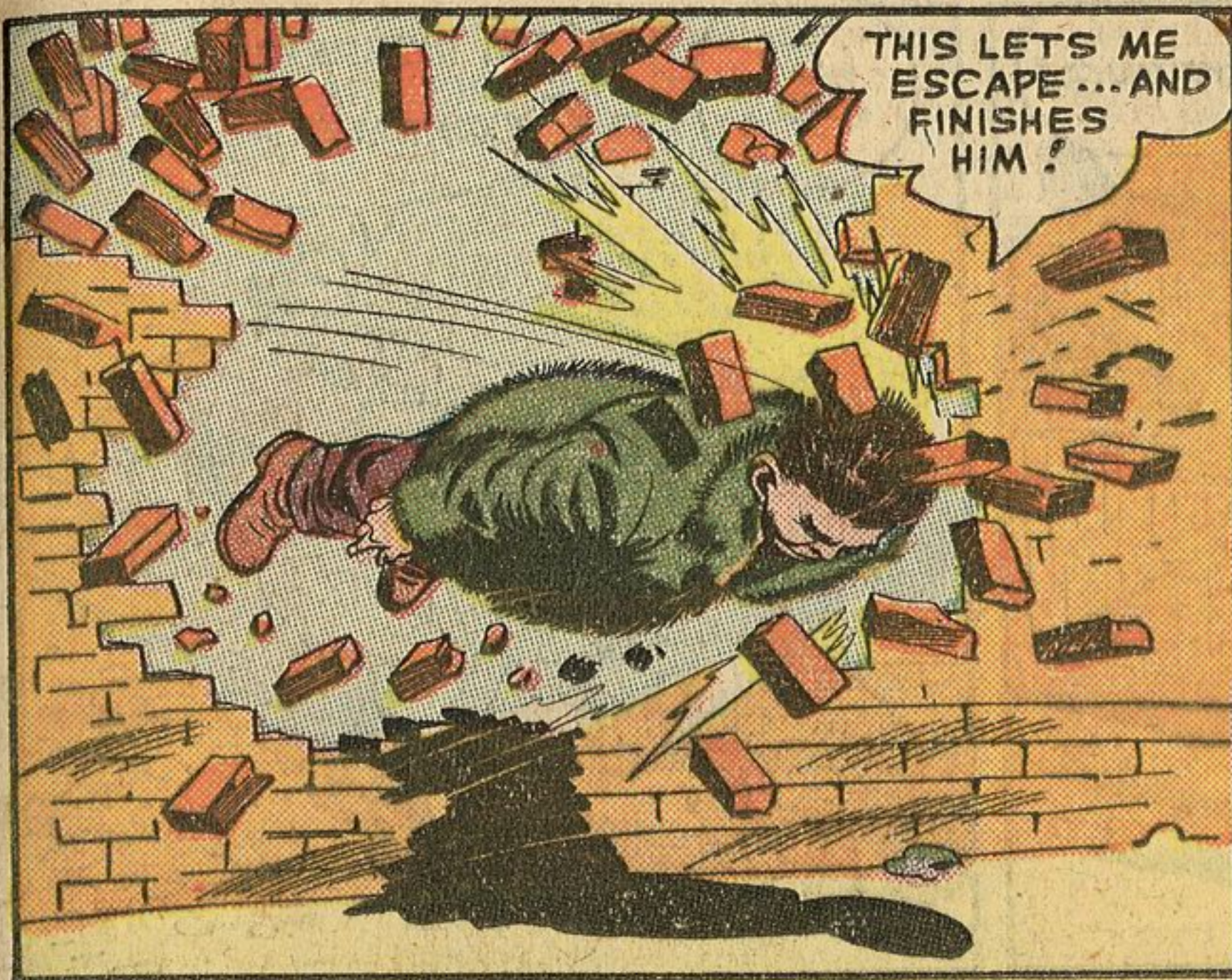


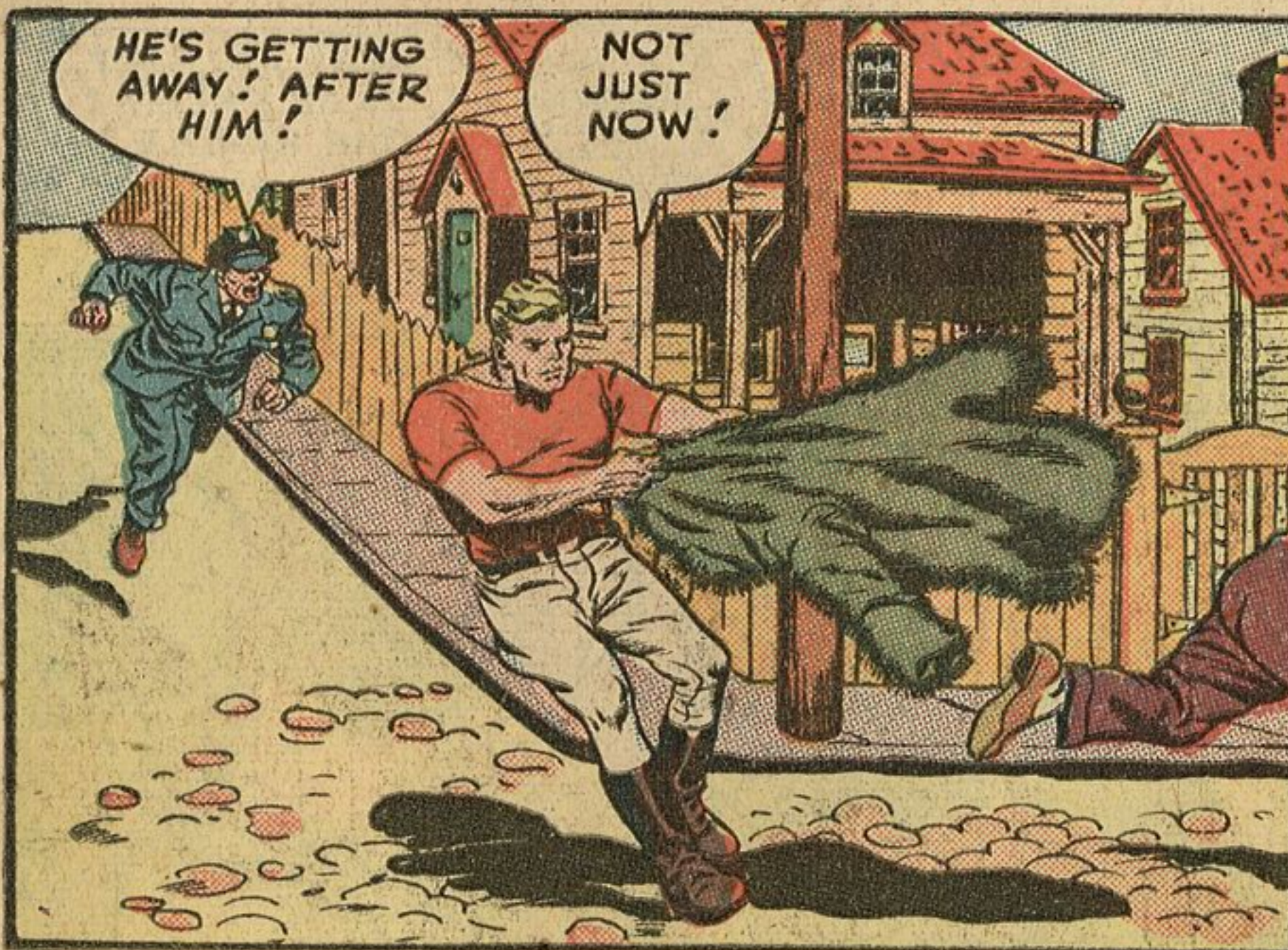


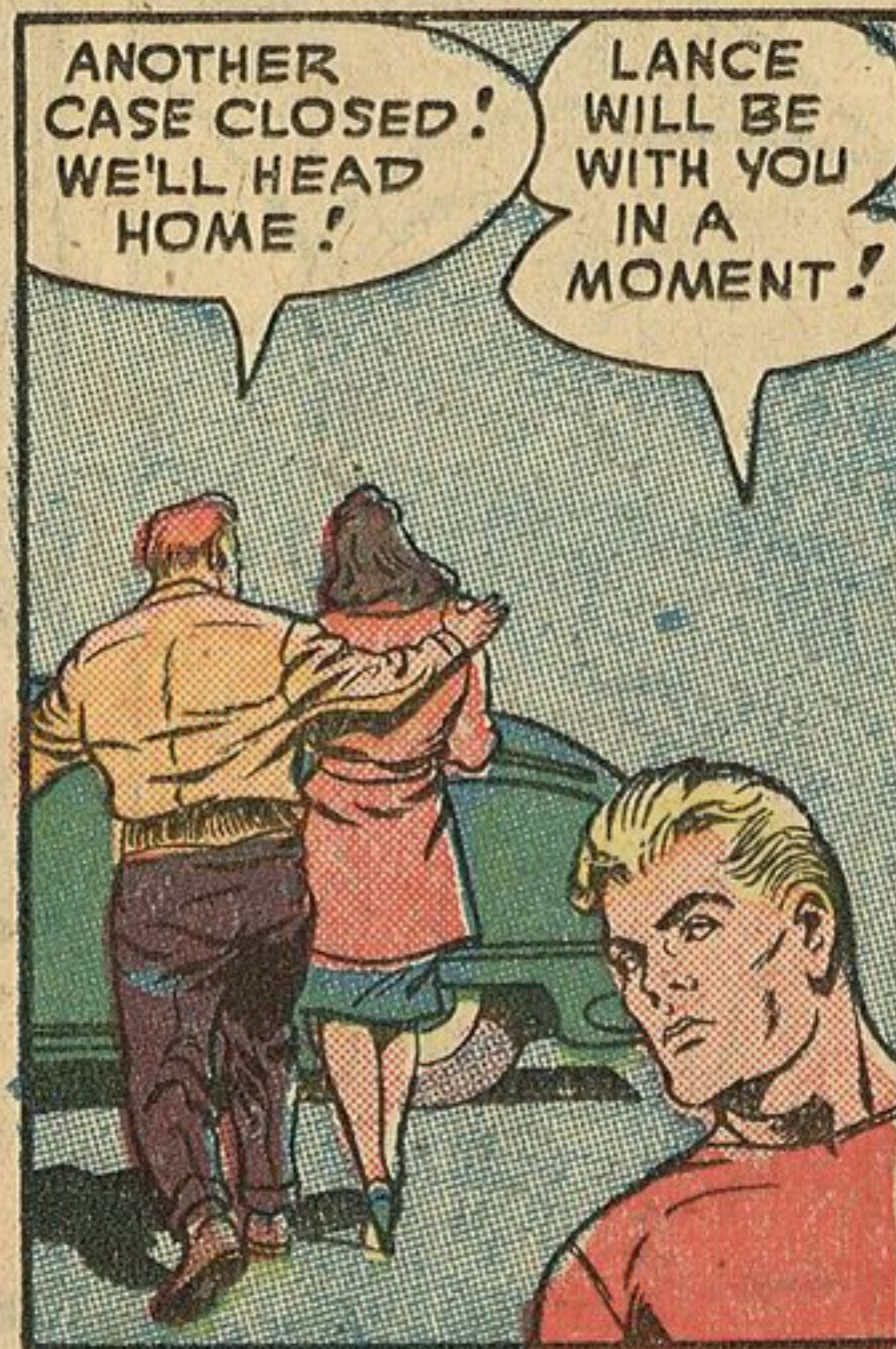
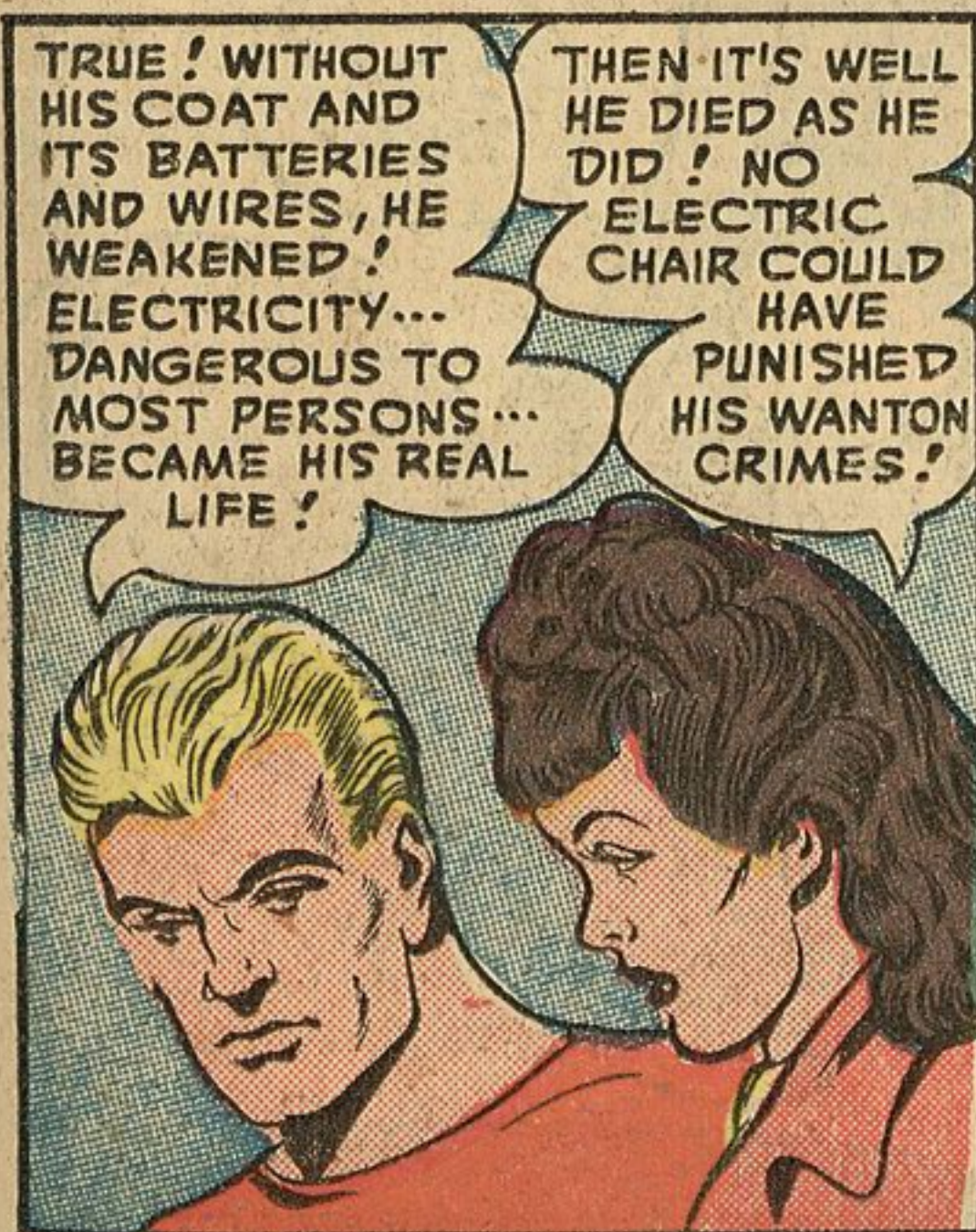
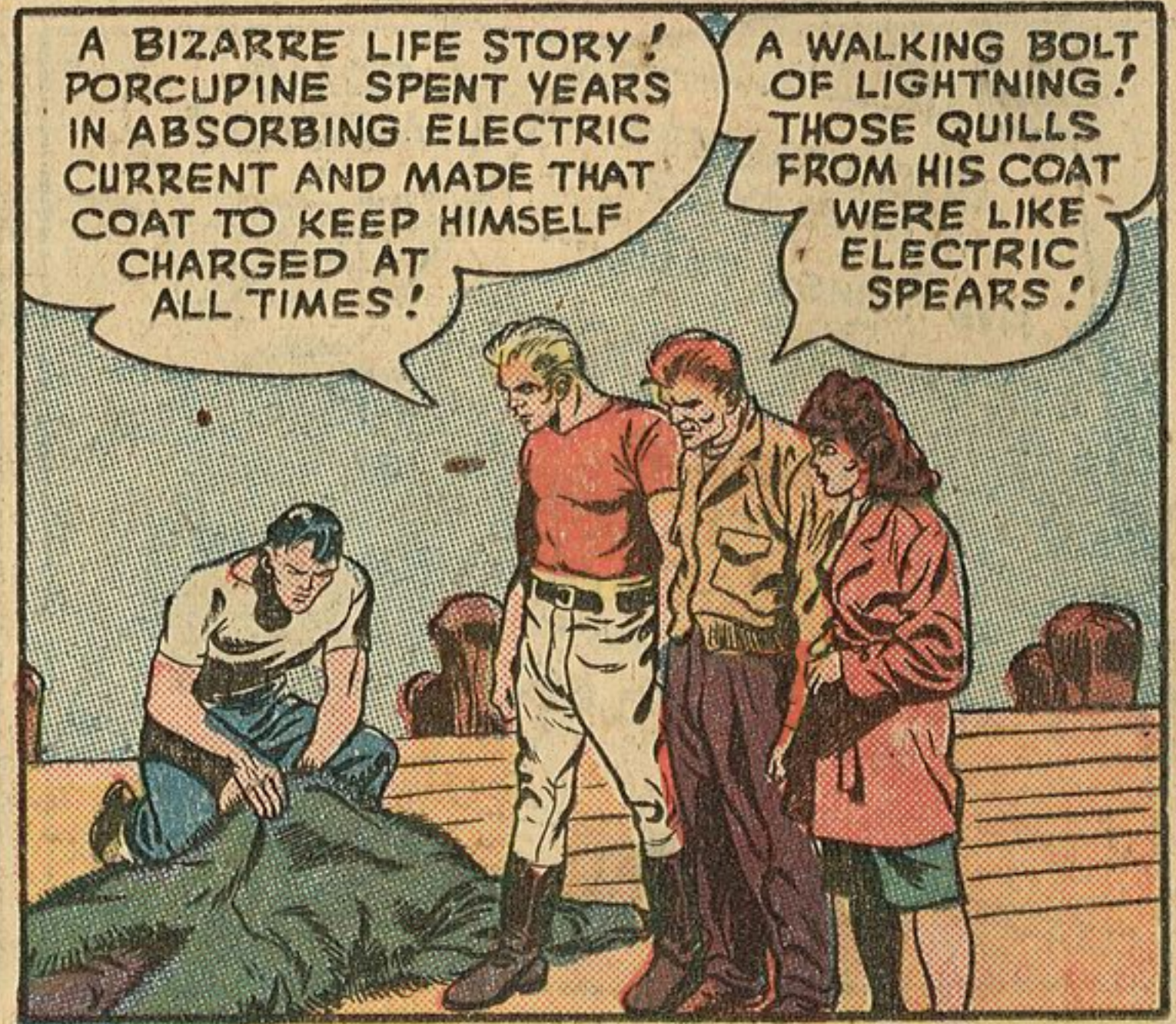
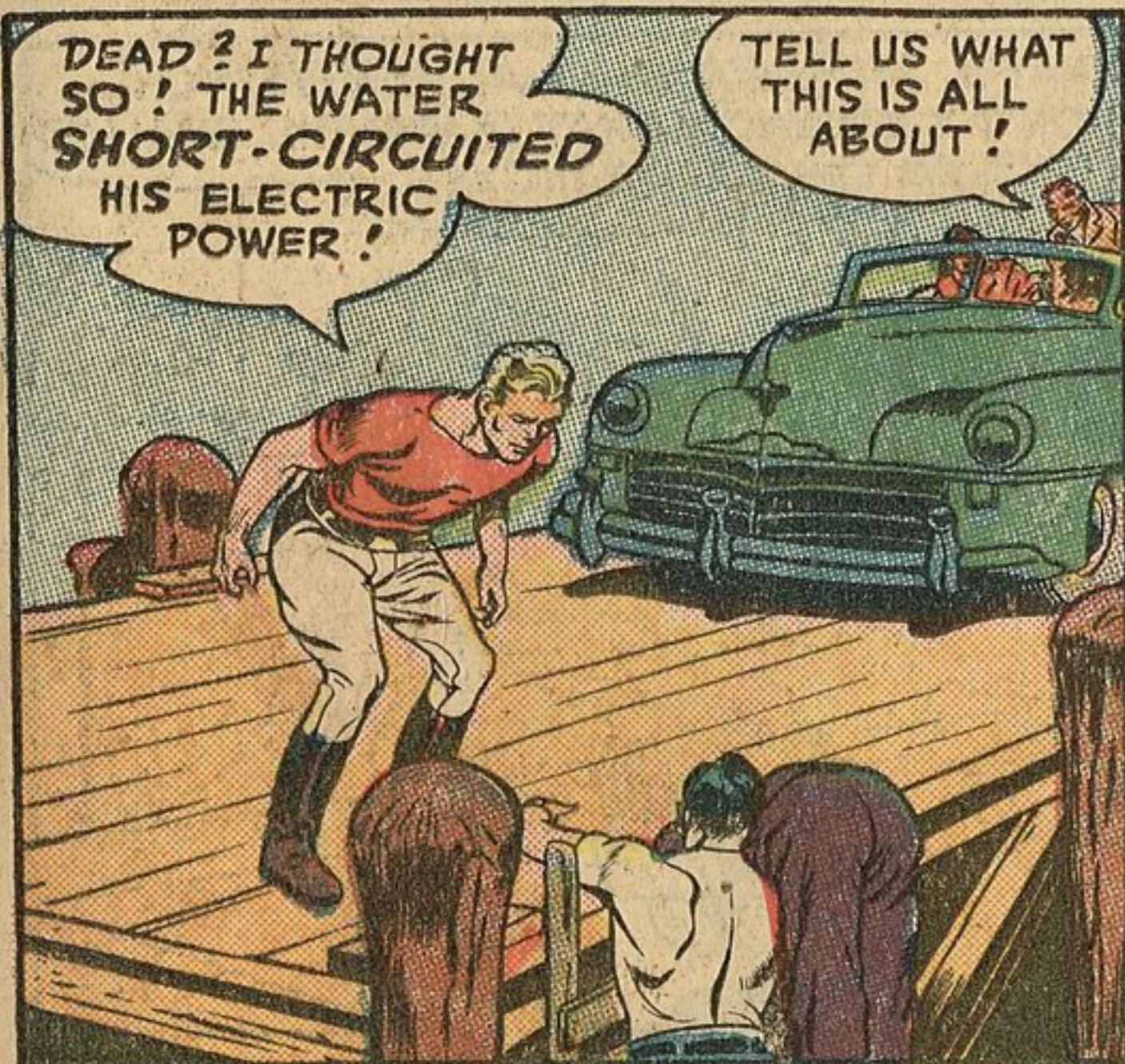
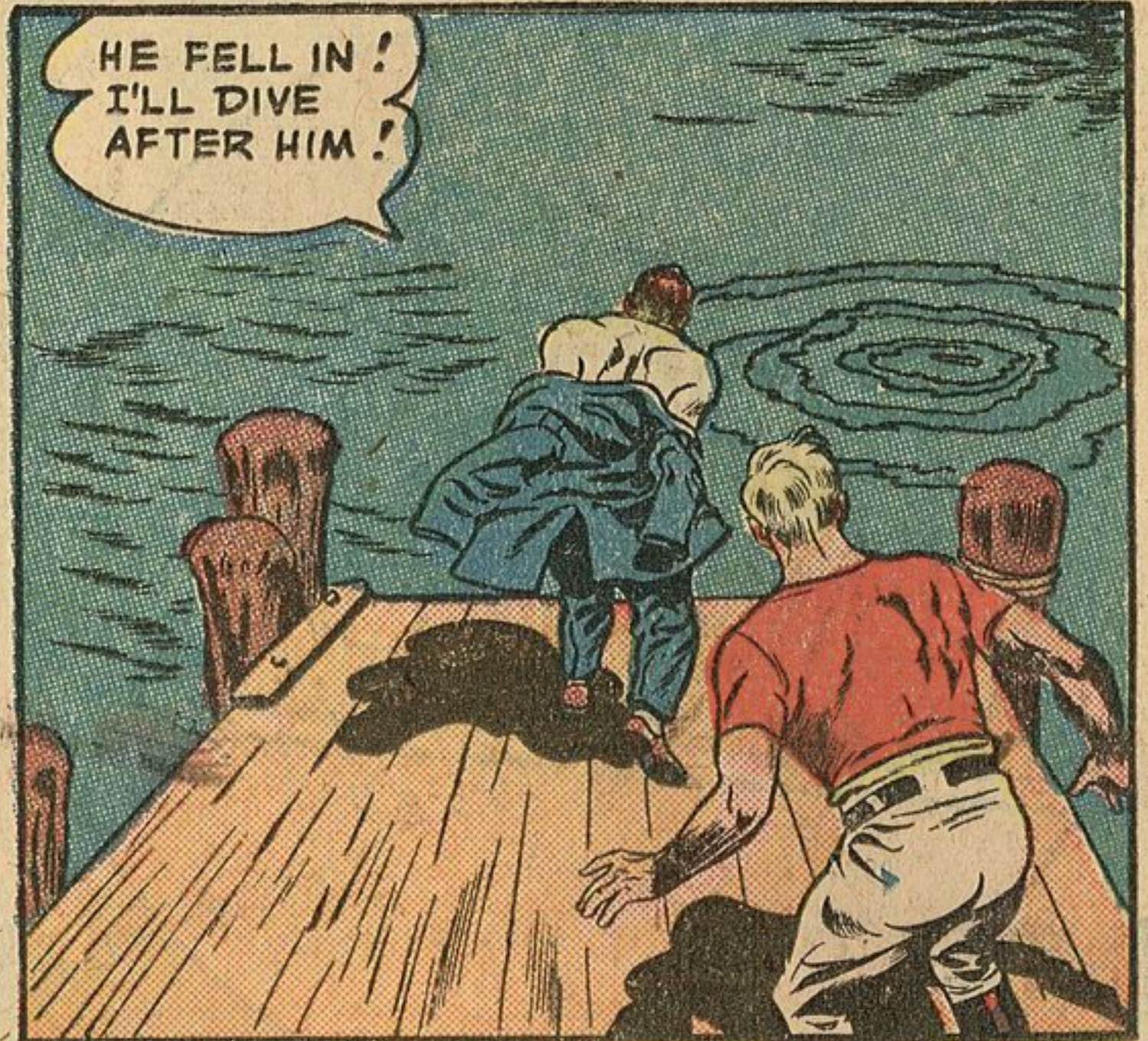
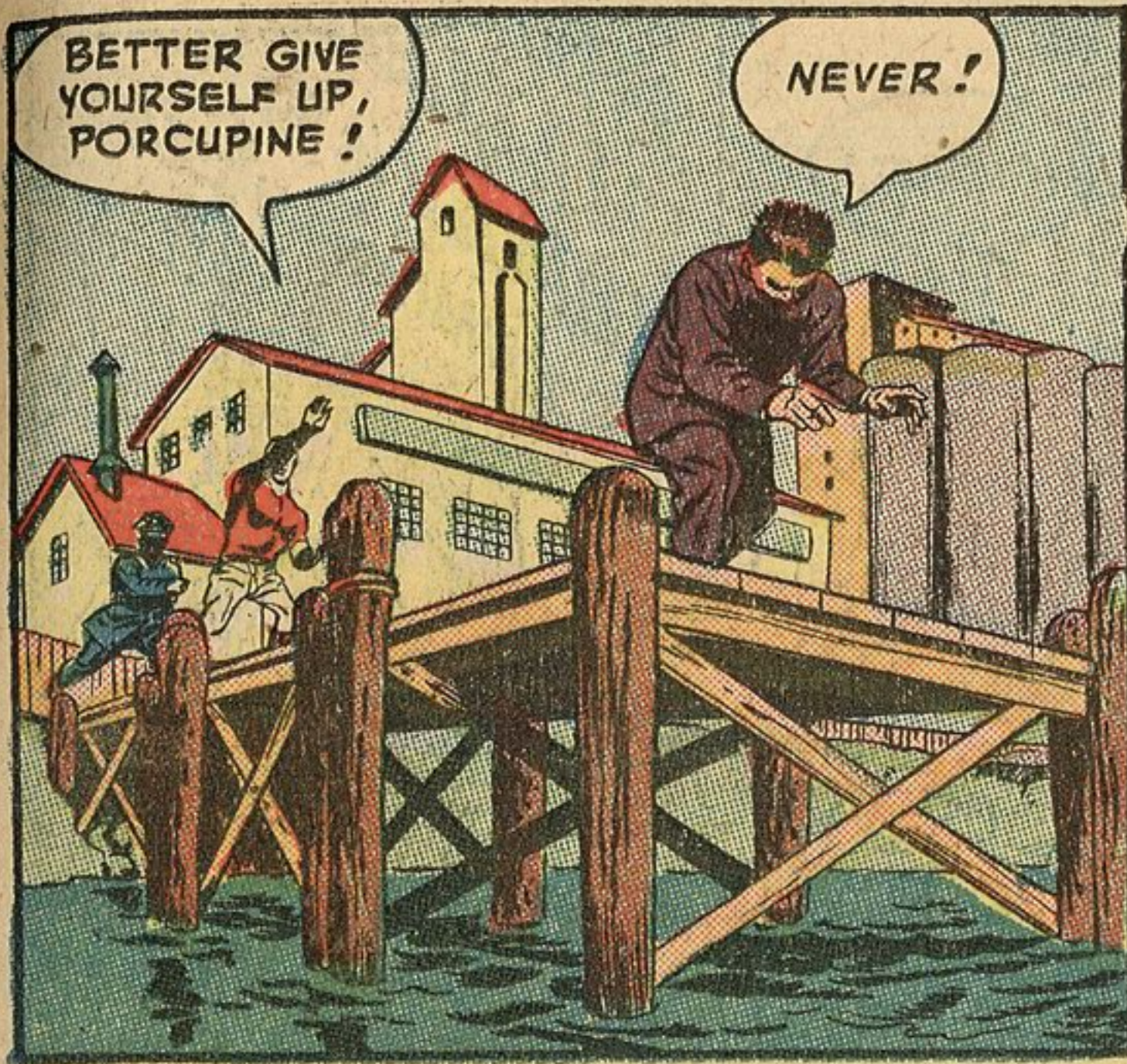
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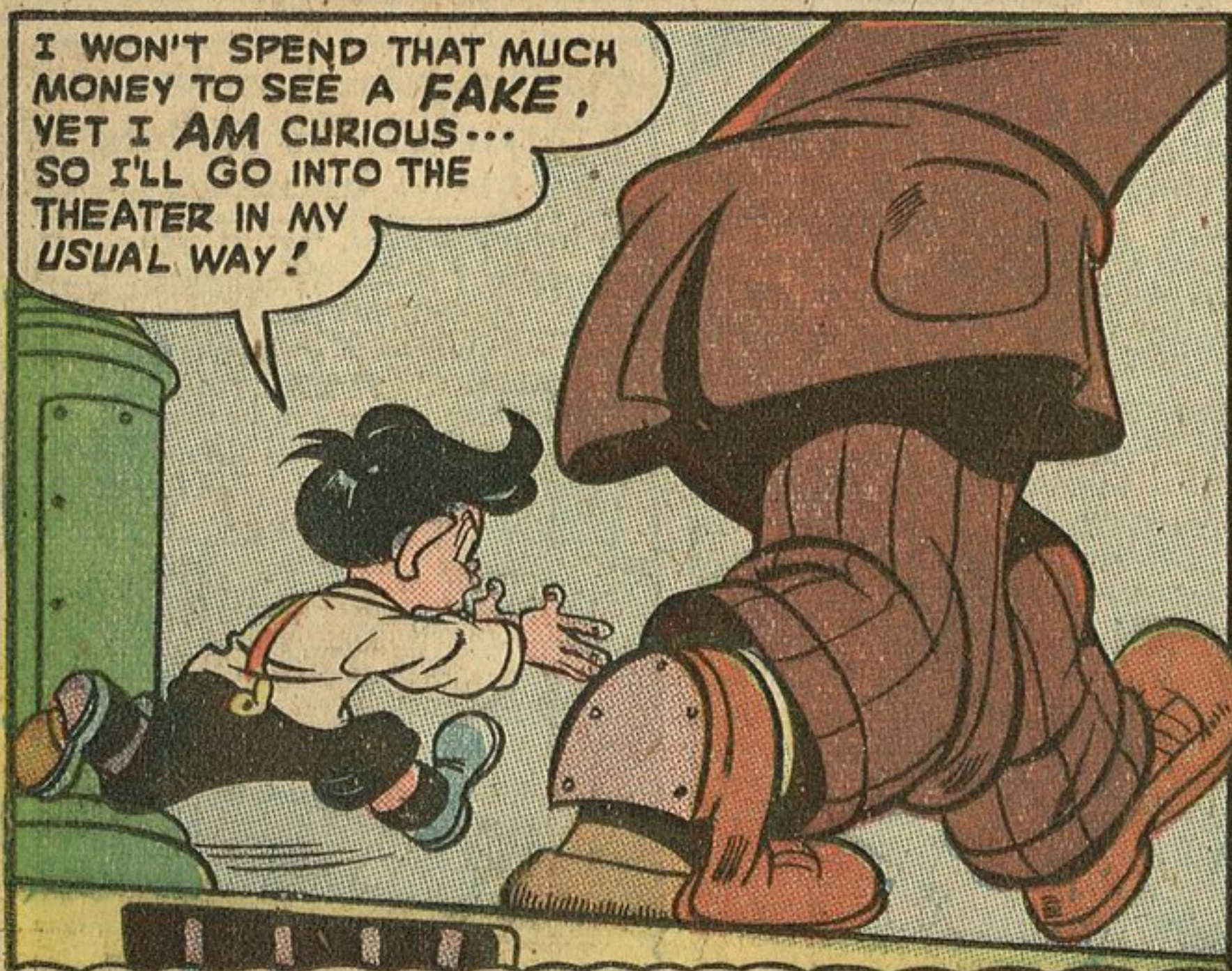
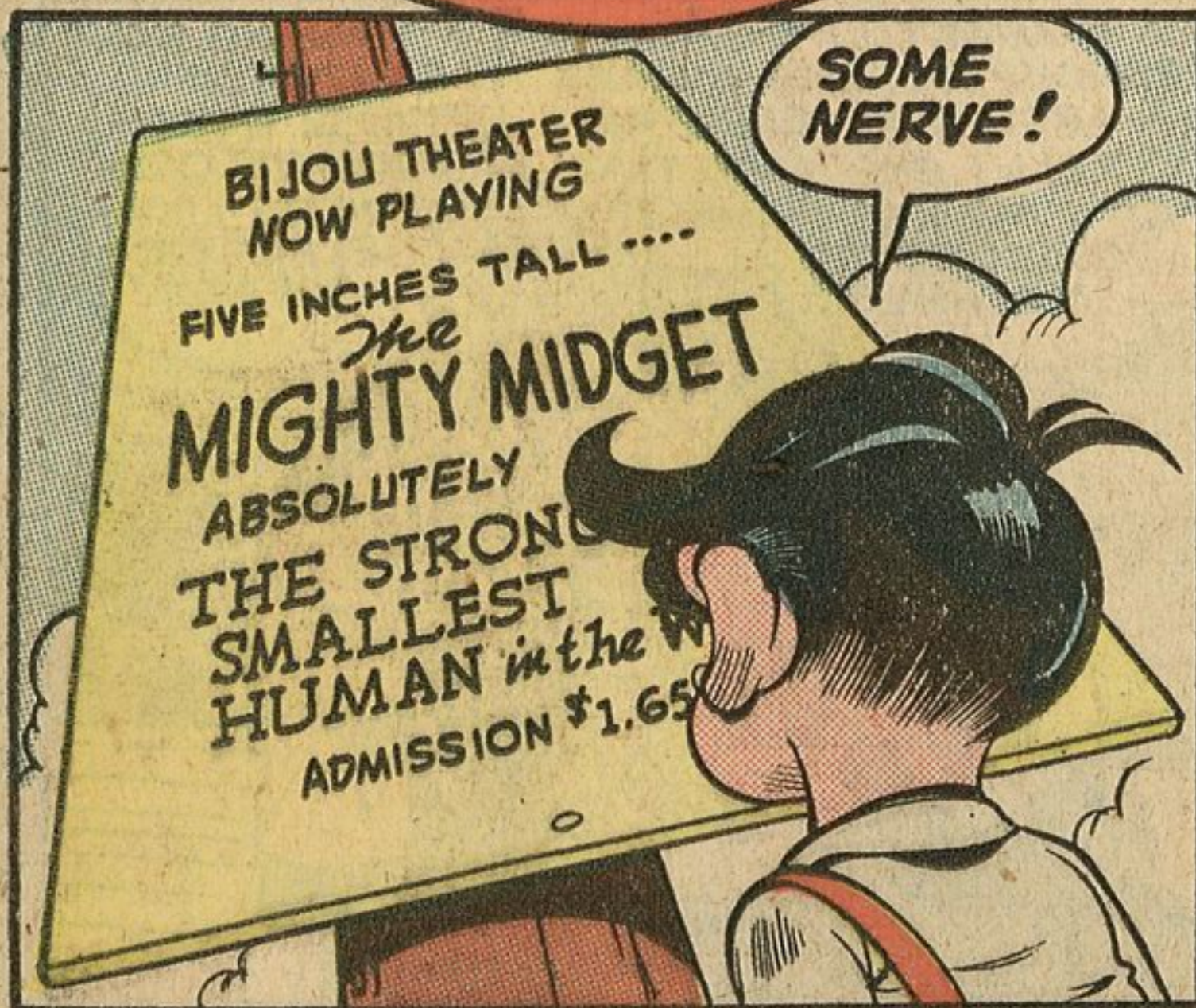
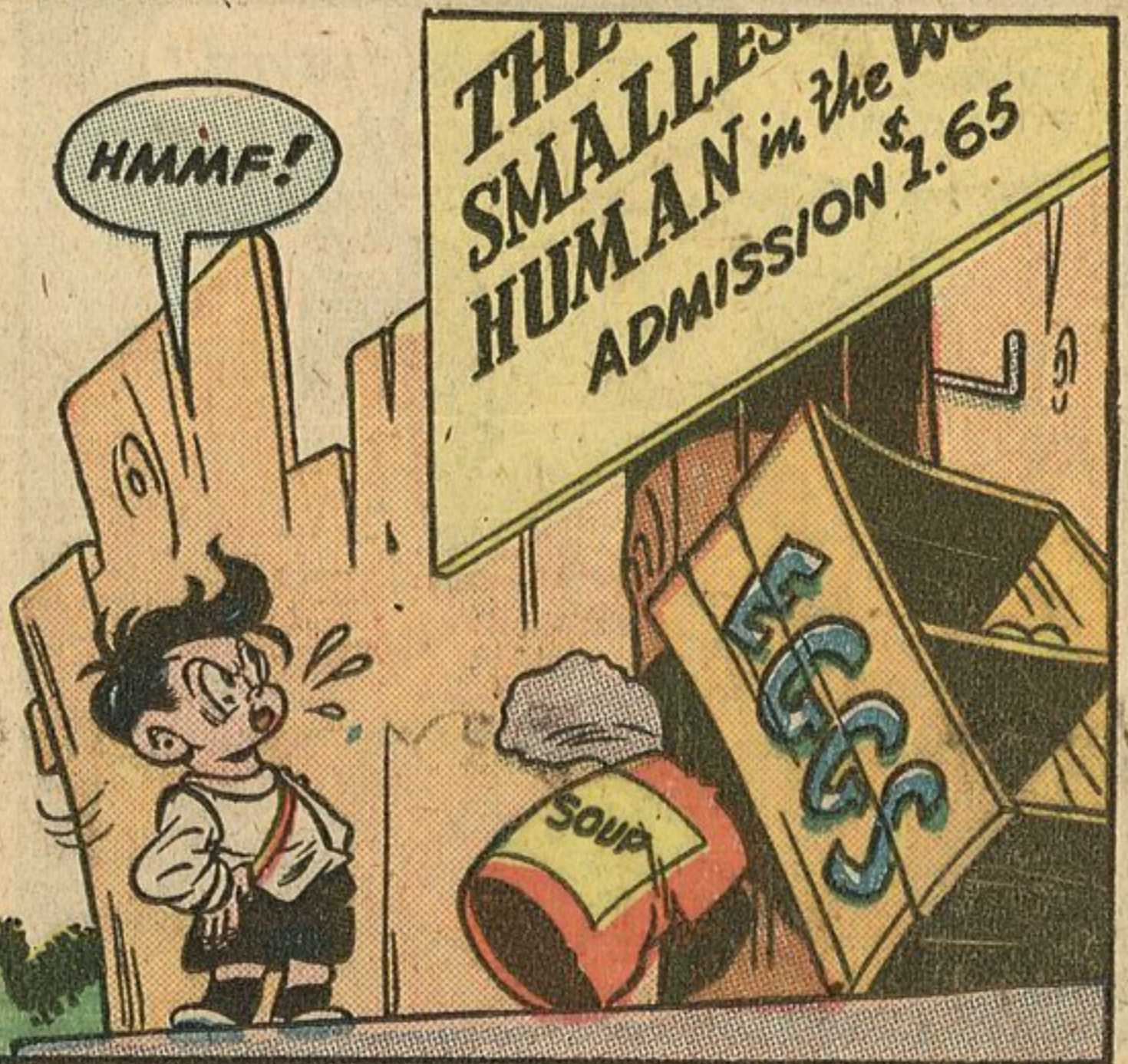
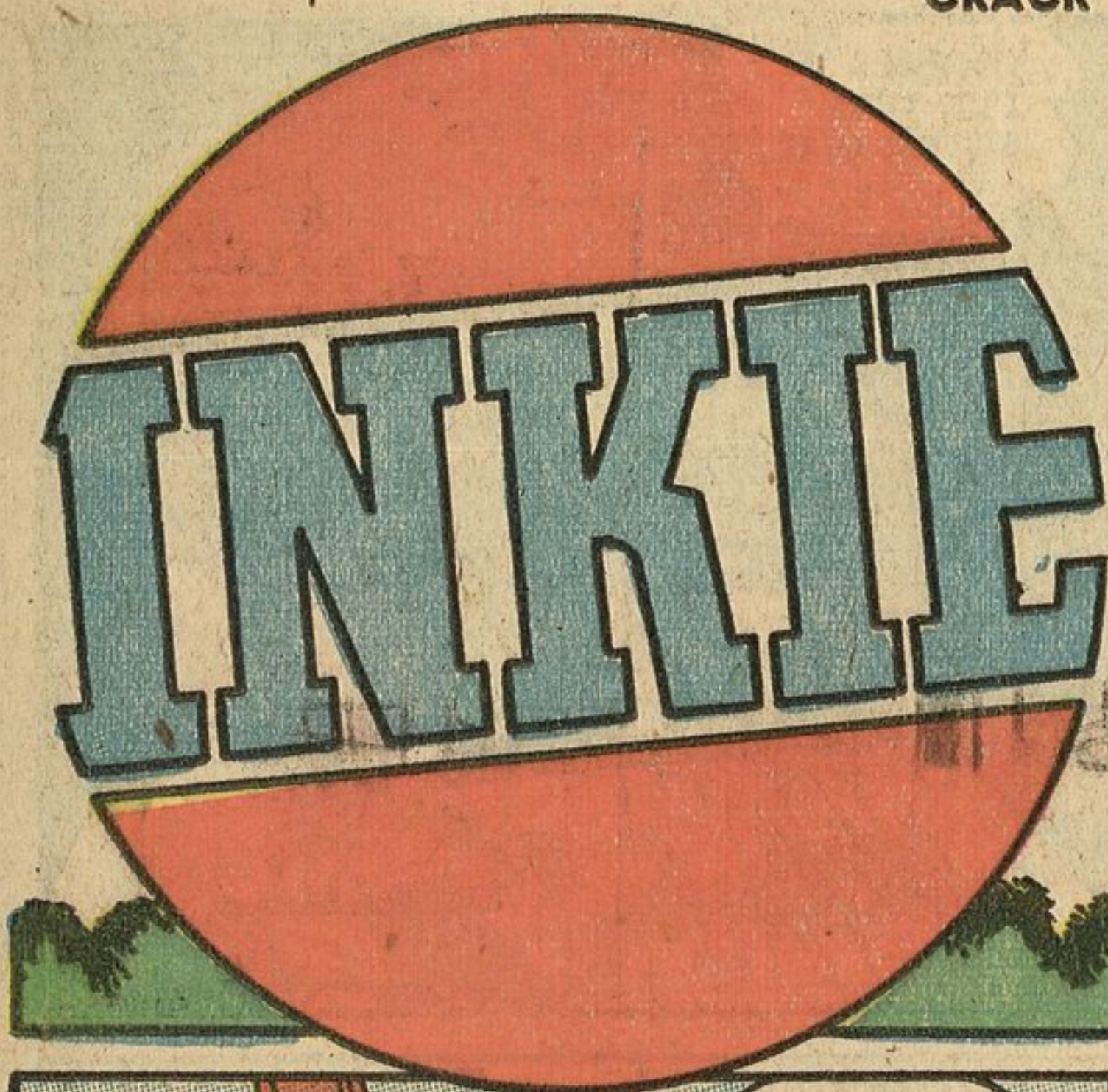


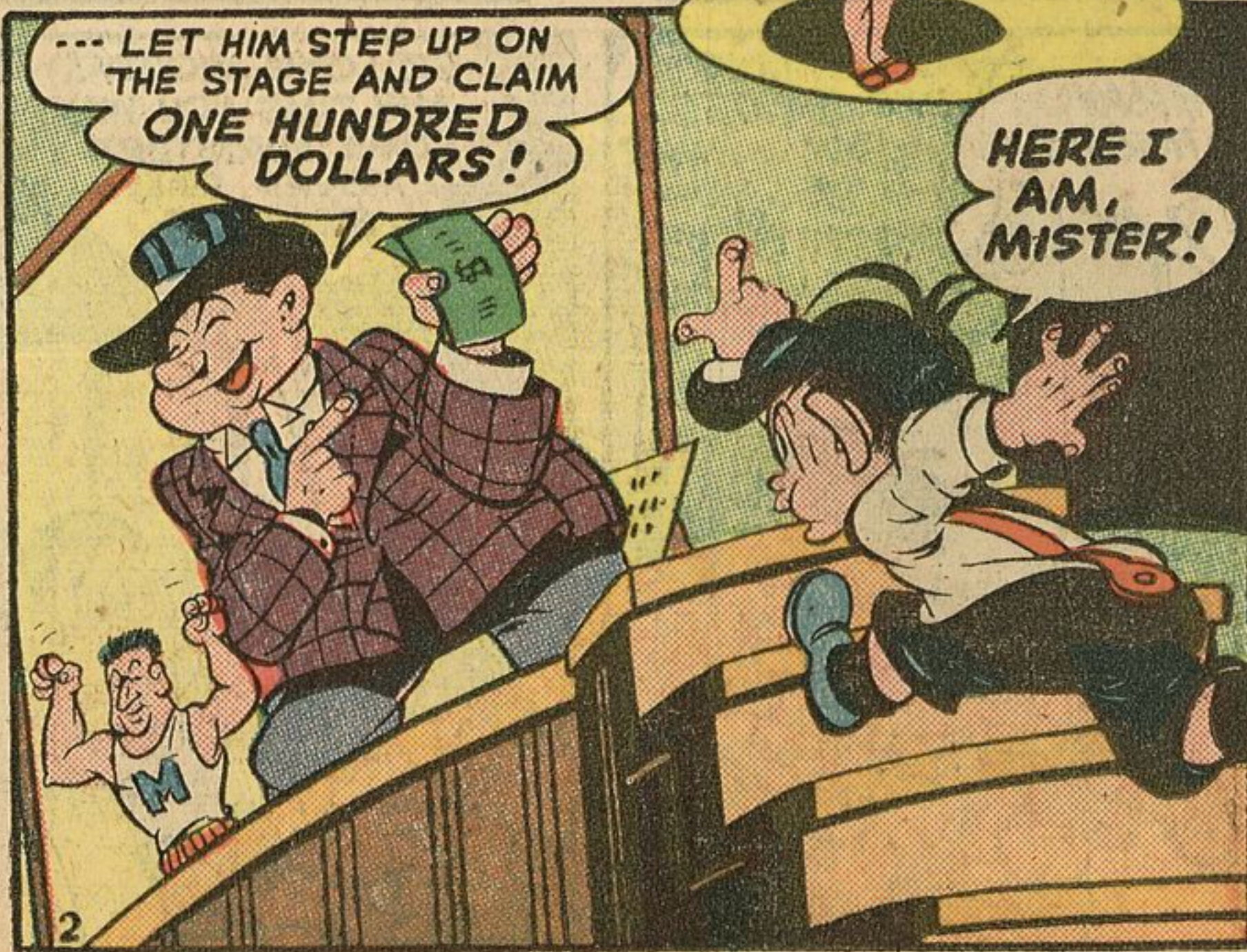
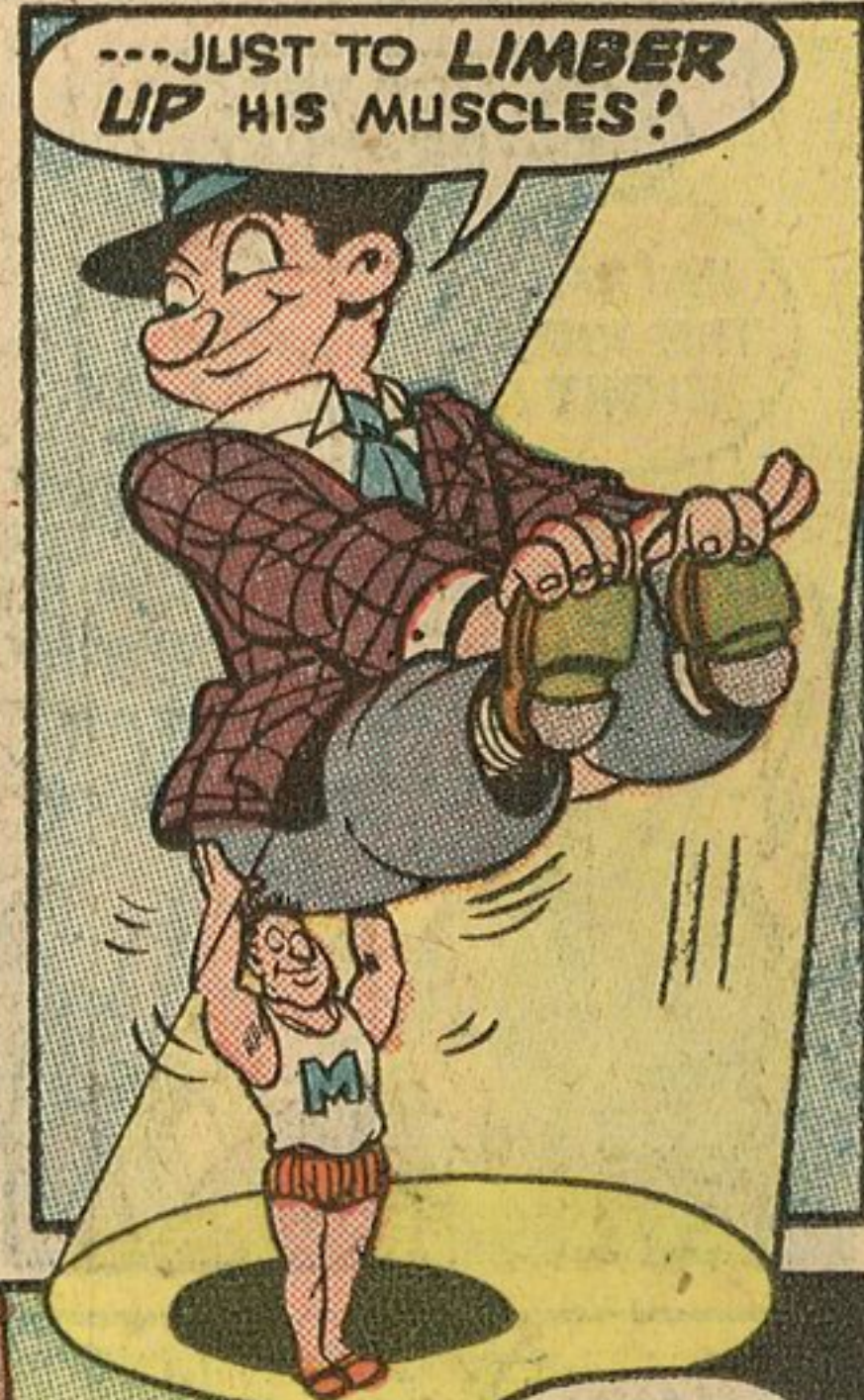
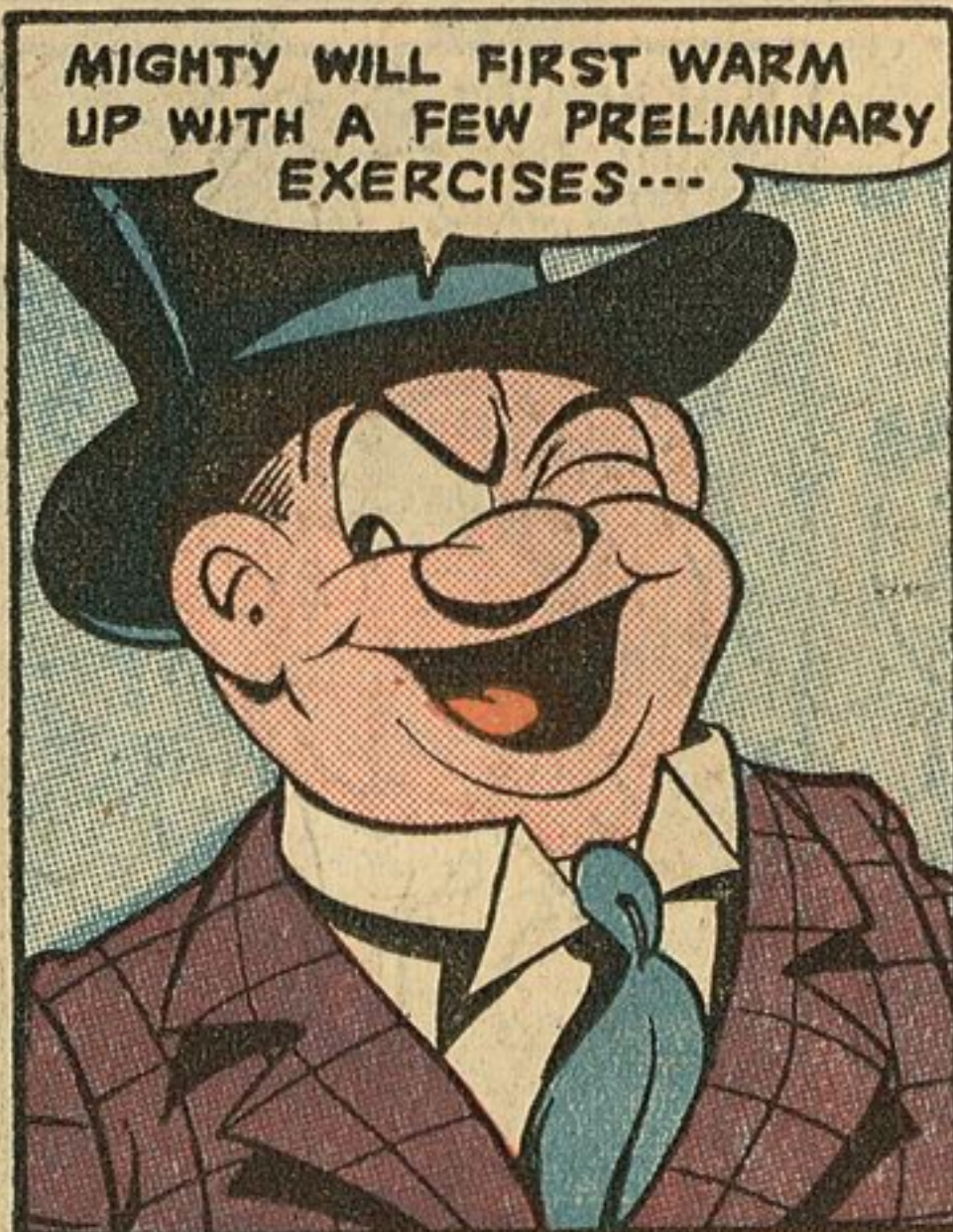
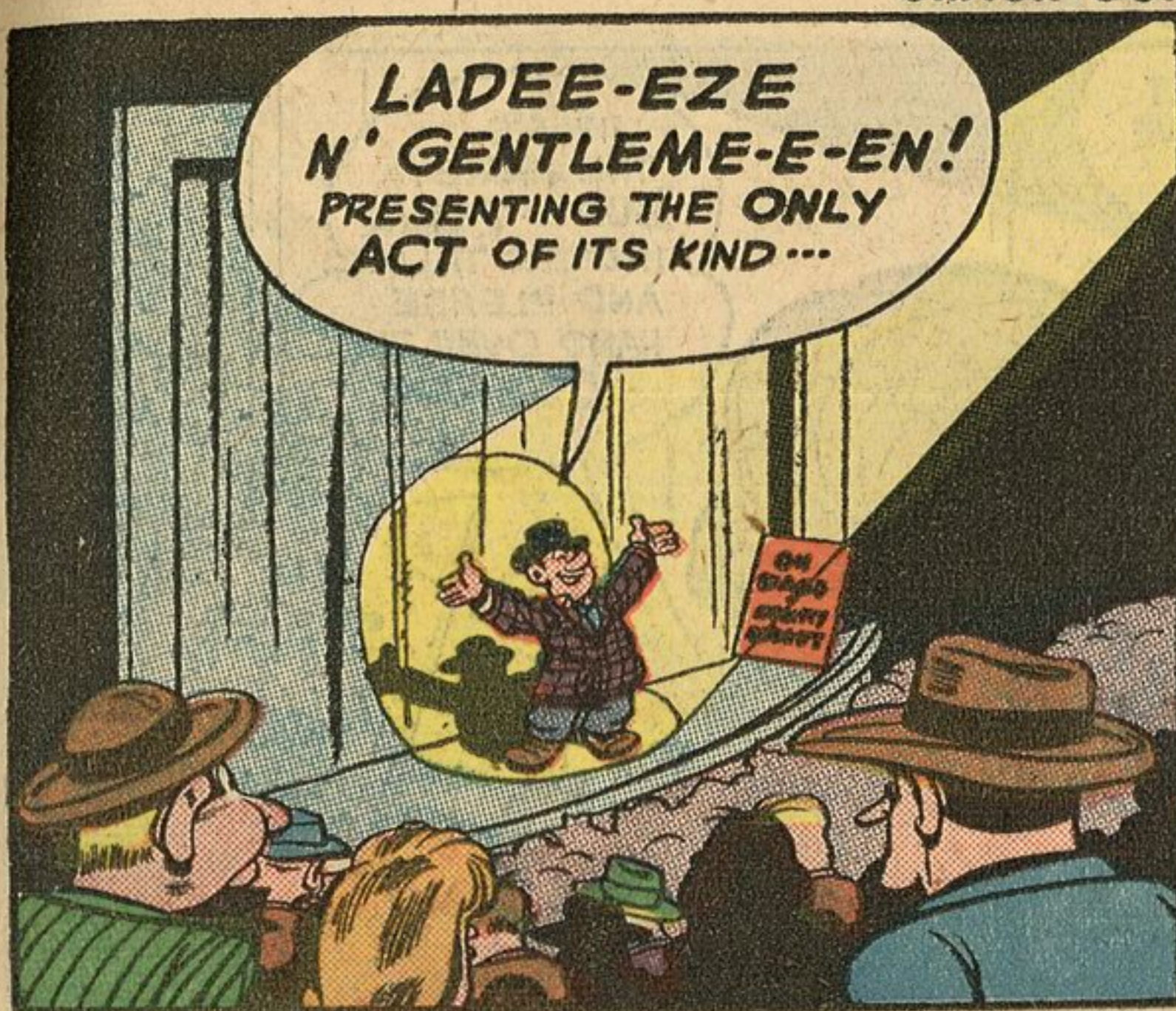




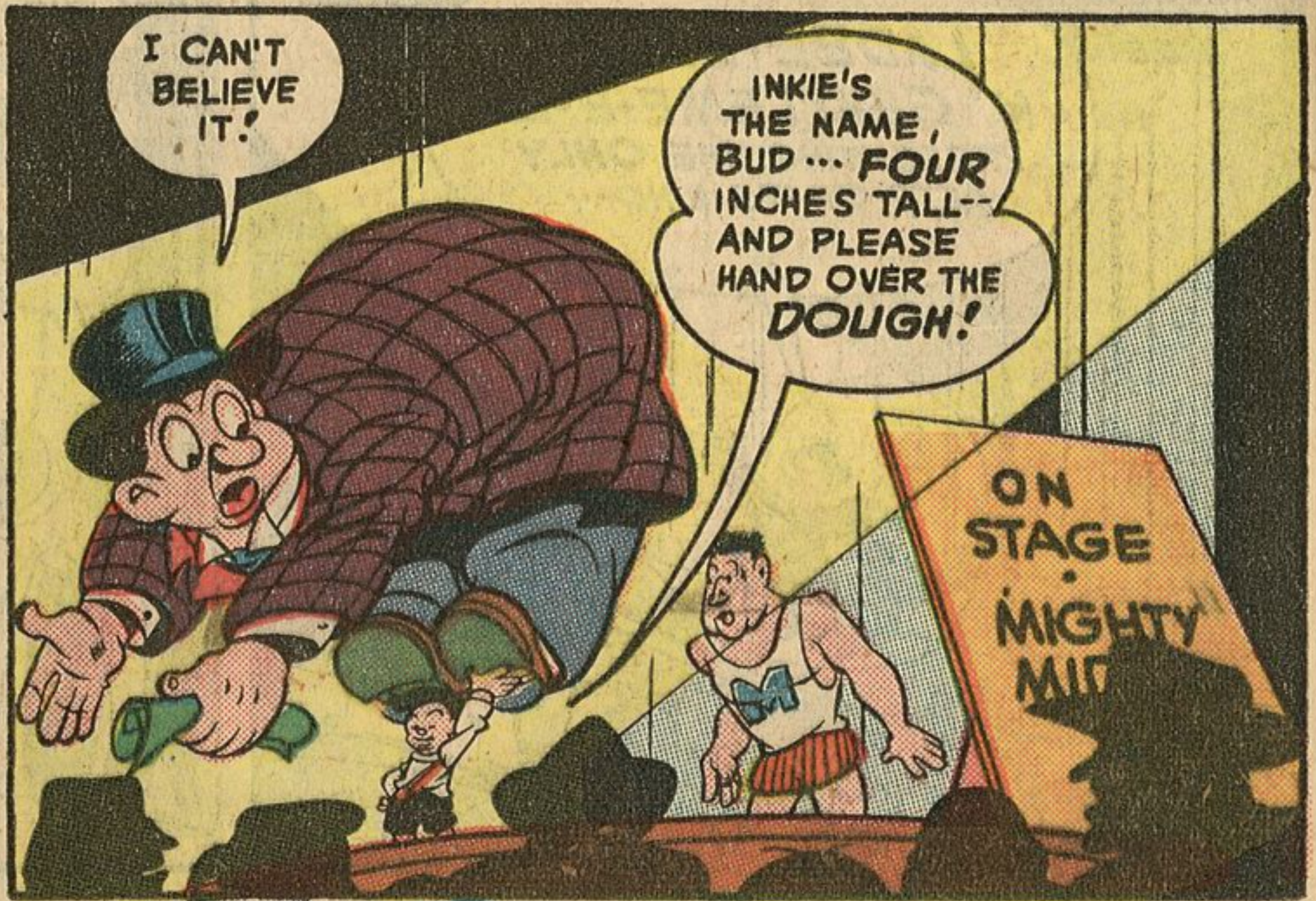


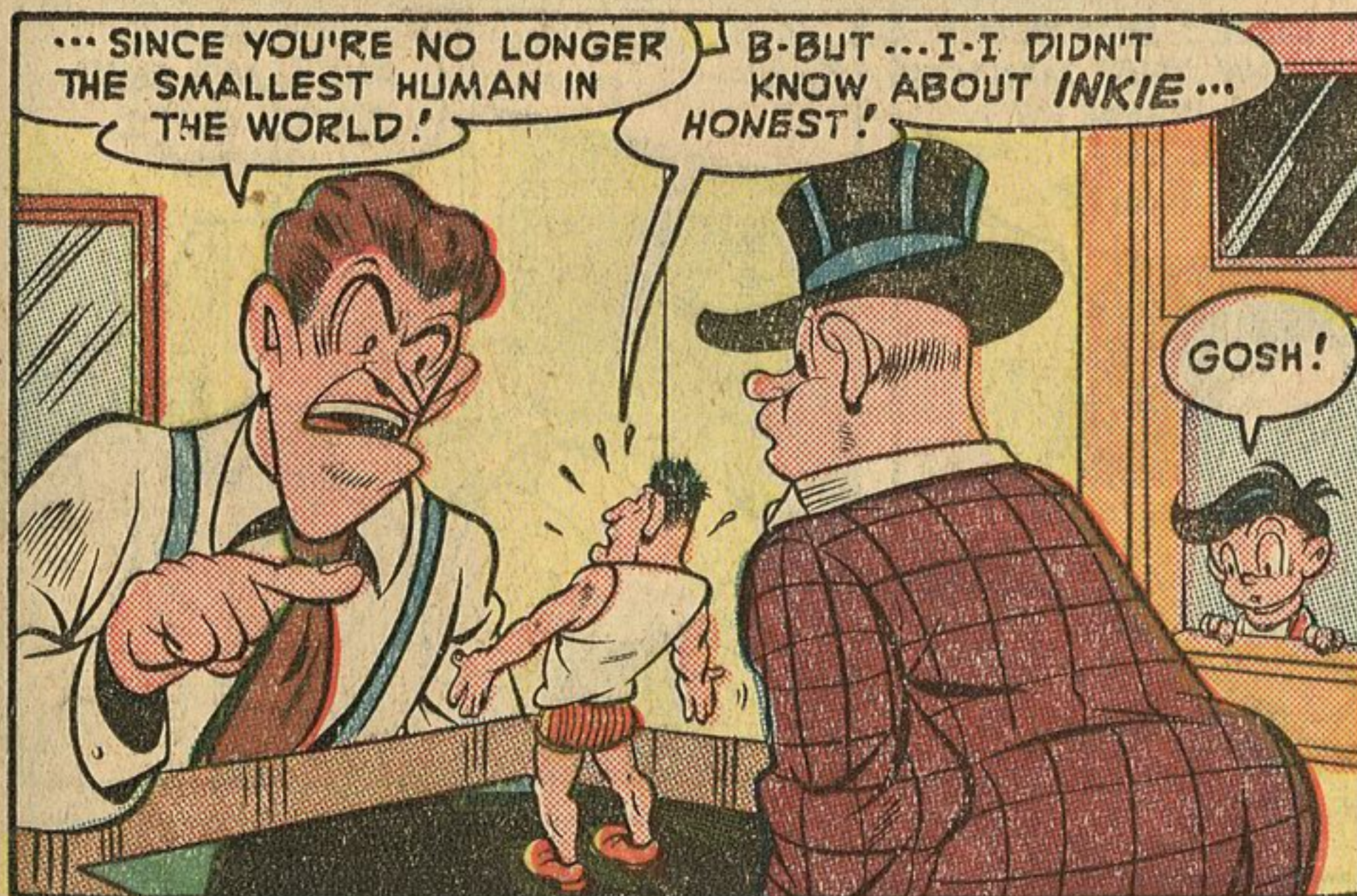
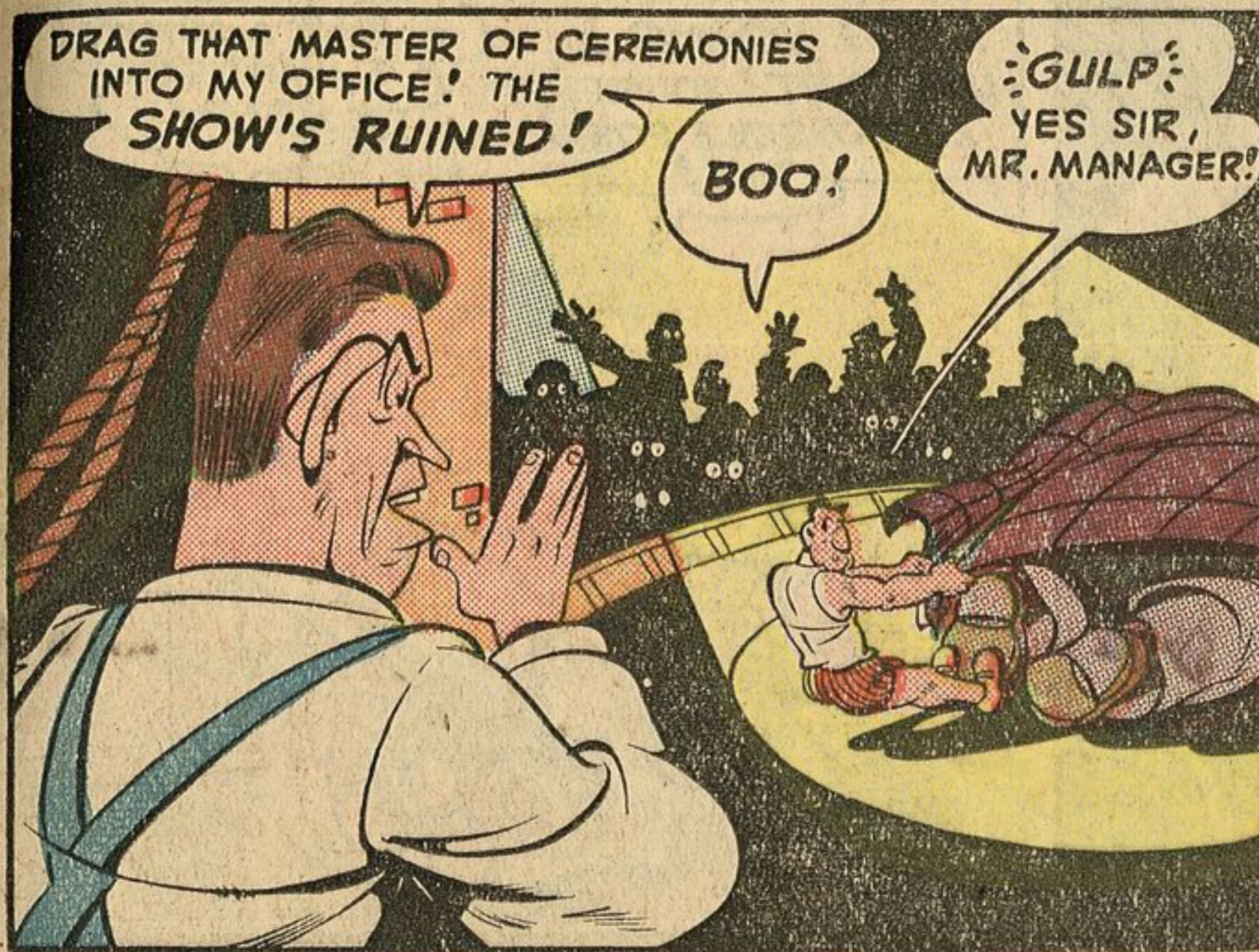


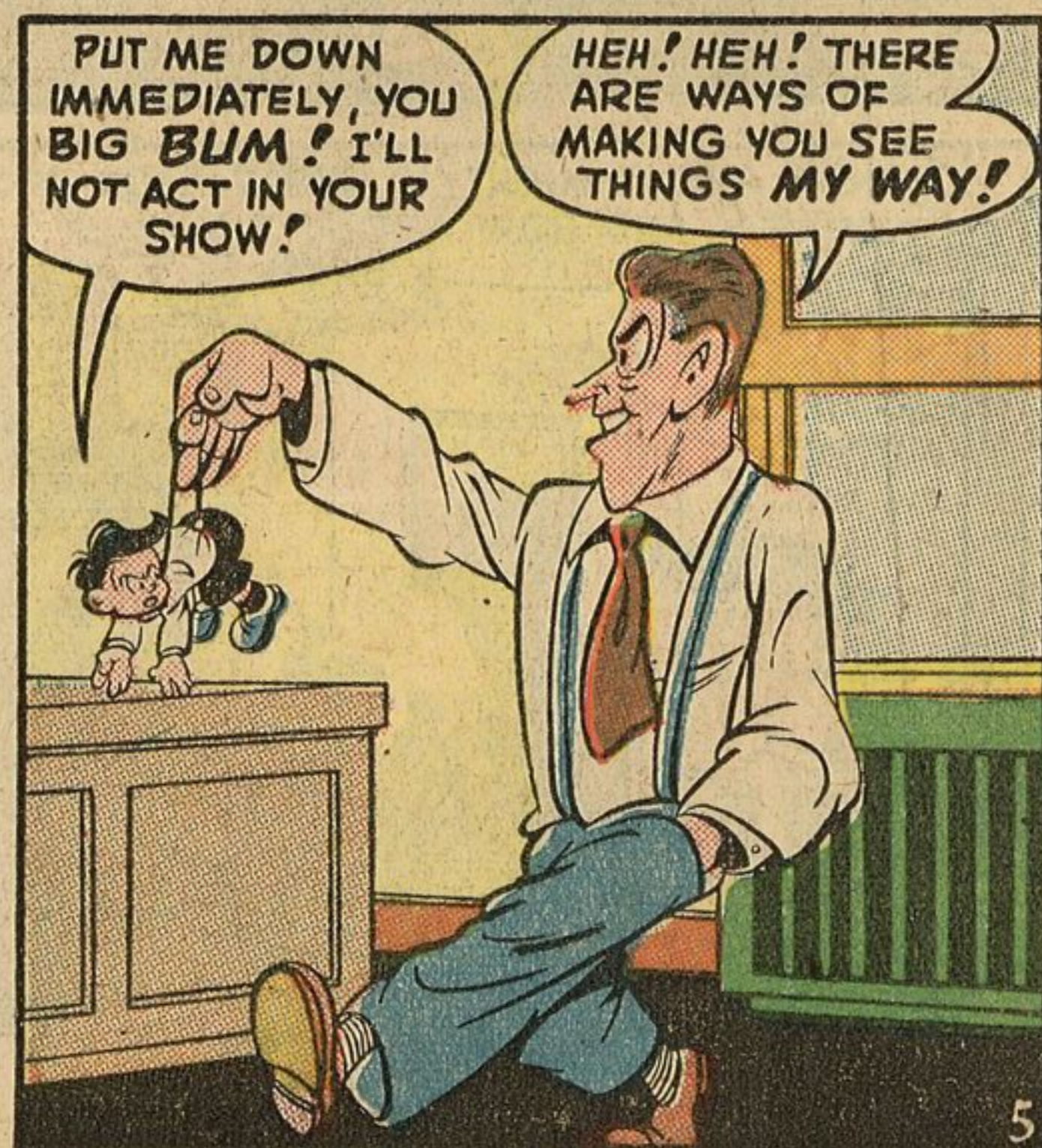
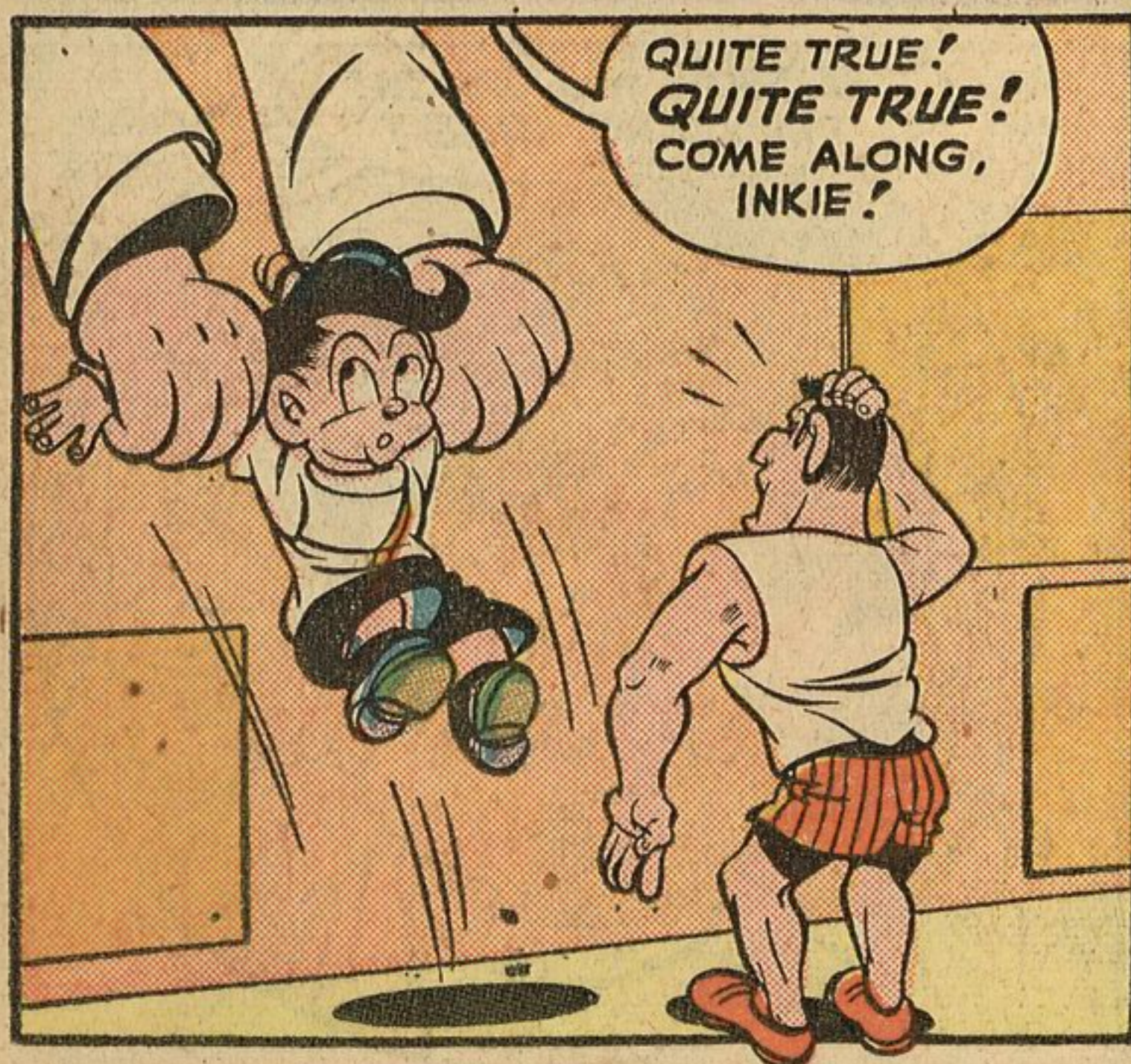
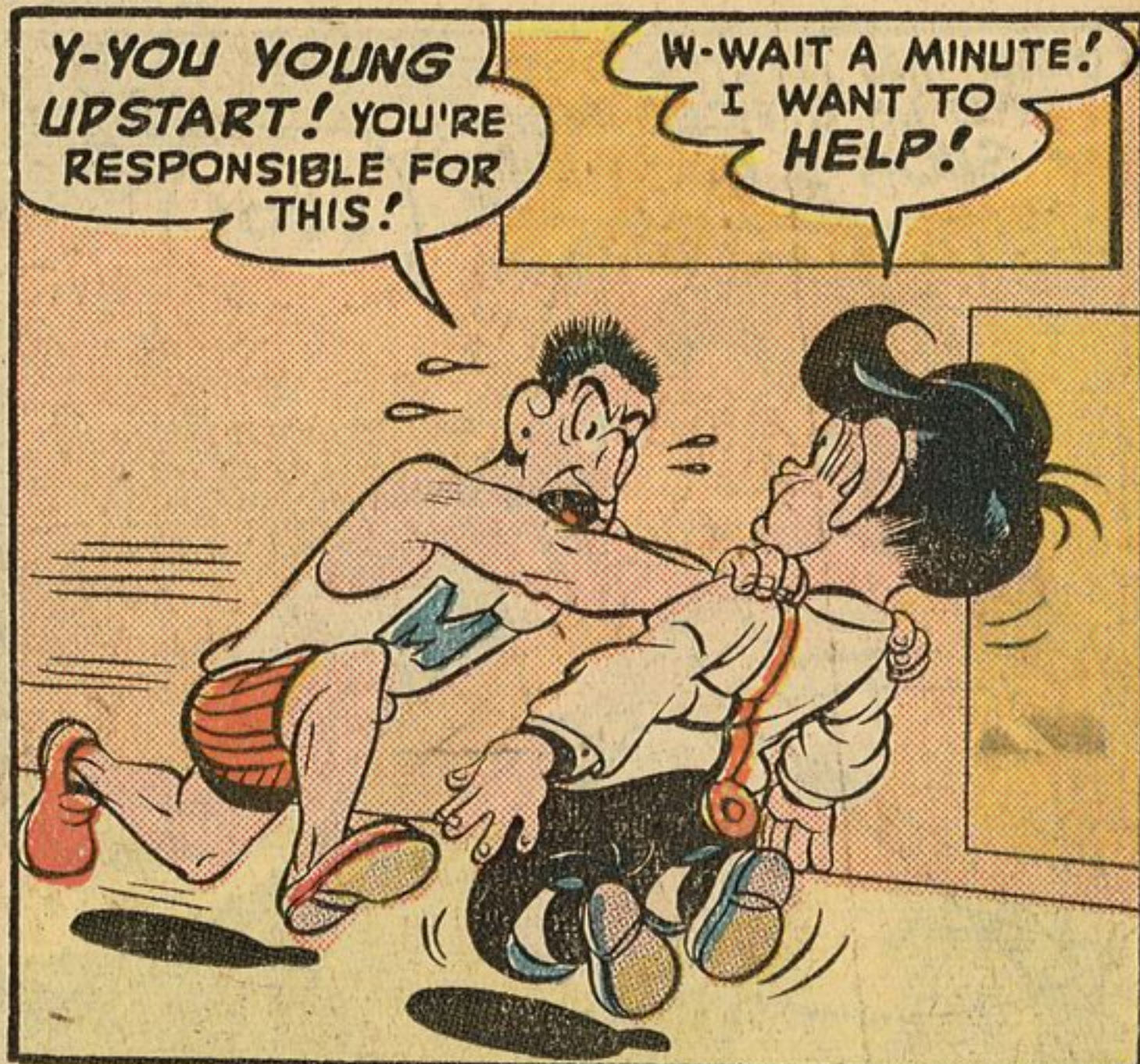


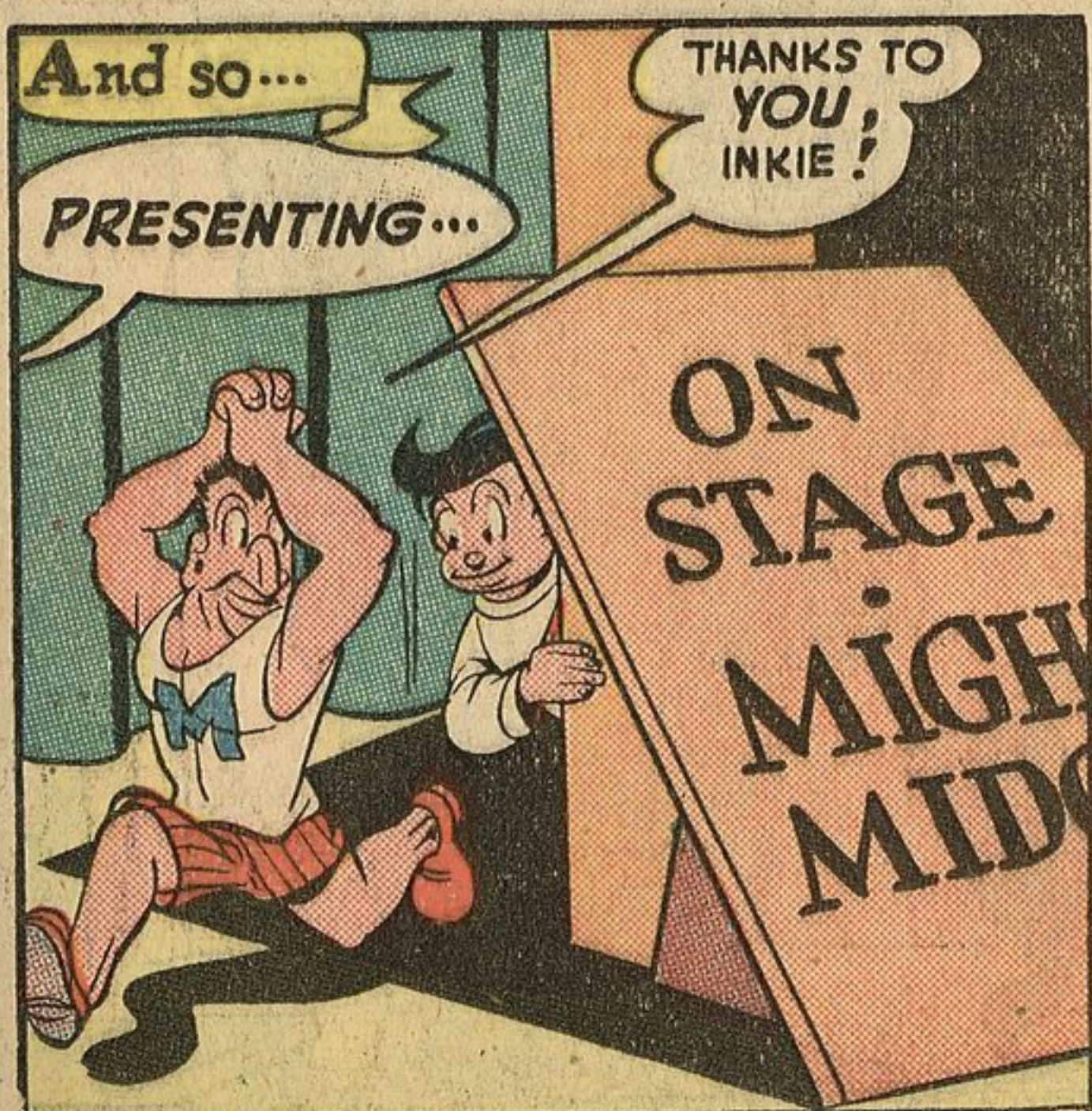
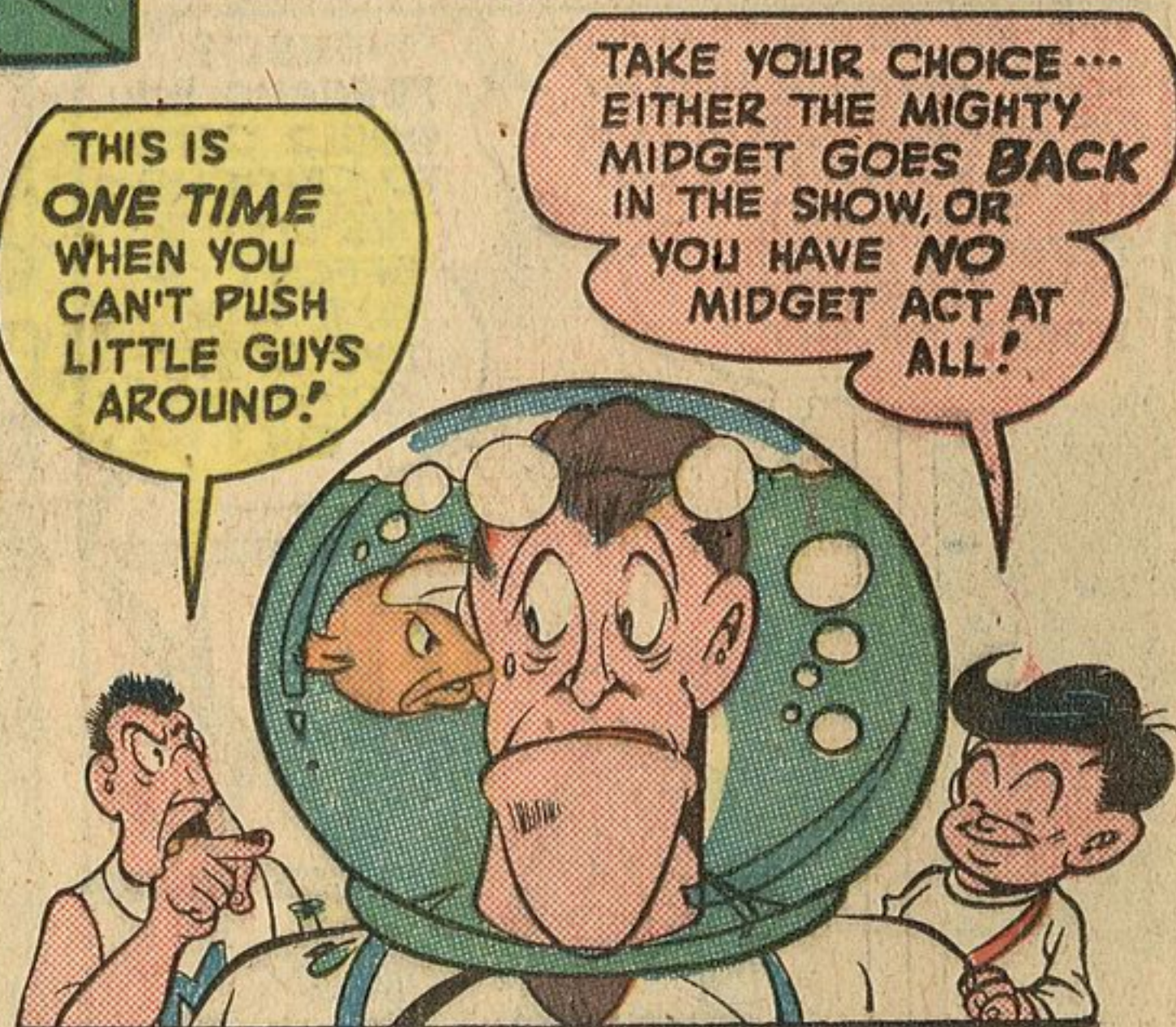
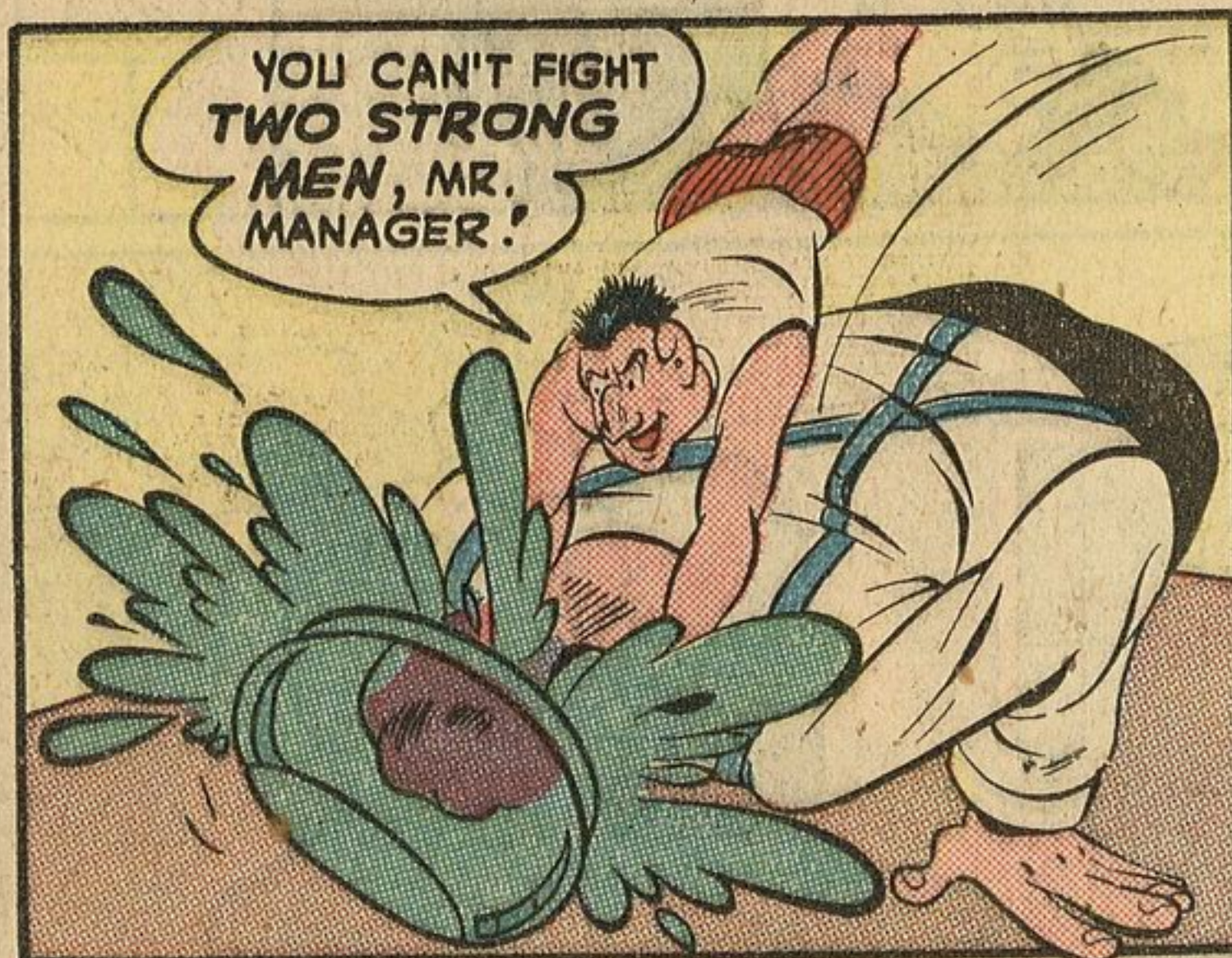
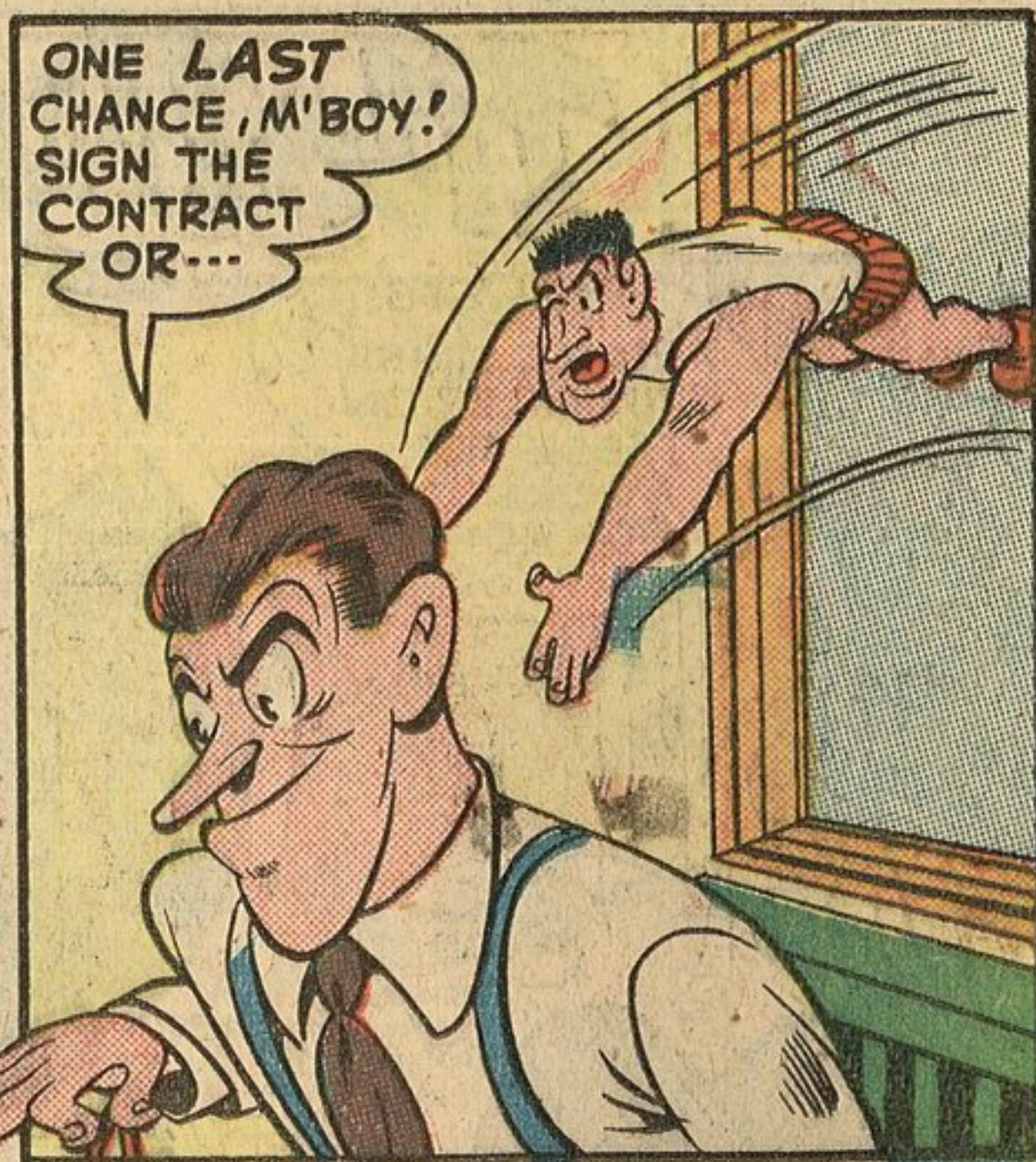
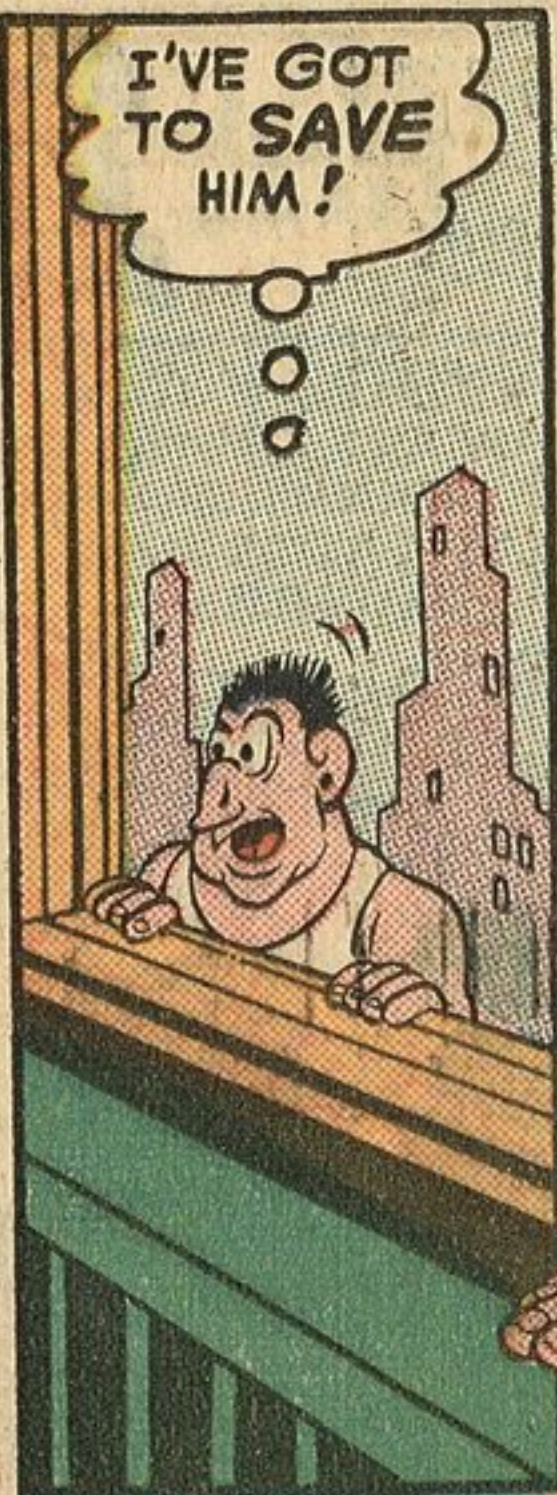


CRACK COMICS









THANKS TO YOU, INKIE!

BRAVO!

ON STAGE
MIGHTY
MIDGET

OH, BUT DAD,
YOU'RE REALLY
SUCH A DUMMY
ABOUT ART!

Molly the Model

...AS I'M
SOON GOING
TO PROVE
TO MYSELF,
BY HAVIN'
AN INTER-

I WON'T BE
AFTER I FINISH
BRUSHIN' UP ON
THESE ART
BOOKS I
BORROWED!

ANYBODY CAN
BE AN ART CRITIC BY
JUST LEARNING A FEW
SILLY FACTS AND
FIGURES

VIEW WITH THAT
SCREWBALL
SCULPTOR
MOLLY
KNOWS!

Colosso
ART
STUDIOS

YES, MR. DE CHIPSTEIN, I
KINDA MAKE A HOBBY
OF EXPERT CRITICISM...
I CAN SORTA PICK OUT
THE SMALLEST
DEFECTS IN THE
VERY GREATEST
WORKS OF ART!

INDEED?
PERHAPS YOU
WOULD CARE
TO CRITICIZE
THIS LITTLE
EFFORT OF
MINE THAT
I'VE SPENT
SIX YEARS
ON?

IT'S PRACTICALLY
PERFECT, I'D SAY,
EXCEPT FOR KNOCKIN'
OFF ONE CLAY HAIR
ON TOP OF THE
HEAD!

HEH! THEN WHY
NOT, IF IT WILL
MAKE YOU ANY
HAPPIER?

EXCUSE
ME!

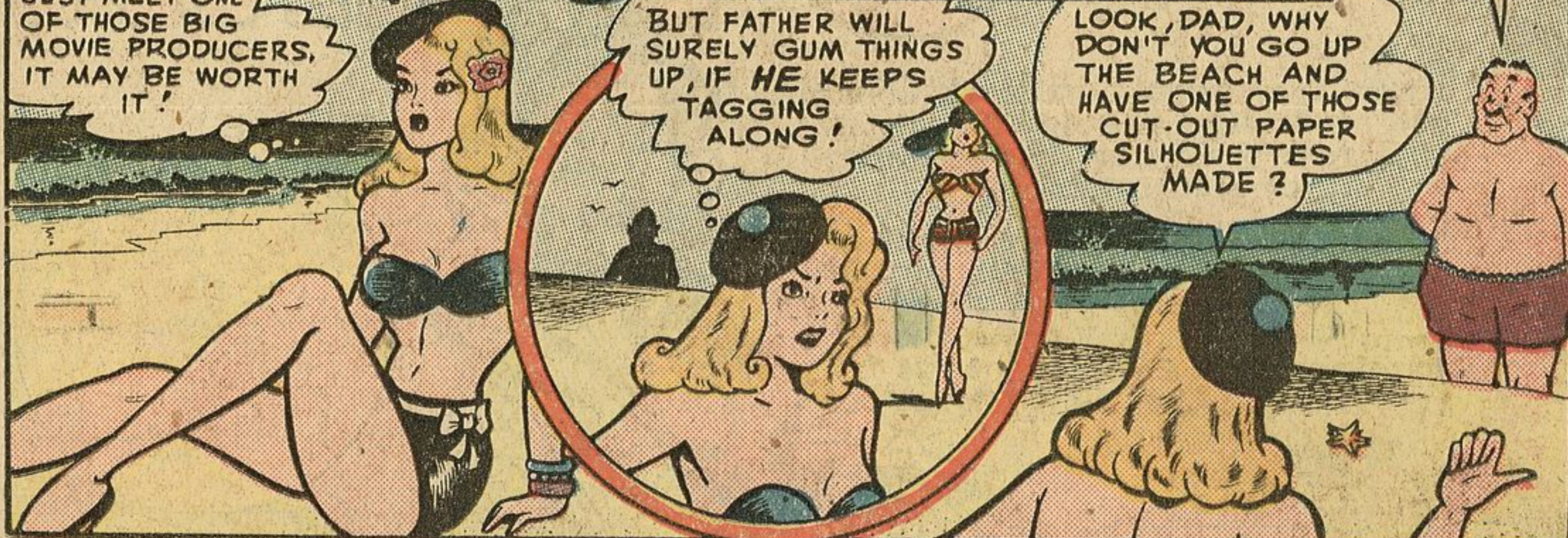
IT'S COSTING ME PLENTY TO STAY A WEEK AT THIS RESORT, BUT IF I CAN JUST MEET ONE OF THOSE BIG MOVIE PRODUCERS, IT MAY BE WORTH IT!

Molly the Model

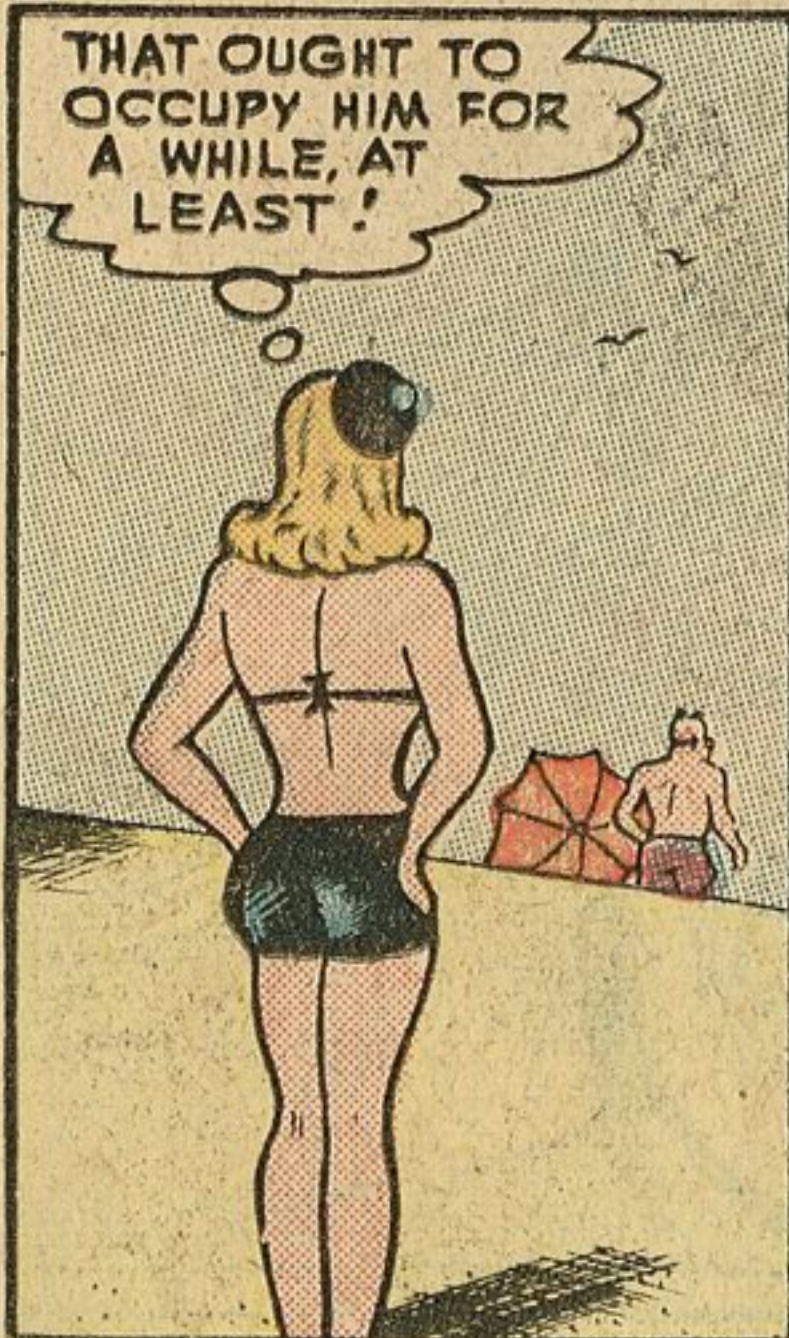
OKAY, IT'LL BE SOMETHIN' TO DO, I S'POSE!

BUT FATHER WILL SURELY GUM THINGS UP, IF HE KEEPS TAGGING ALONG!

LOOK, DAD, WHY DON'T YOU GO UP THE BEACH AND HAVE ONE OF THOSE CUT-OUT PAPER SILHOUETTES MADE?



THAT OUGHT TO OCCUPY HIM FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST!

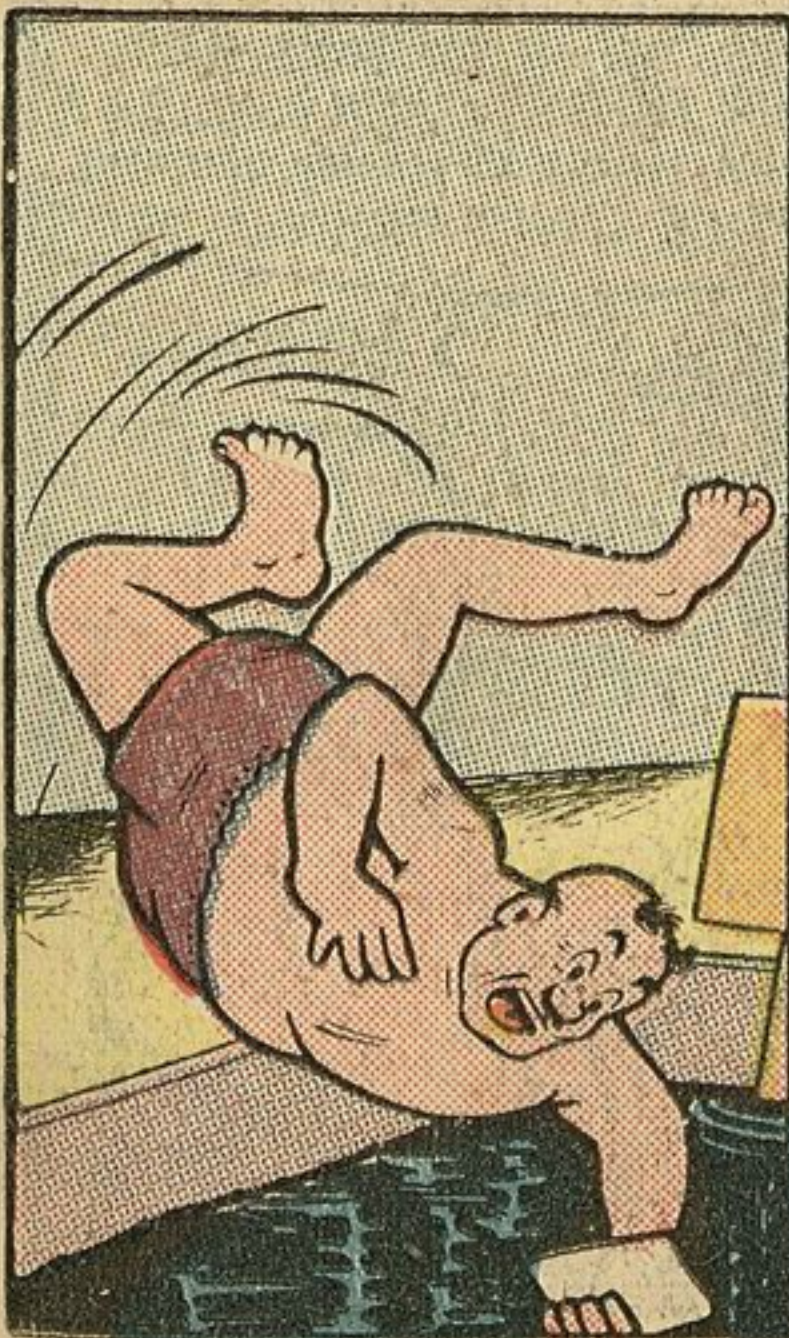
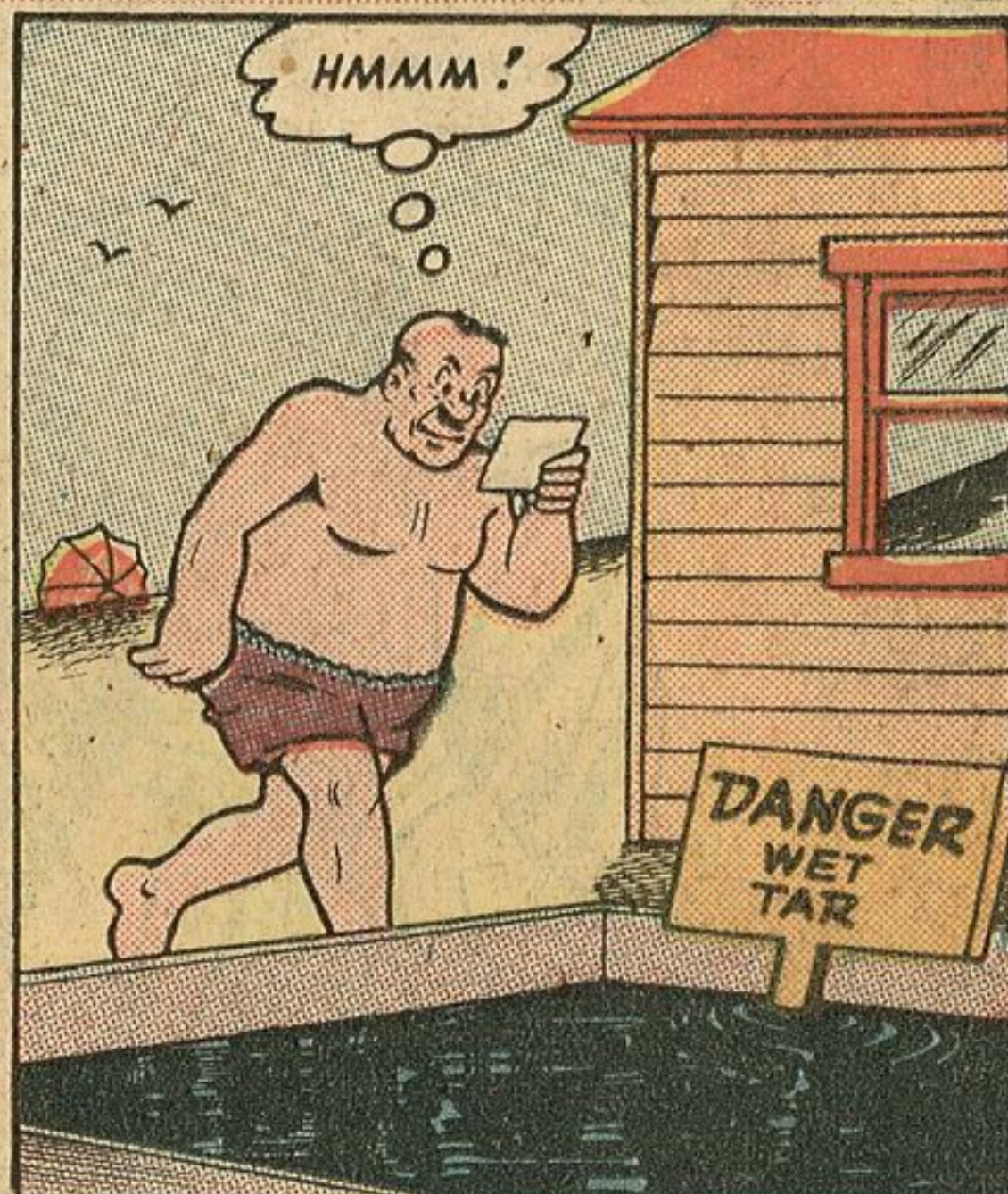


Later...

HERE YOU ARE, SIR!



HMMM!



WHAT IN THE...?

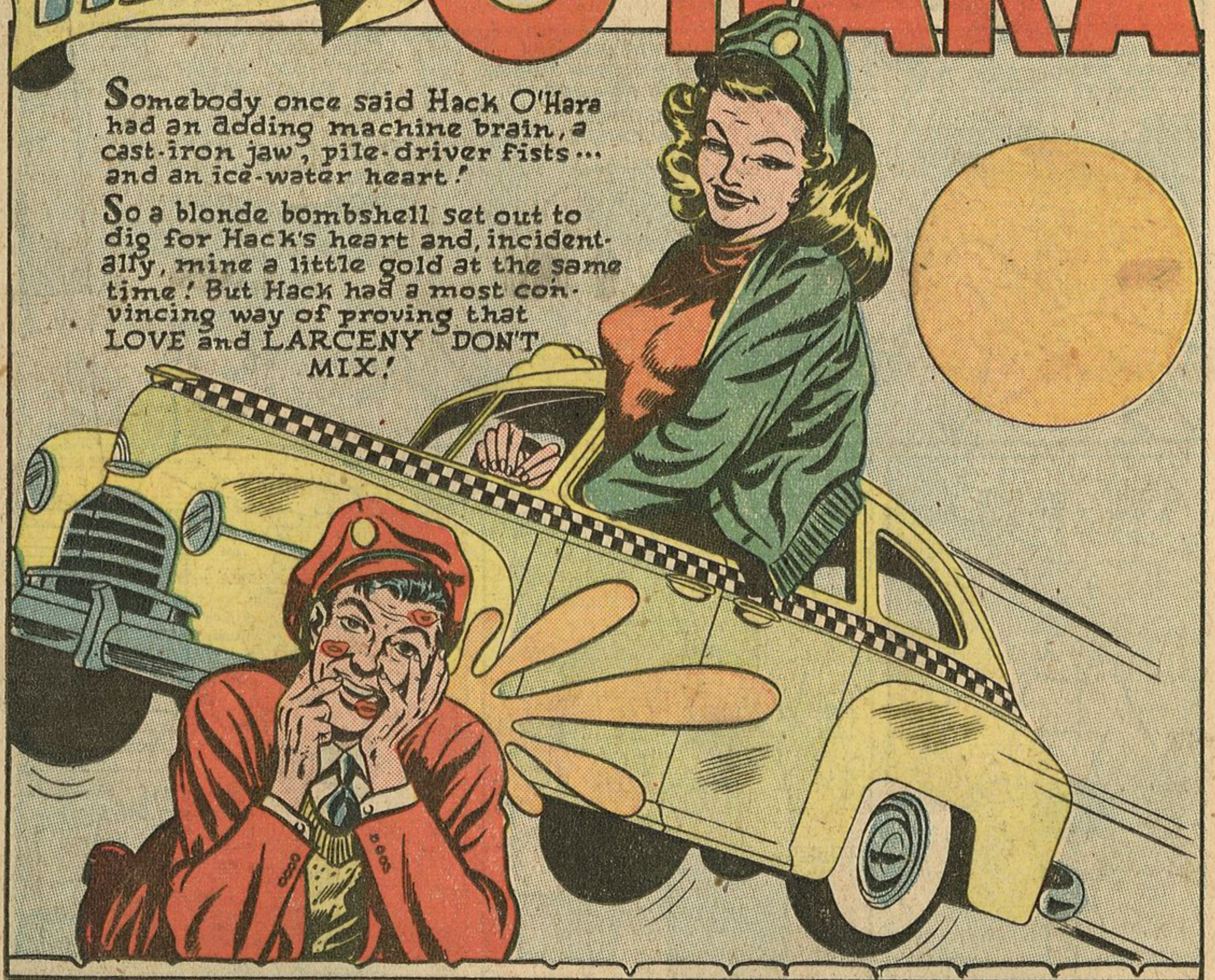
YOU AND YOUR IDEAS! A LIFE-SIZE SILHOUETTE... THAT'S WHAT I GOT!



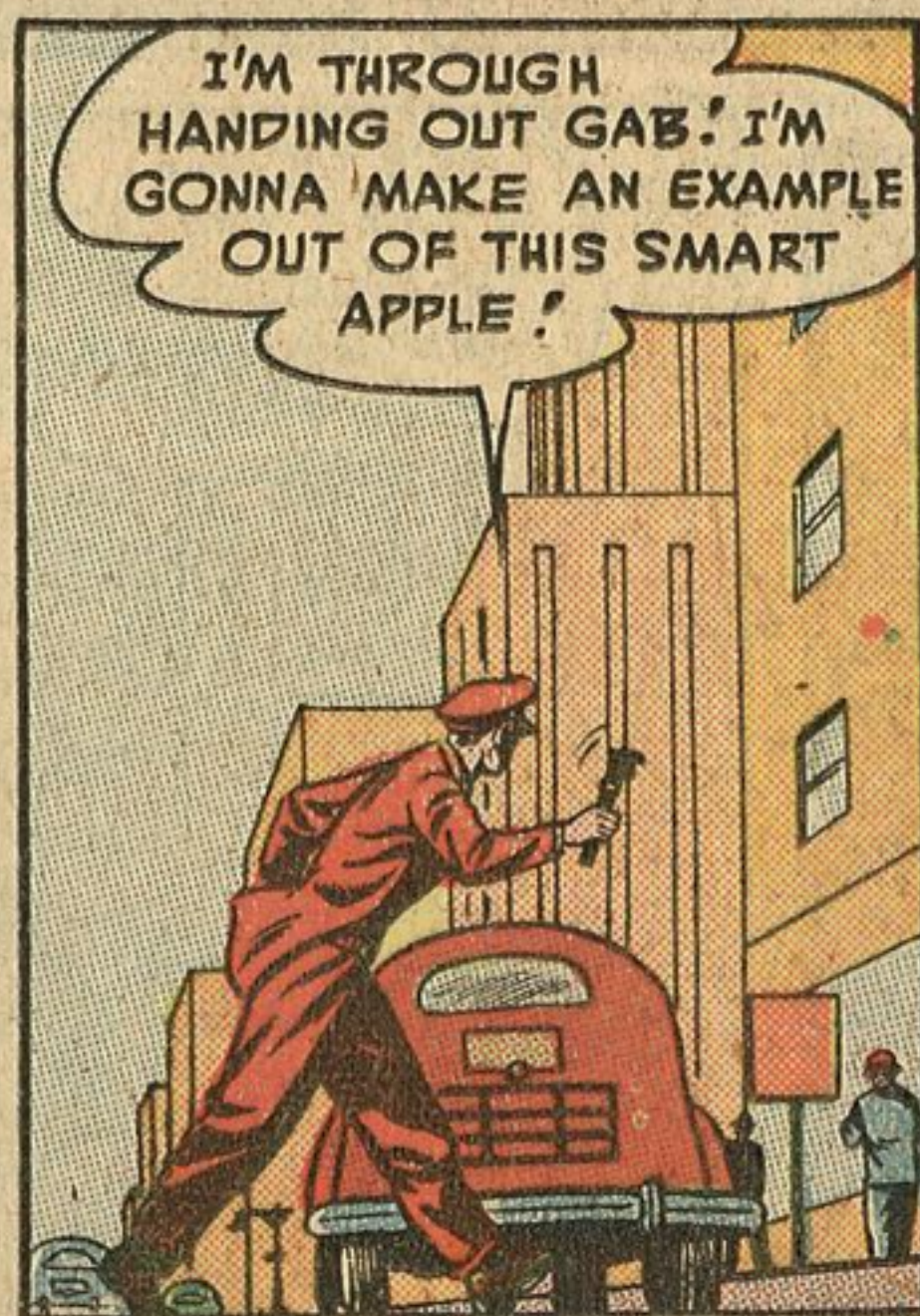
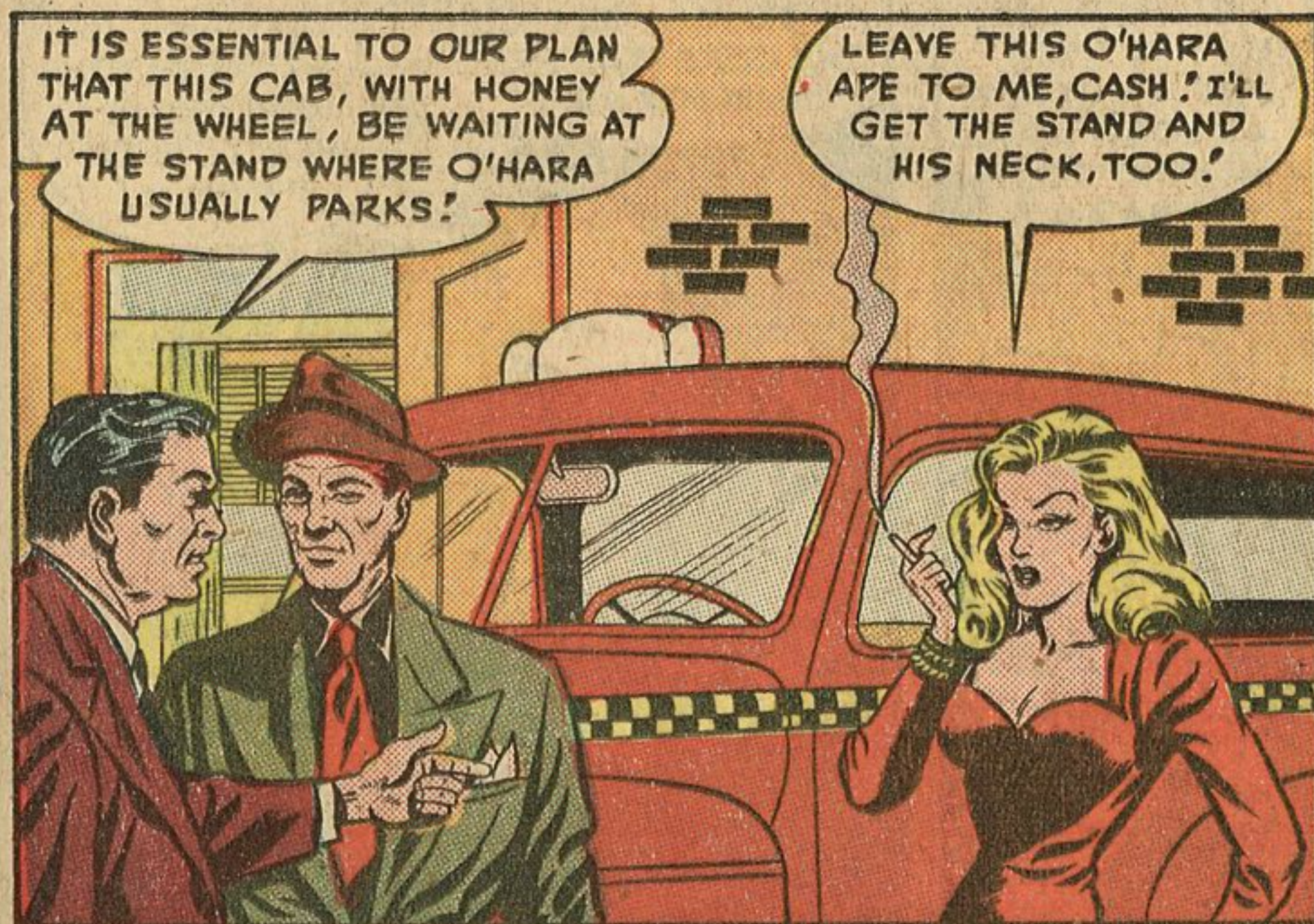
HACK O'HARA

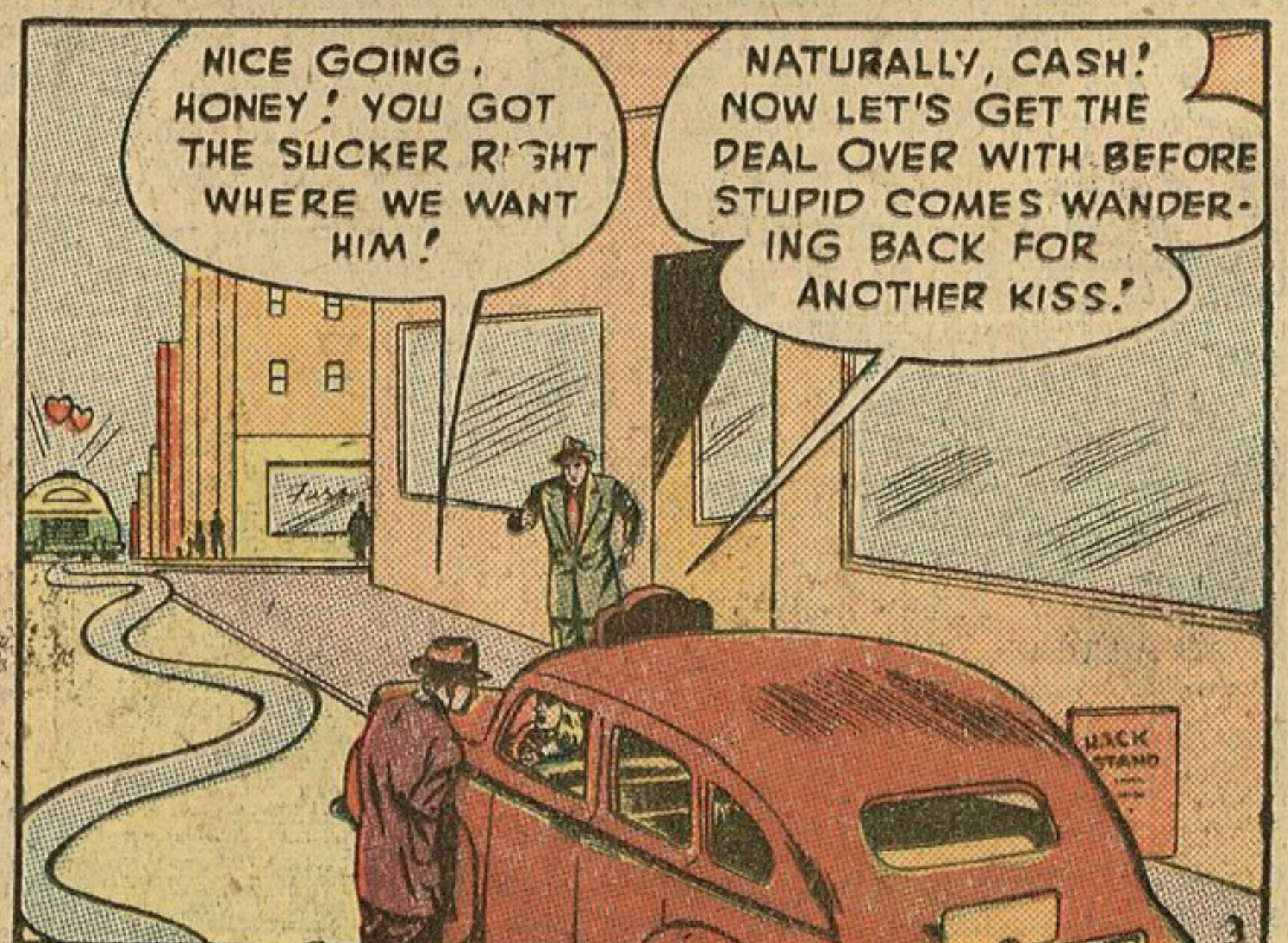
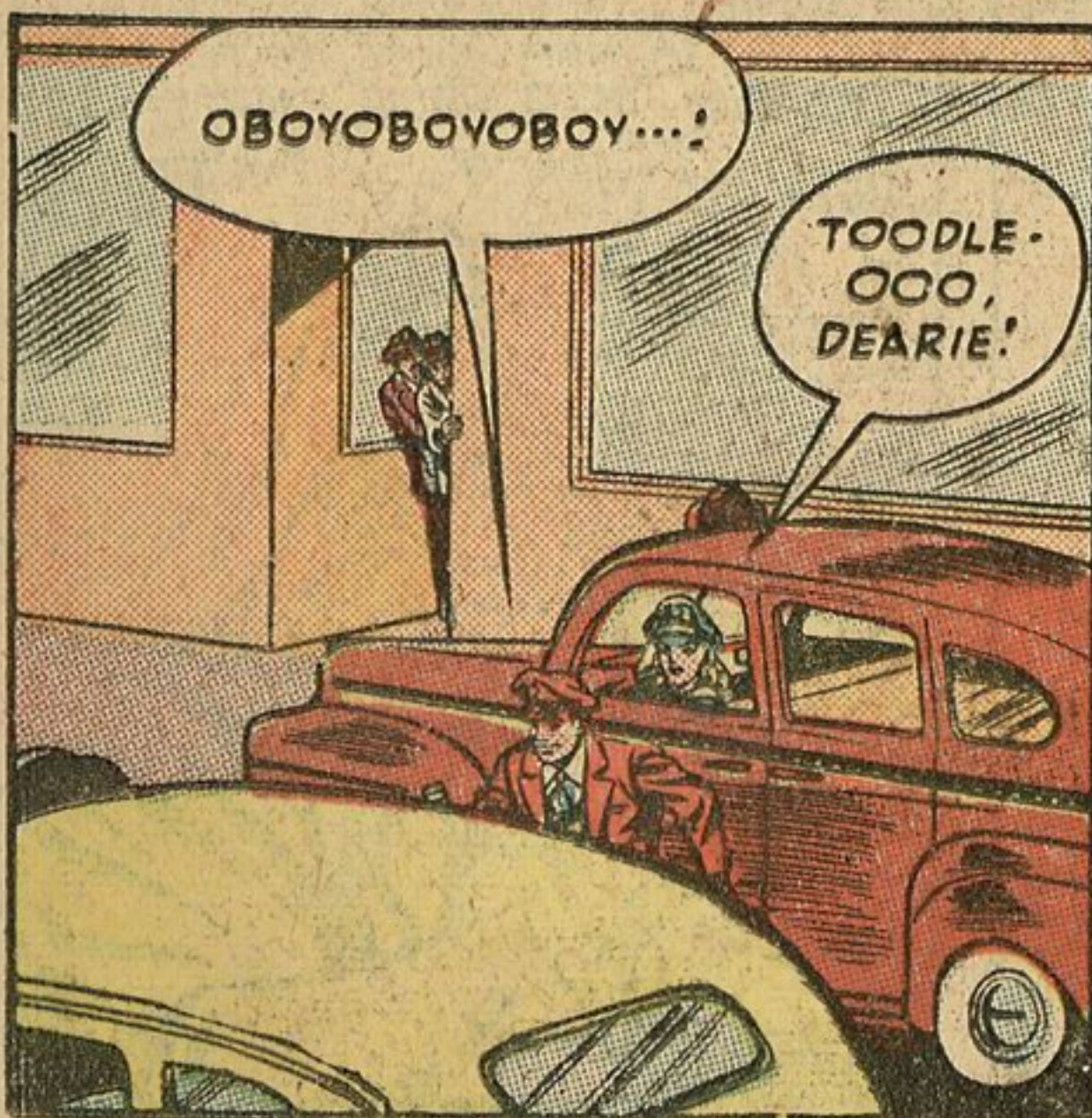
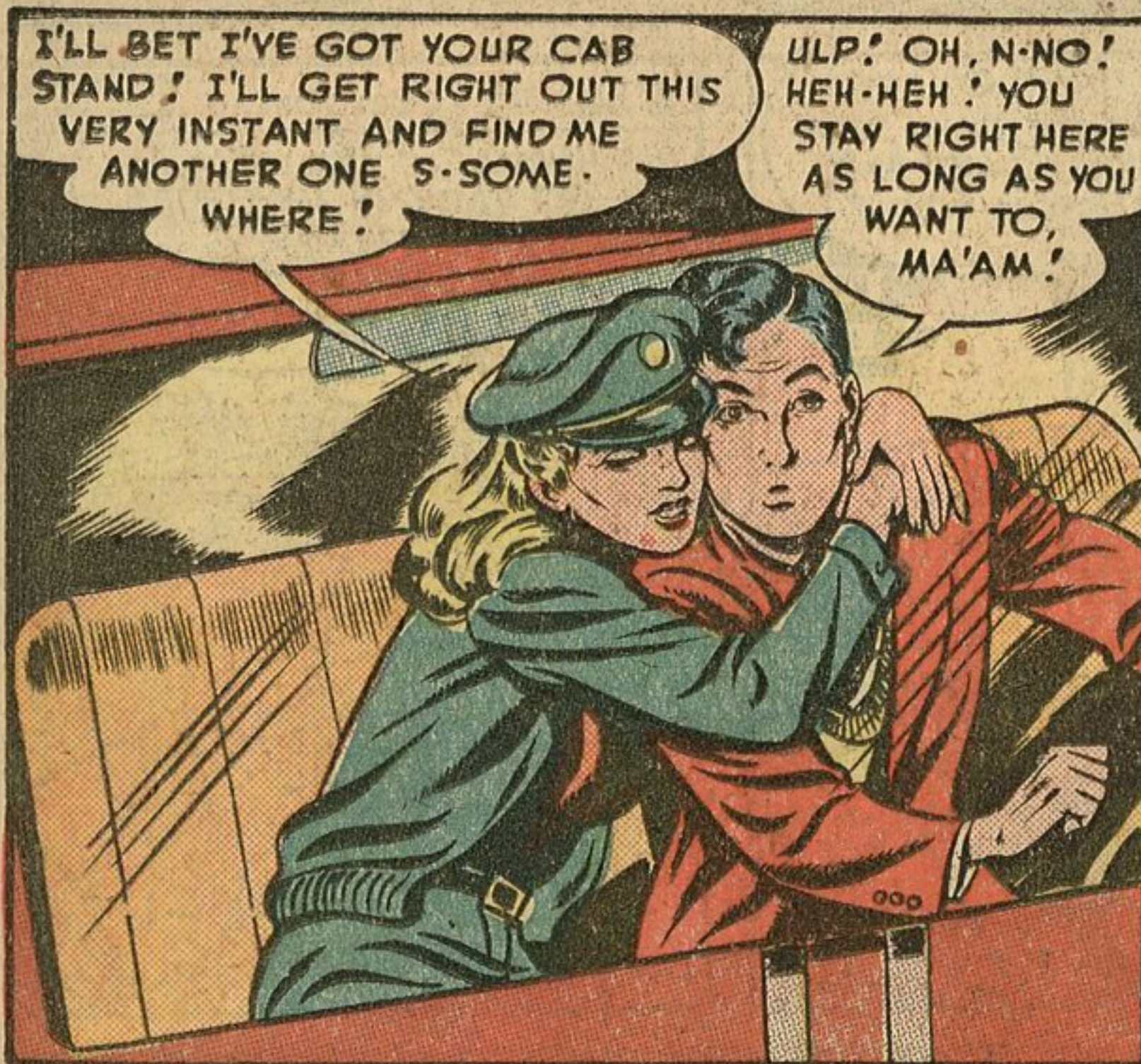
Somebody once said Hack O'Hara had an adding machine brain, a cast-iron jaw, pile-driver fists... and an ice-water heart!

So a blonde bombshell set out to dig for Hack's heart and, incidentally, mine a little gold at the same time! But Hack had a most convincing way of proving that LOVE and LARCENY DON'T MIX!



CRACK COMICS





CRACK COMICS

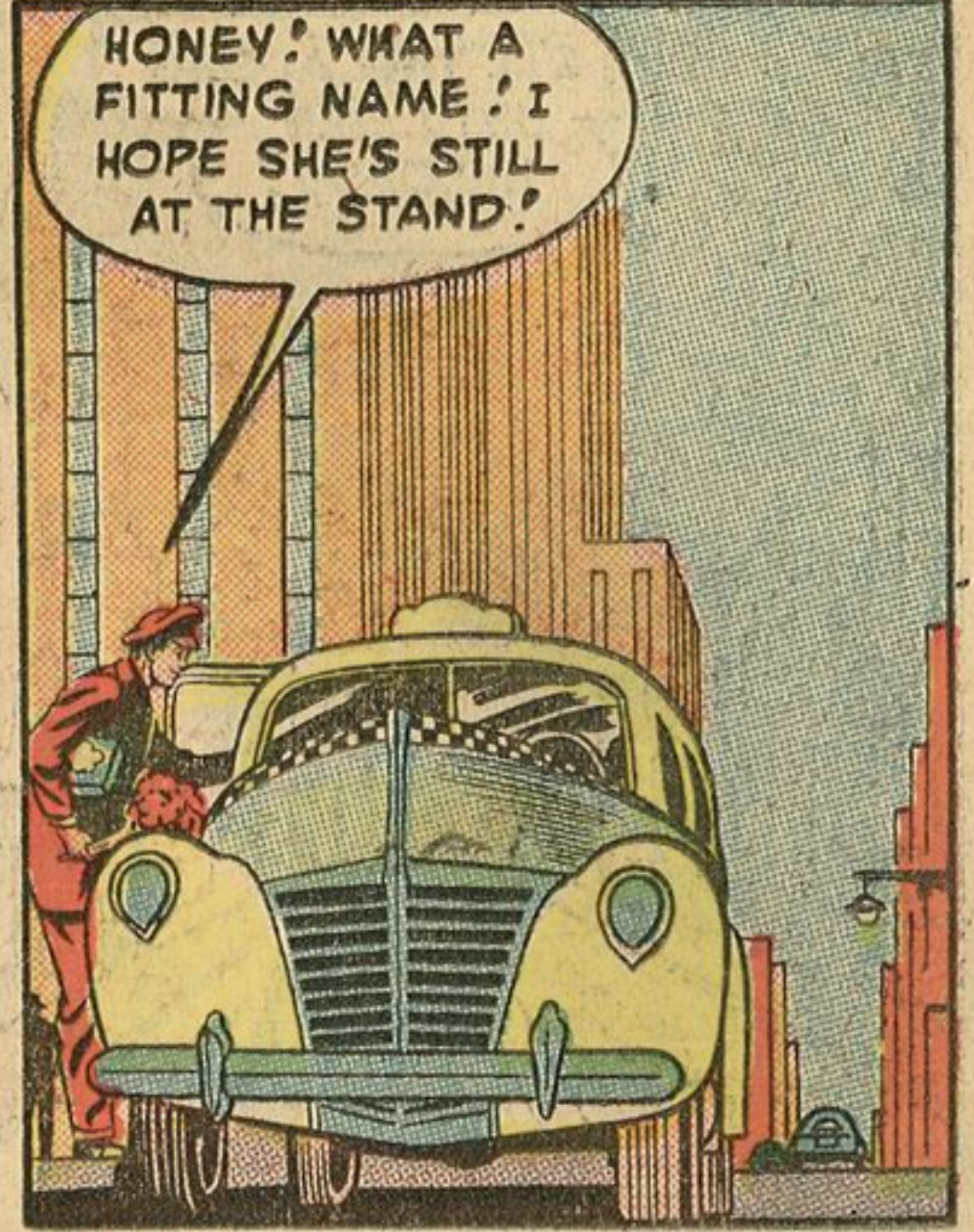


HOW HANDSOME I AM, EH? HMMM! I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY BEFORE! I GUESS WOMEN ARE MORE DISCERNING!

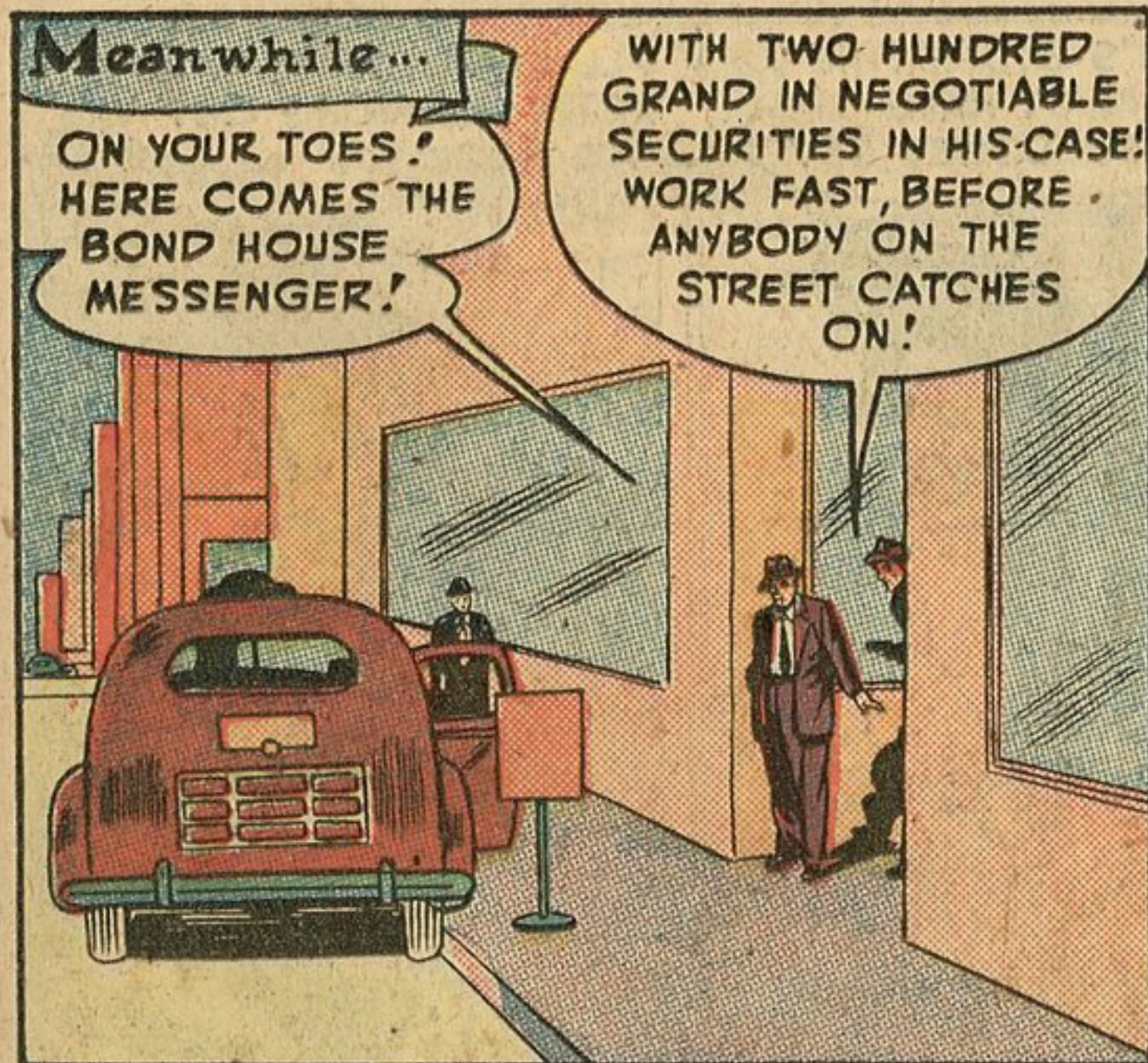


I WANT THE BIGGEST, FLASHIEST BOUQUET YOU'VE GOT, BUD!

I'LL MAKE ONE UP TO MATCH THAT LIPSTICK ON YOUR CHIN!



HONEY! WHAT A FITTING NAME! I HOPE SHE'S STILL AT THE STAND!



Meanwhile...

ON YOUR TOES! HERE COMES THE BOND HOUSE MESSENGER!

WITH TWO HUNDRED GRAND IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES IN HIS CASE! WORK FAST, BEFORE ANYBODY ON THE STREET CATCHES ON!



HUH? WHA...

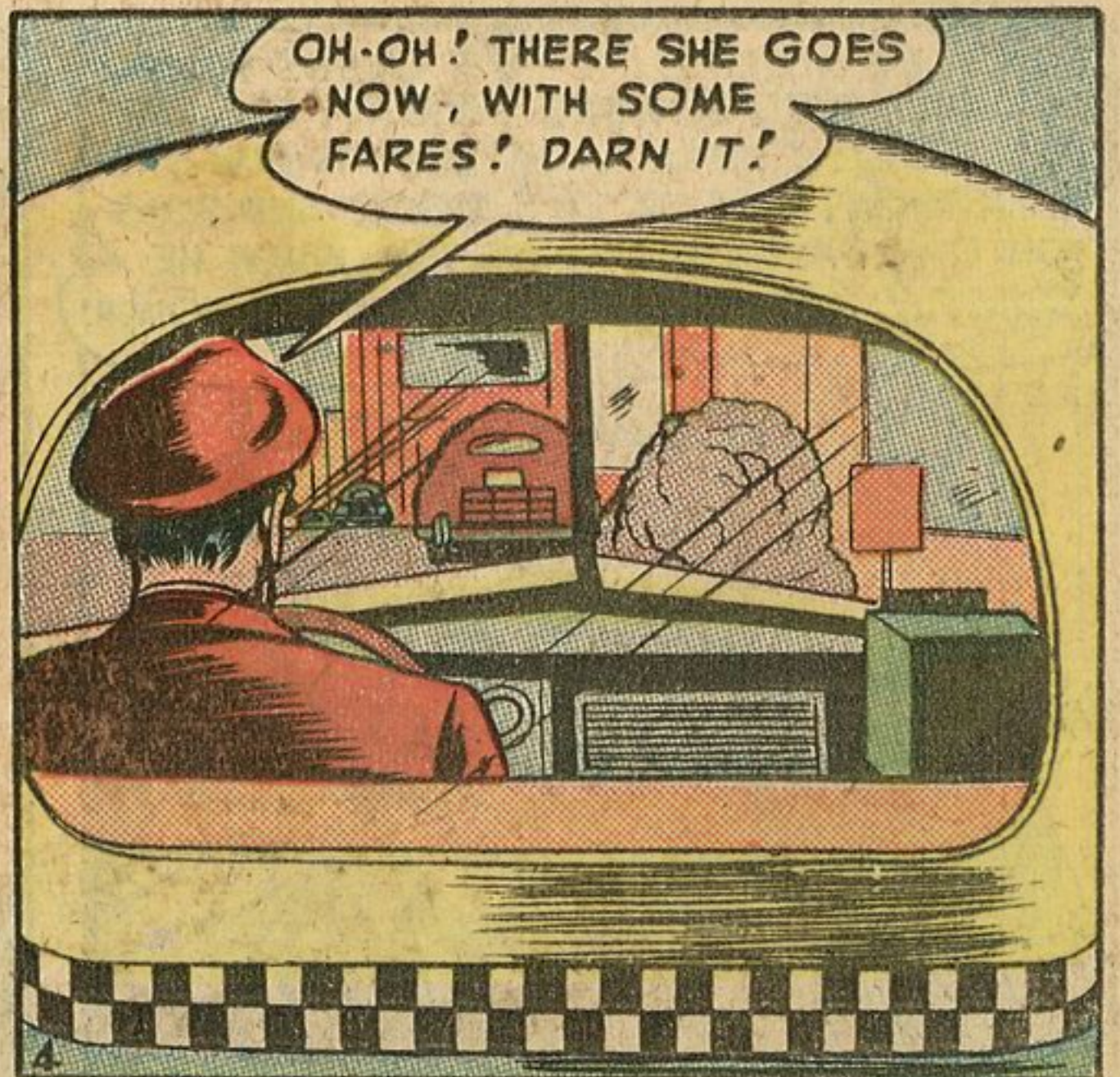
IN THE CAB, BUD... AND NO FUNNY STUFF!

ONE YELP AND WE'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

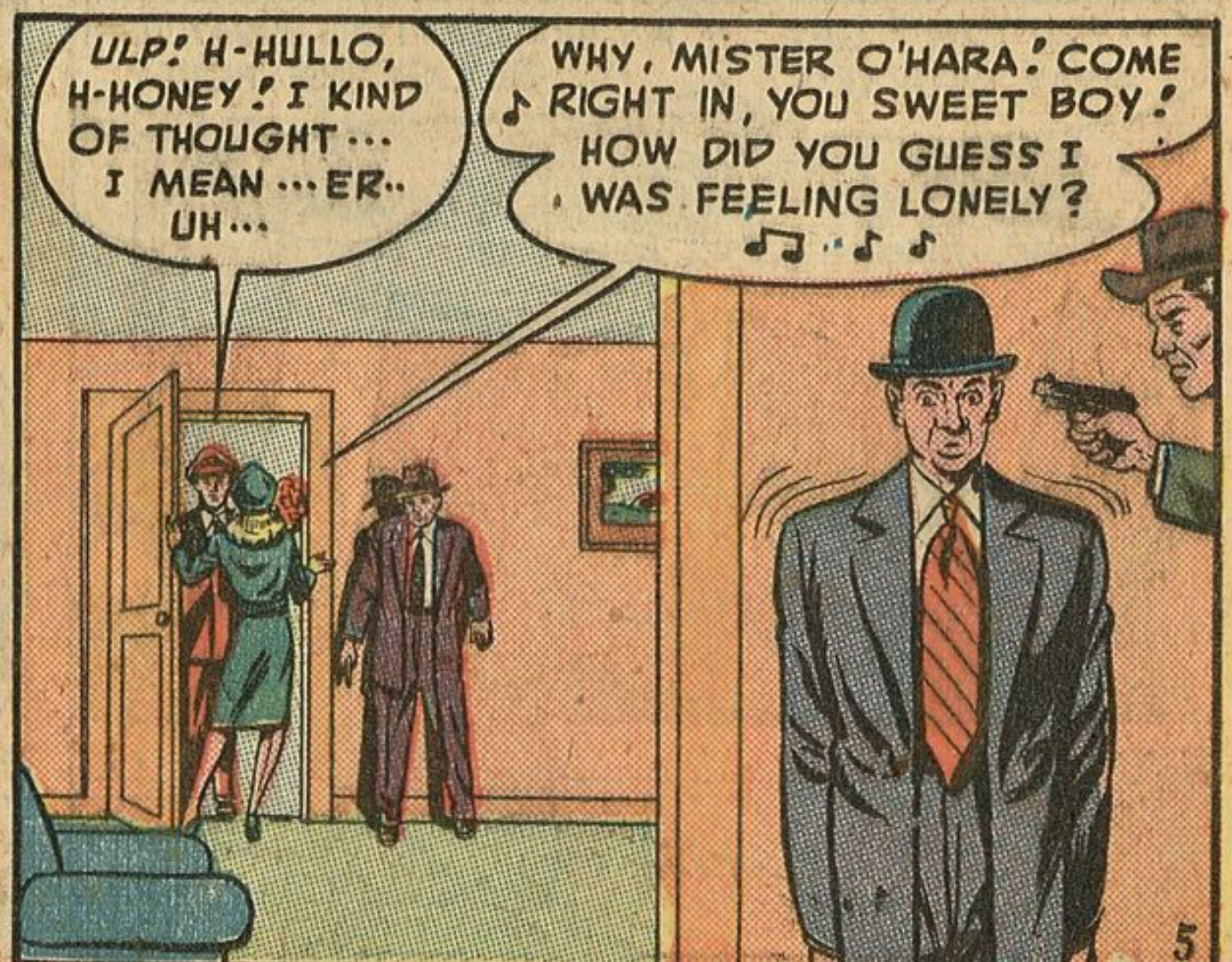
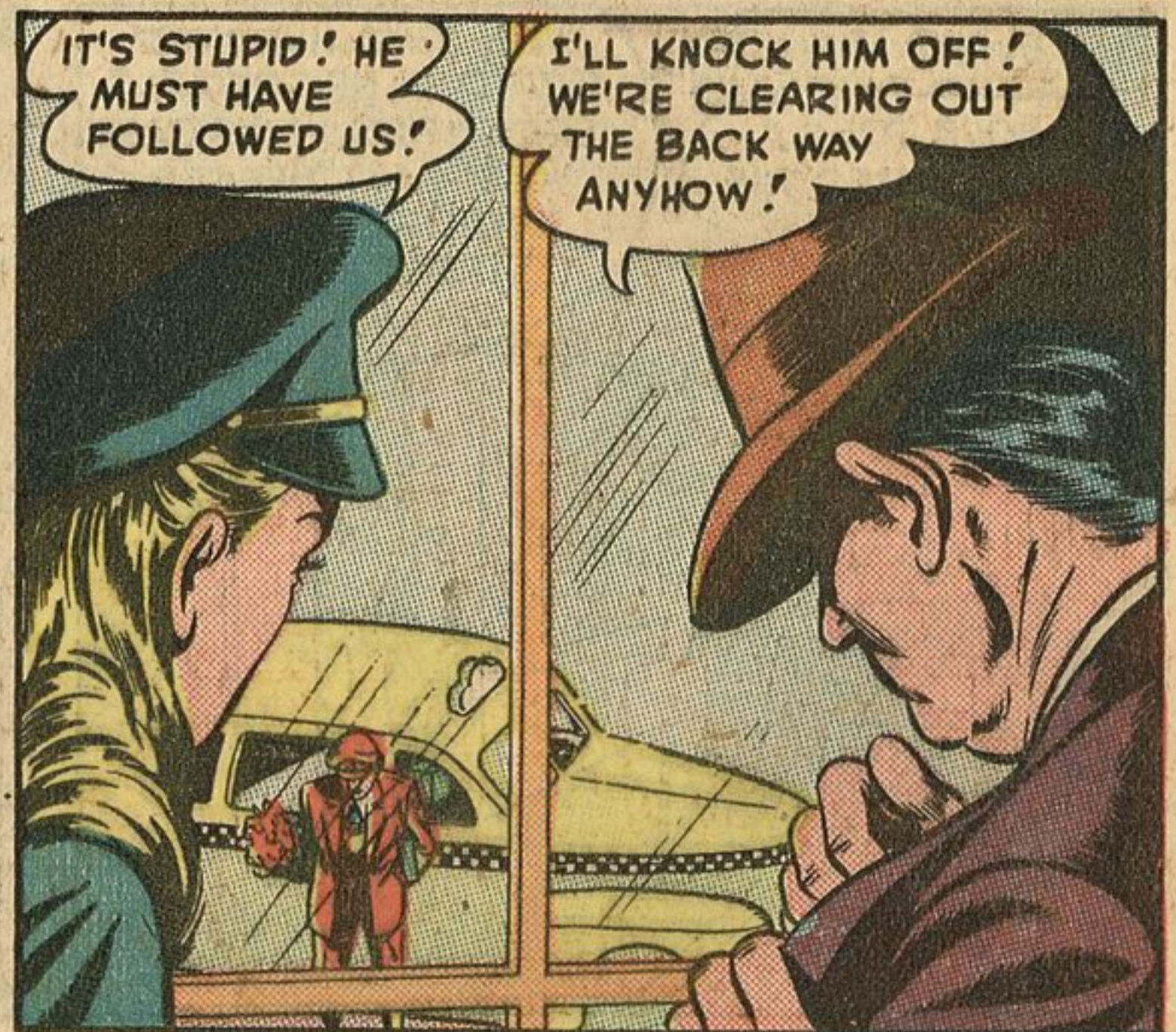
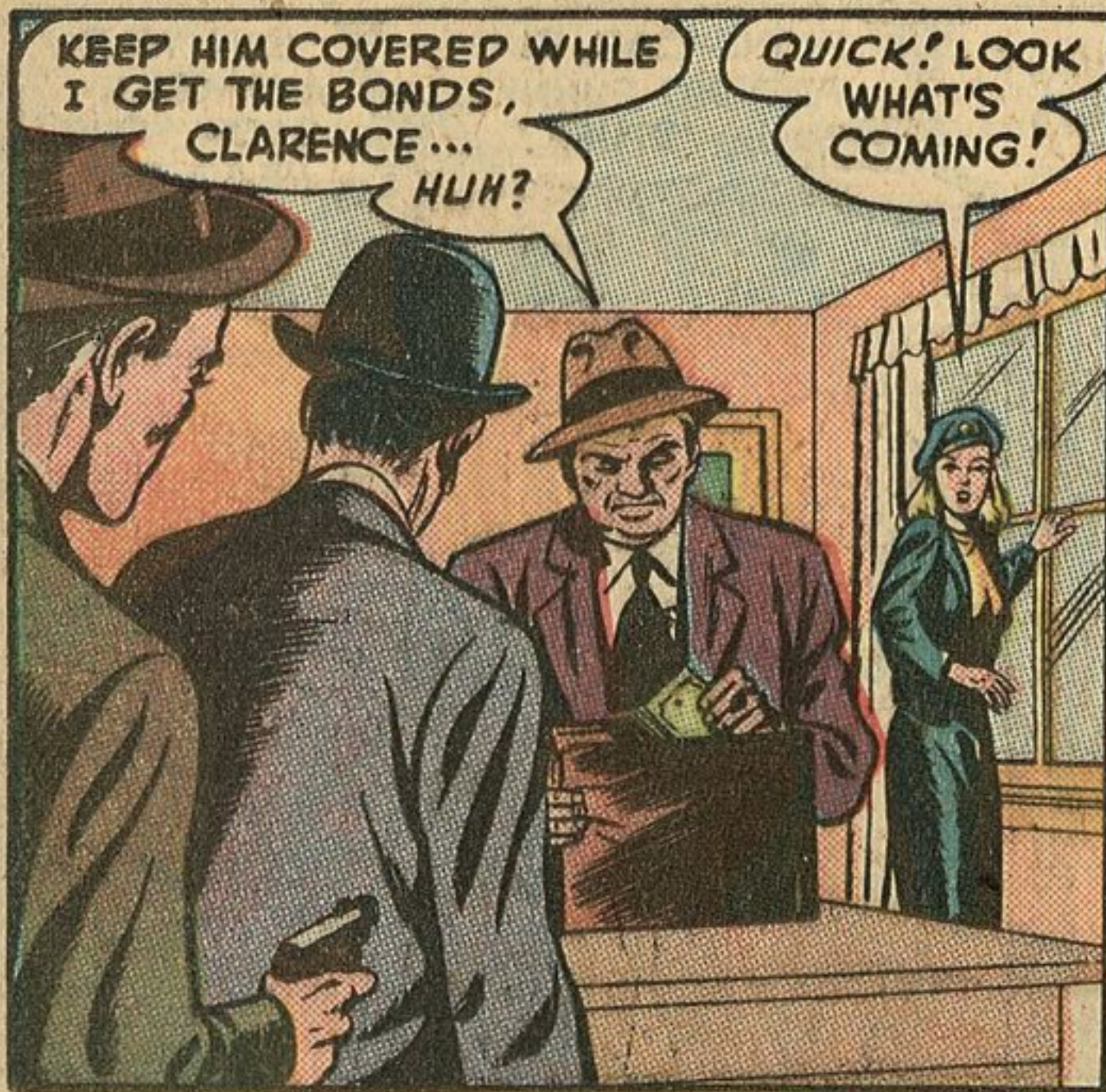
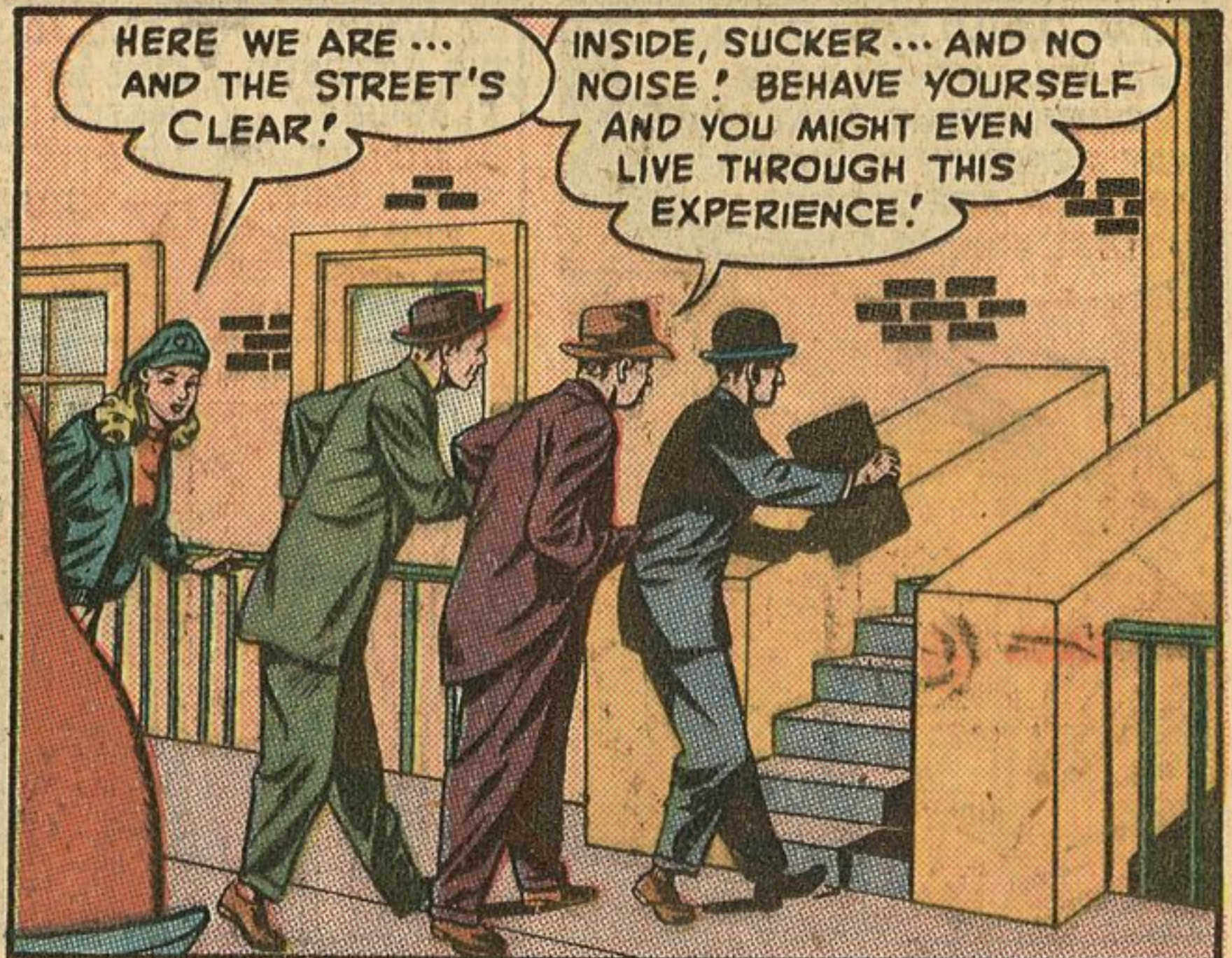


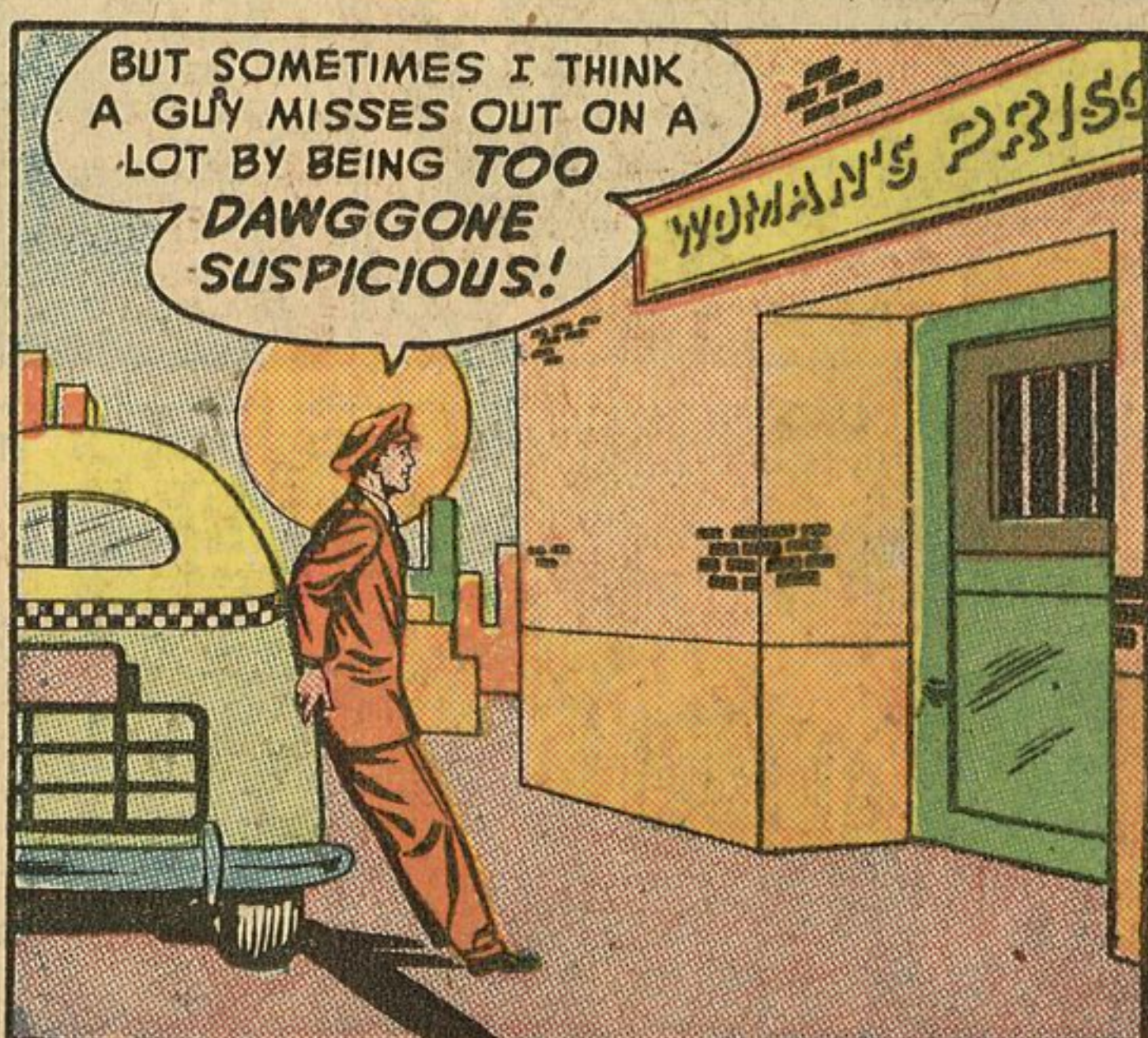
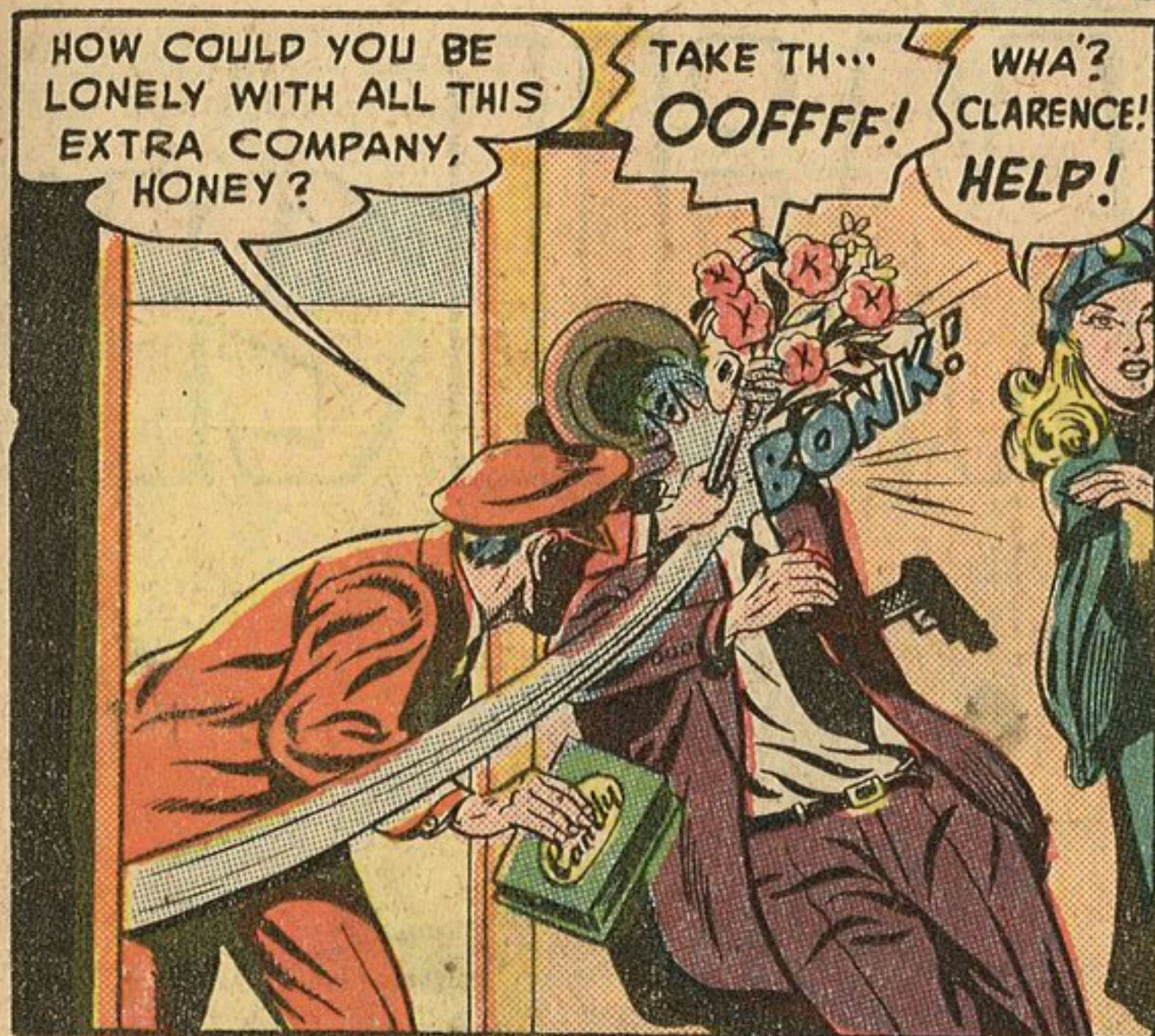
Y-YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WE ARE GETTING AWAY WITH IT! GET GOING, HONEY!



OH-OH! THERE SHE GOES NOW, WITH SOME FARES! DARN IT!

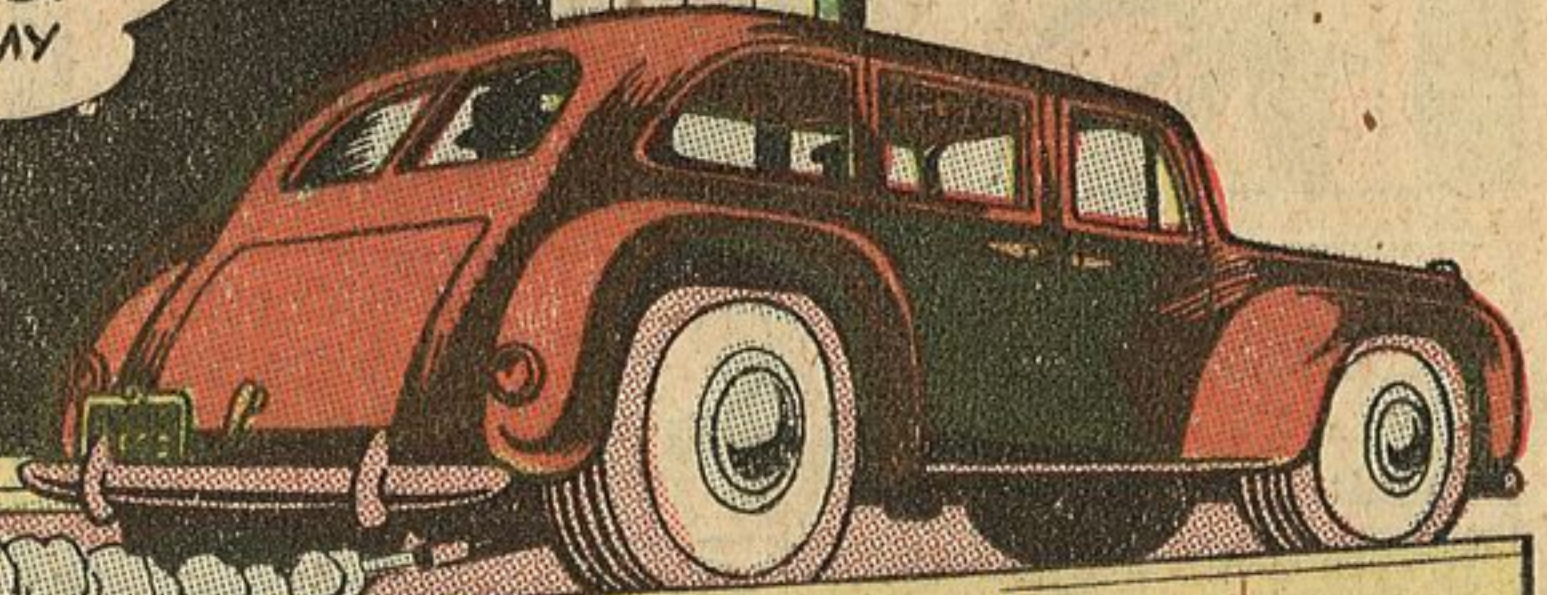




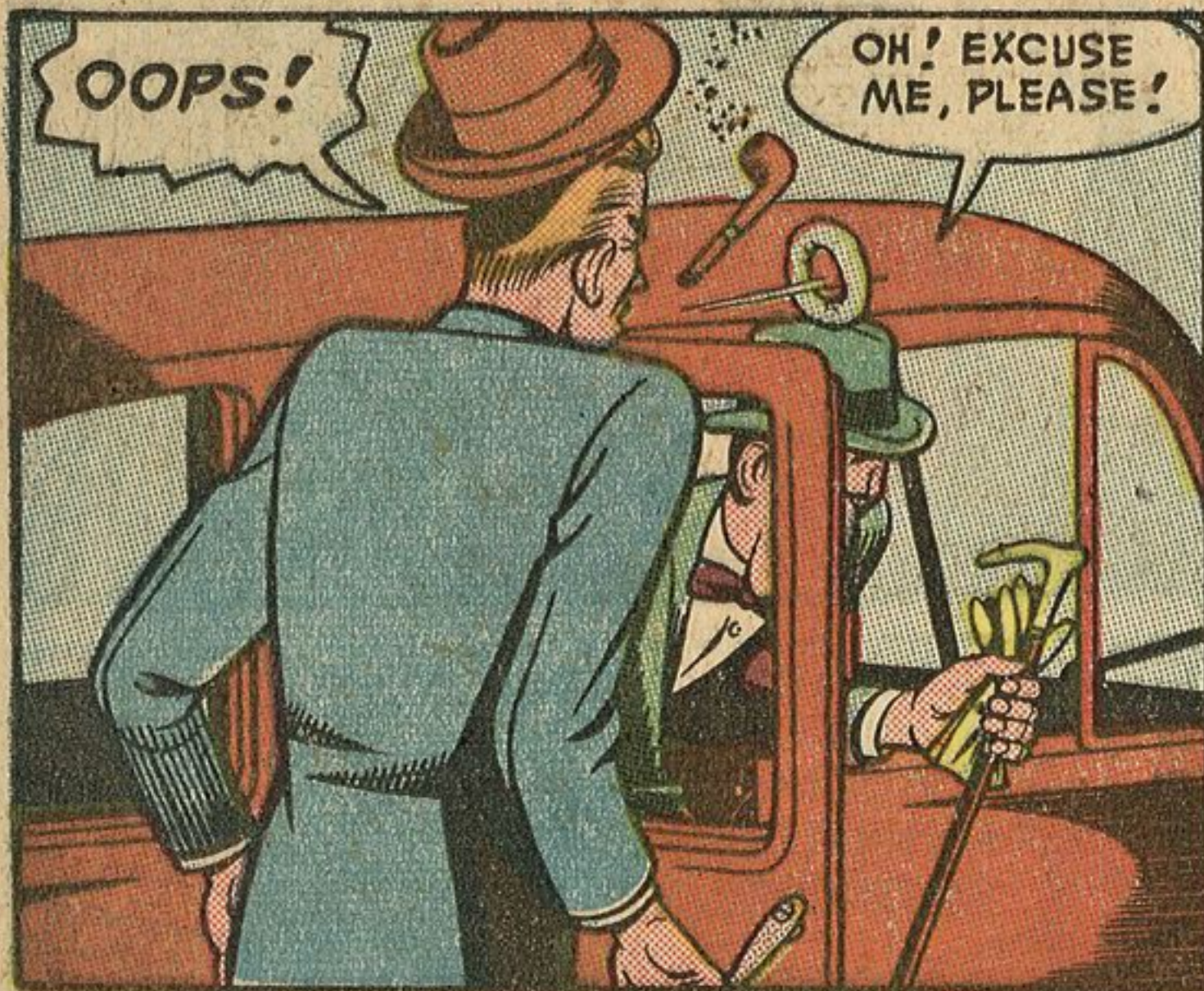
Pen Miller



I'M REALLY IN THE SOUP THIS TIME! THE SHEET GOES TO BED AT SIX THIS EVENING... AND I HAVEN'T THE GHOST OF A STORY FOR MY STRIP!

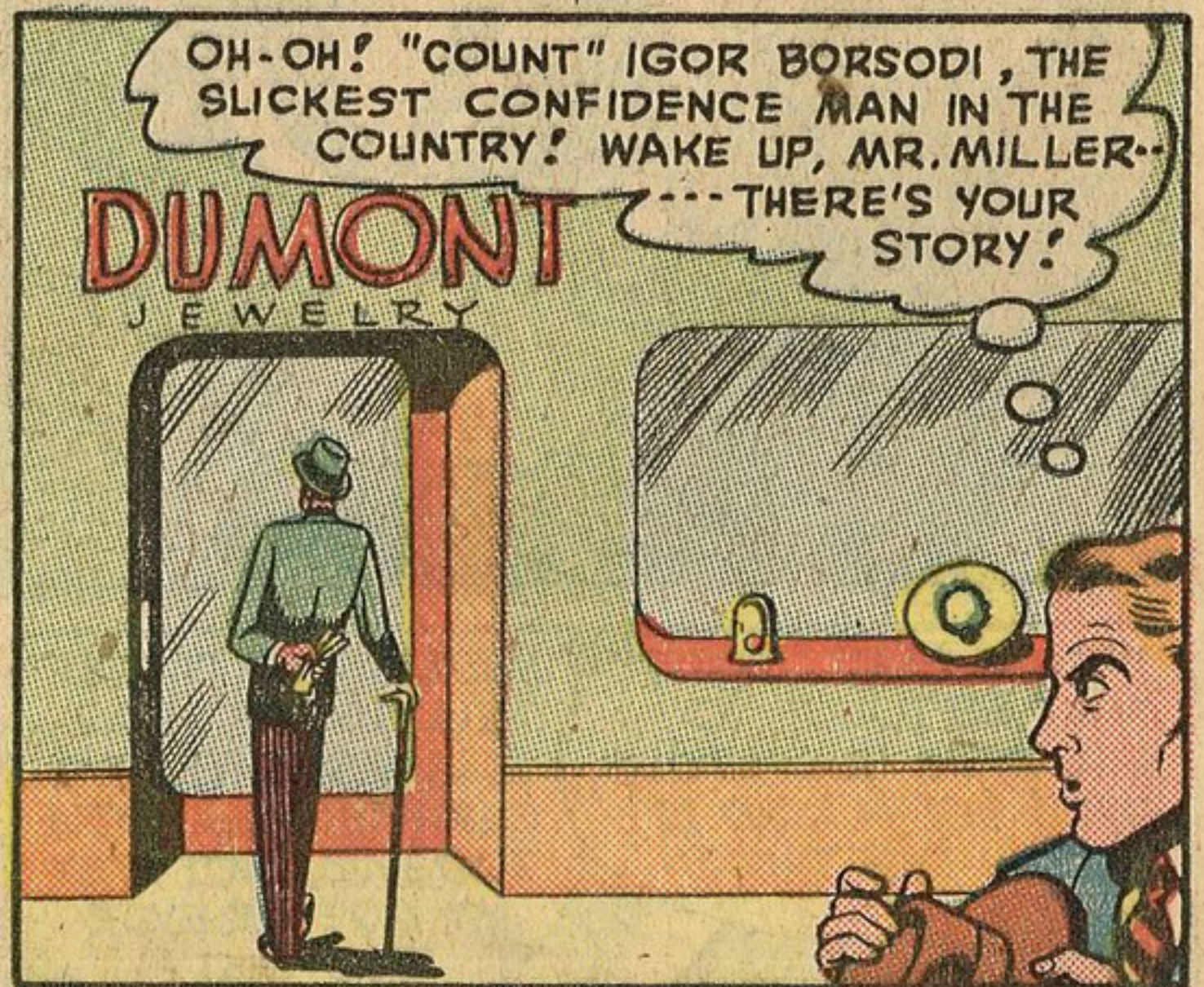


By Klaus



OOPS!

OH! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



OH-OH! "COUNT" IGOR BORSODI, THE SLICKEST CONFIDENCE MAN IN THE COUNTRY! WAKE UP, MR. MILLER... THERE'S YOUR STORY!

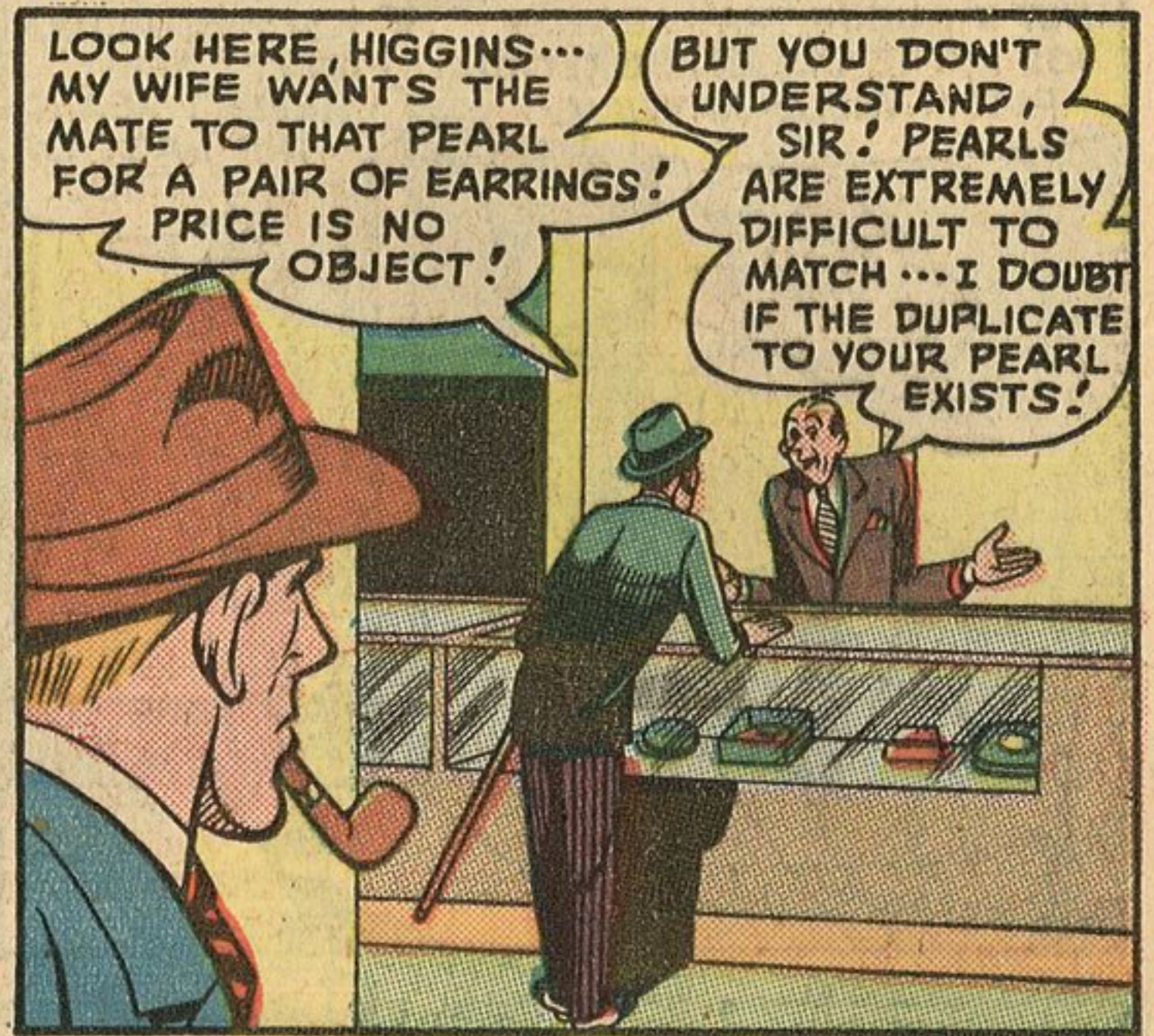
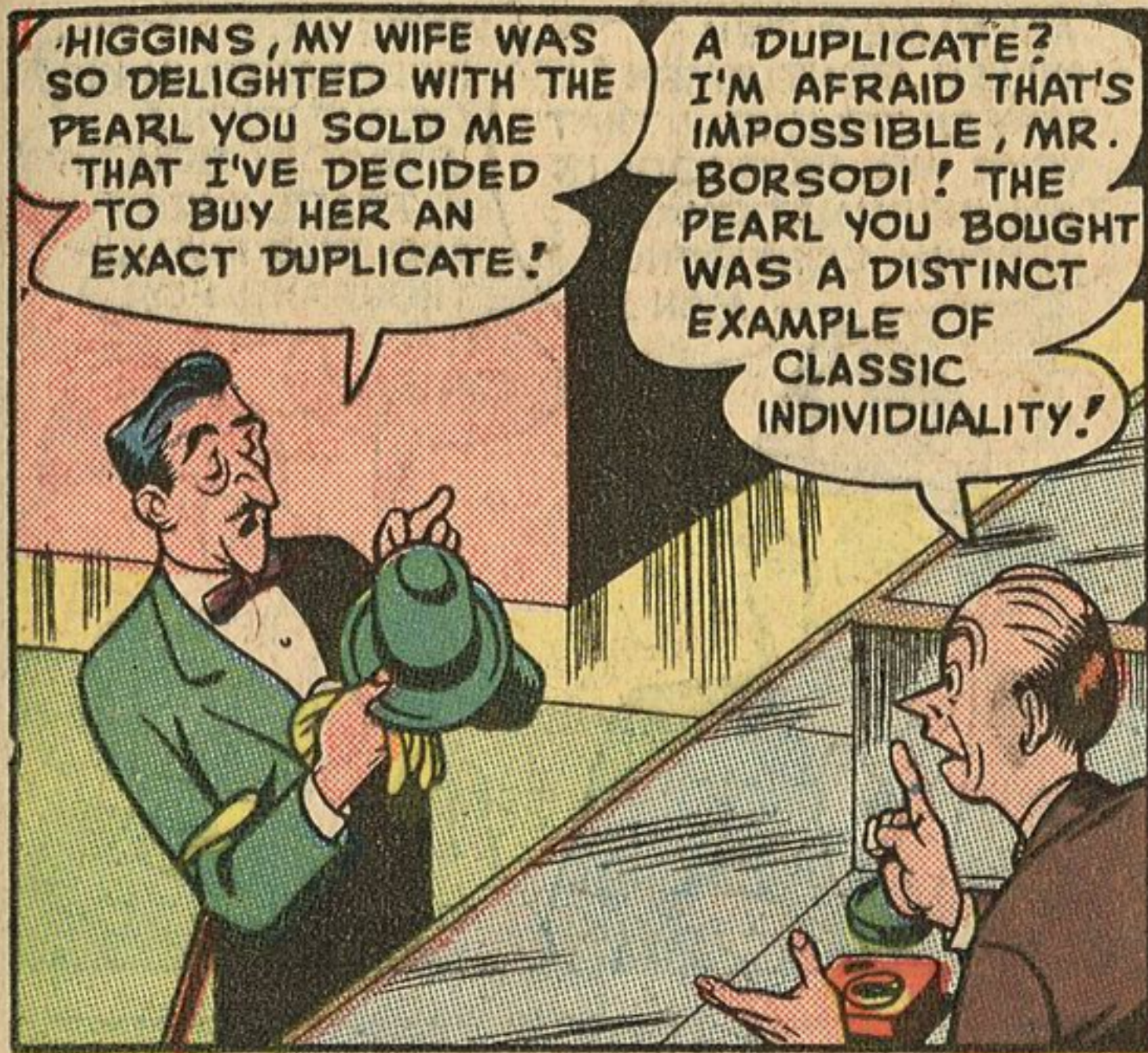
DUMONT
JEWELRY



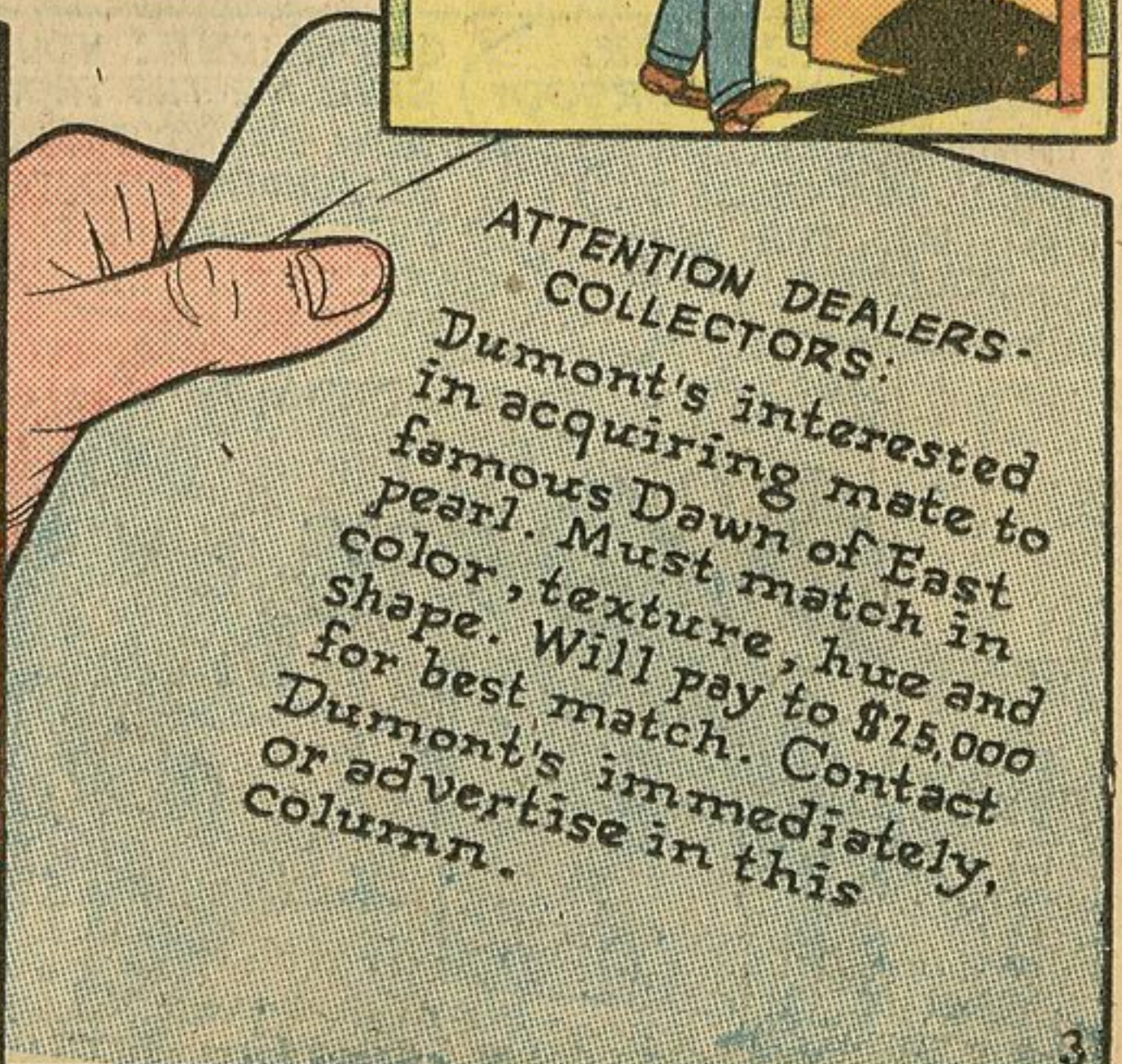
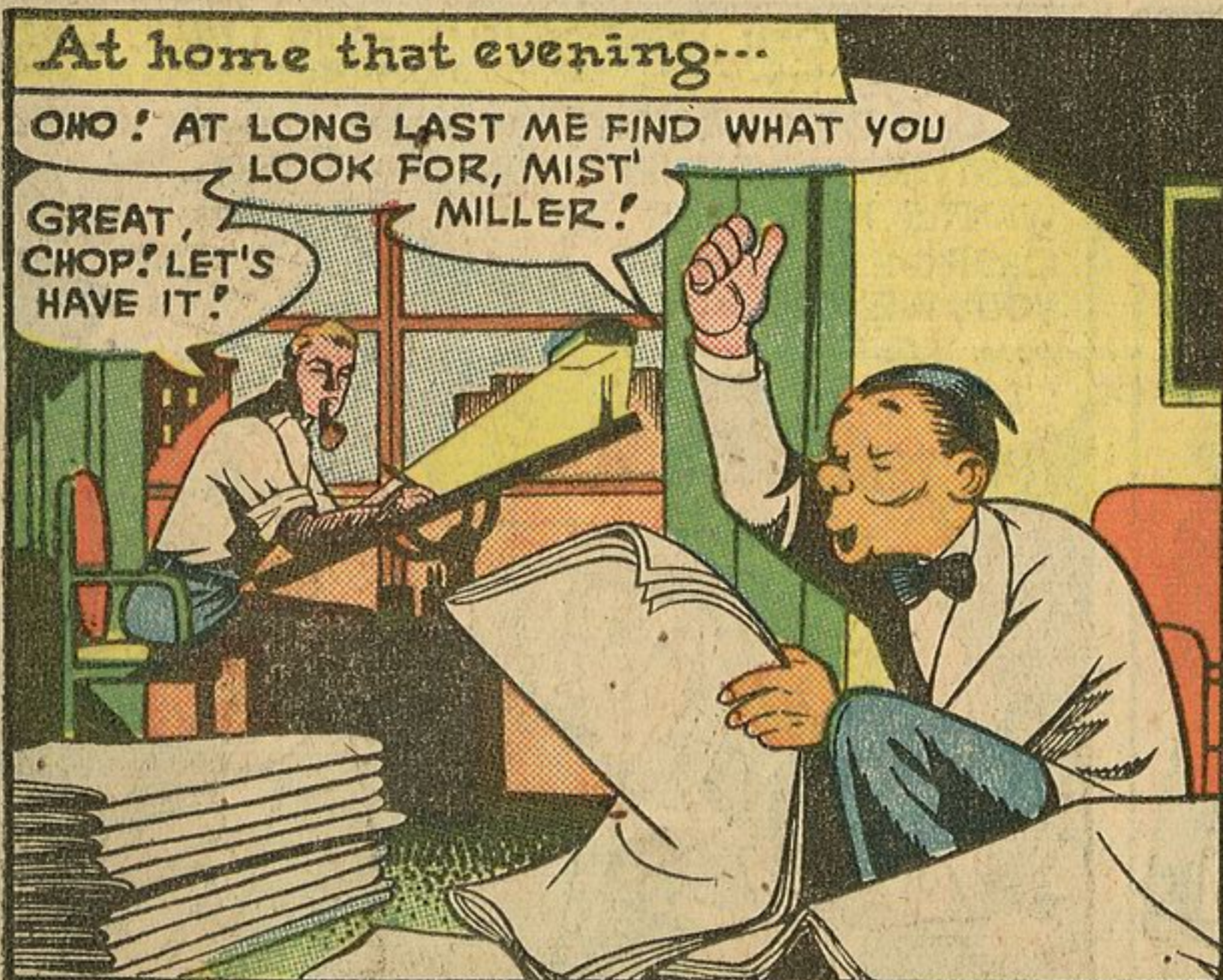
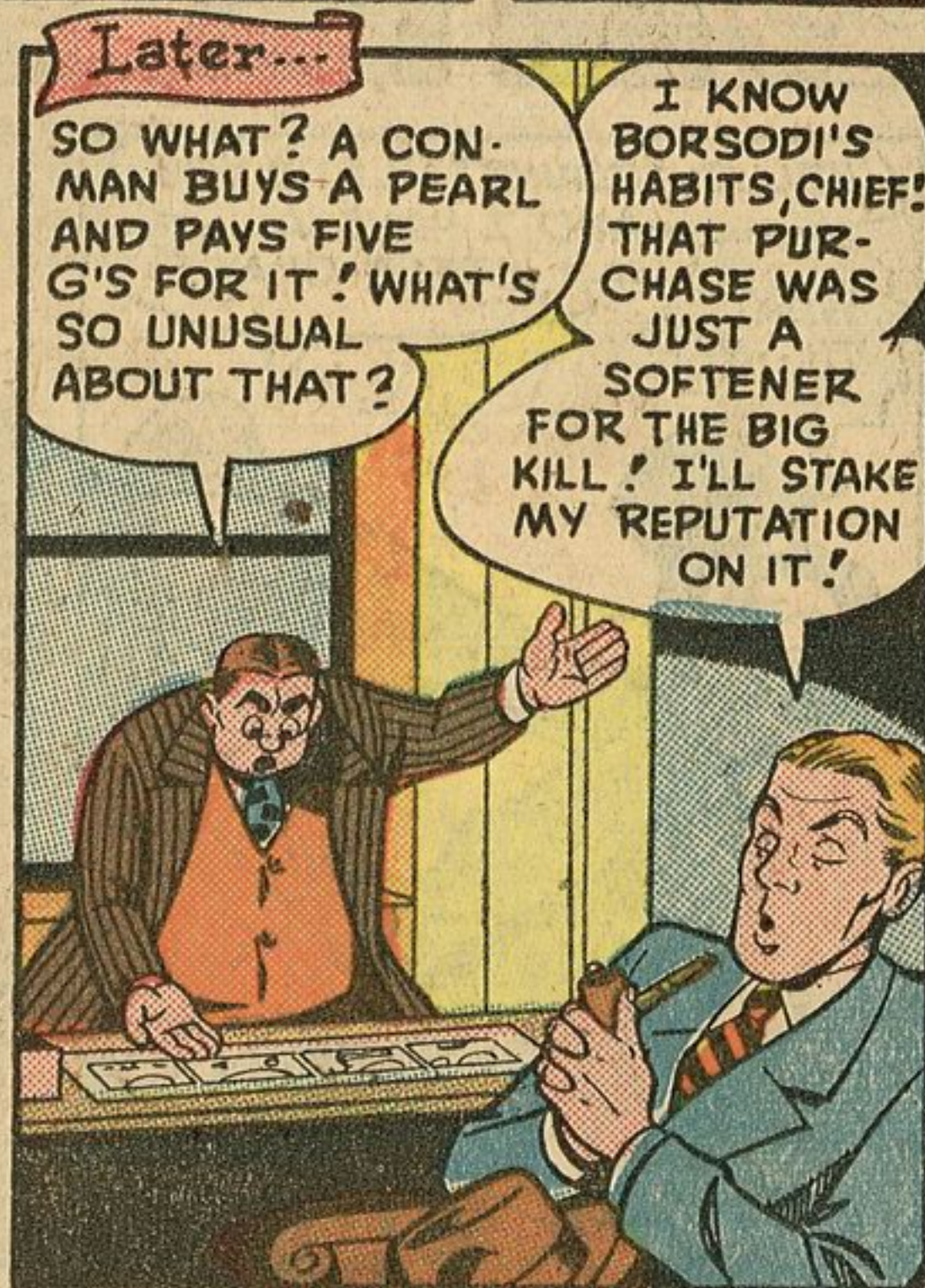
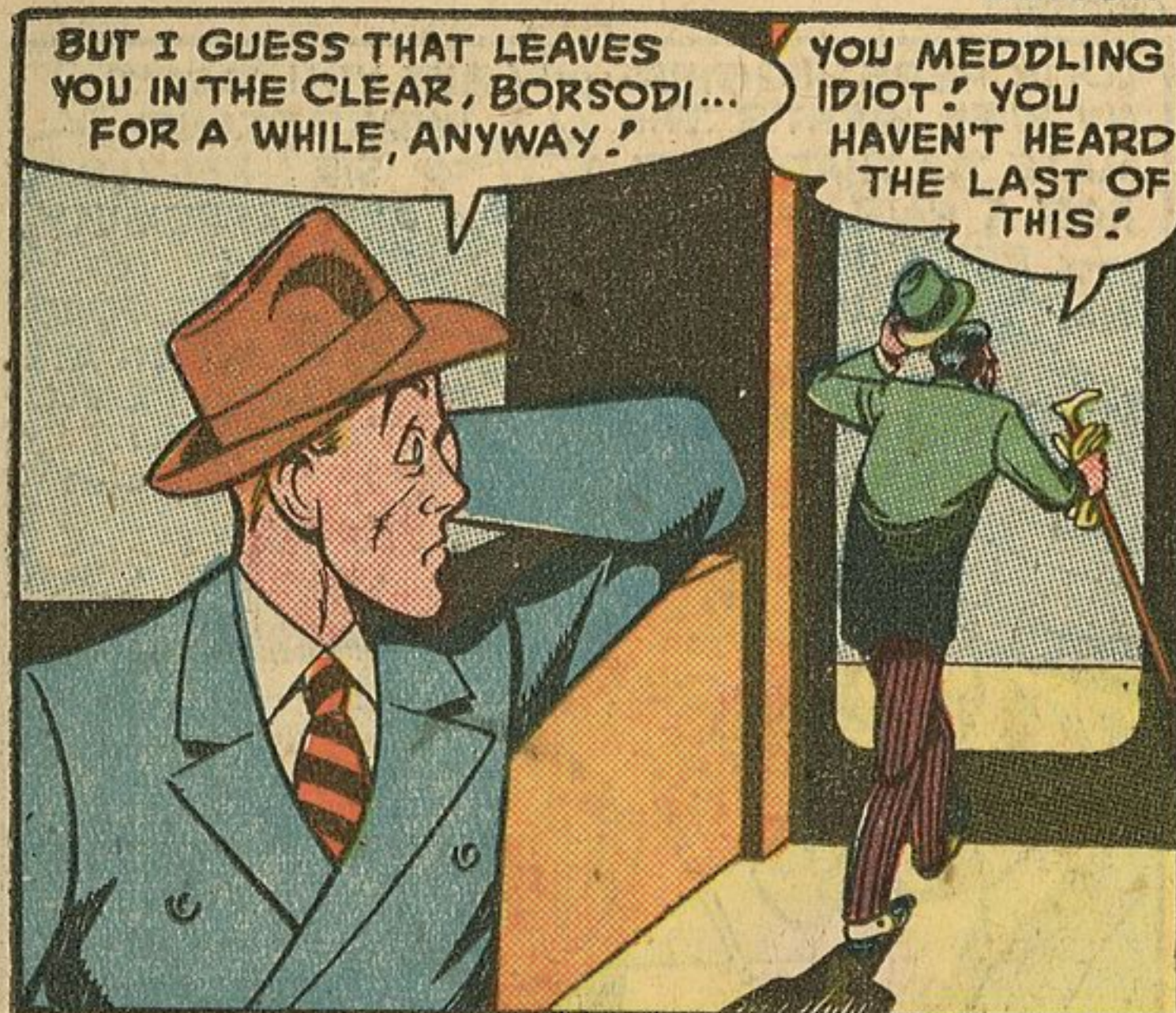
AHHH, MR. BORSODI, IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! MAY I BE OF SERVICE?

I SINCERELY HOPE YOU CAN, MR. HIGGINS! I HAVE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST TO MAKE!

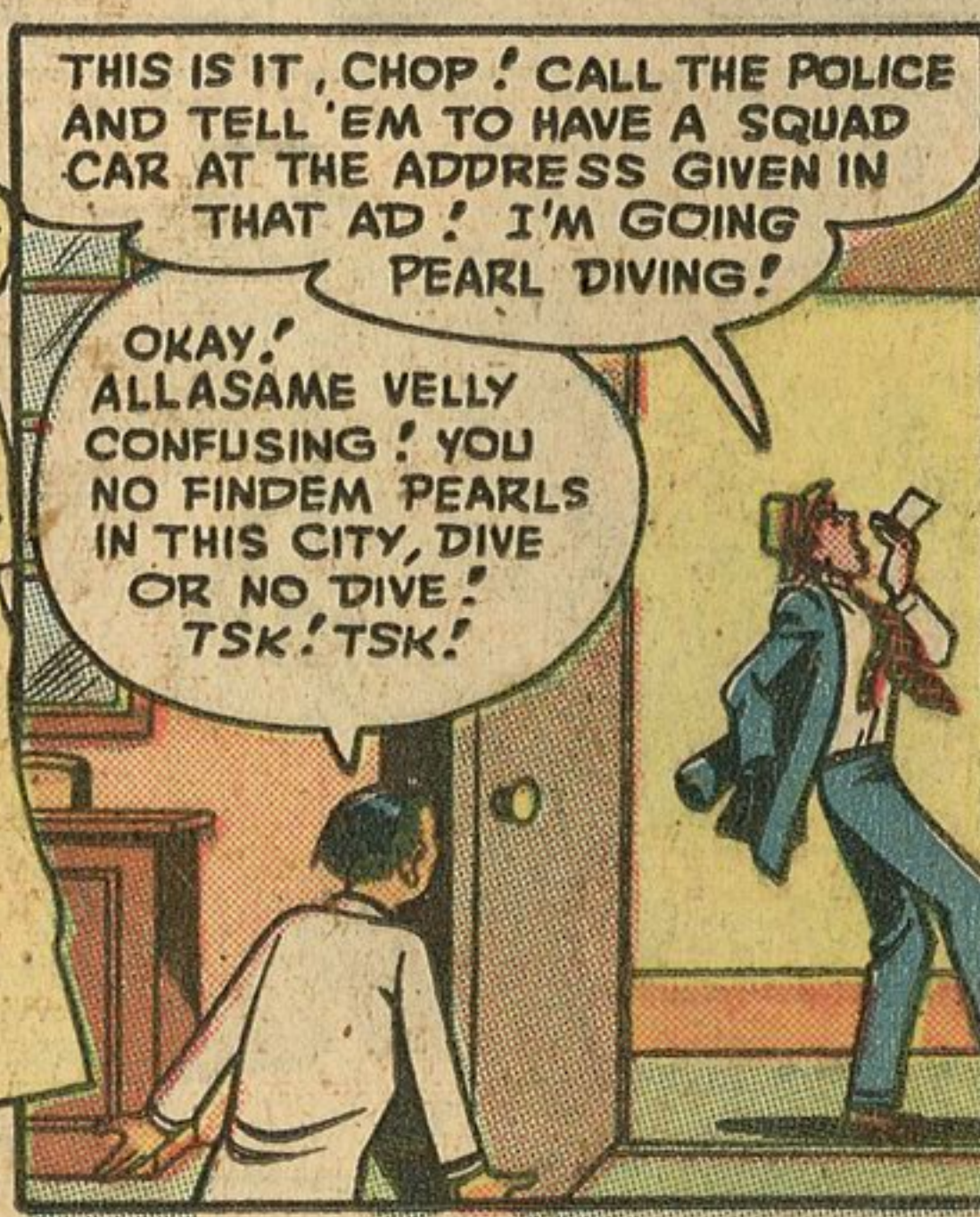
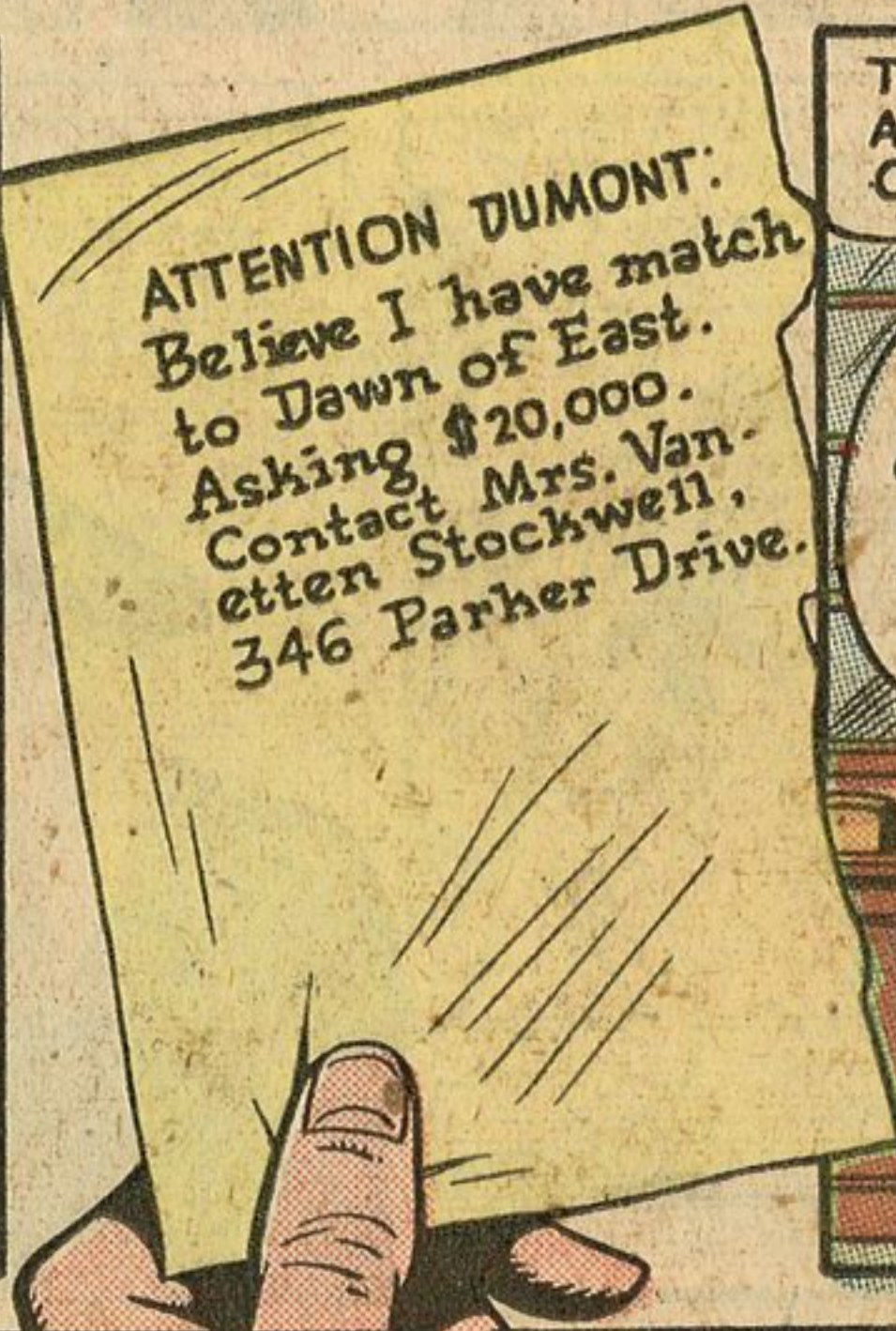
CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



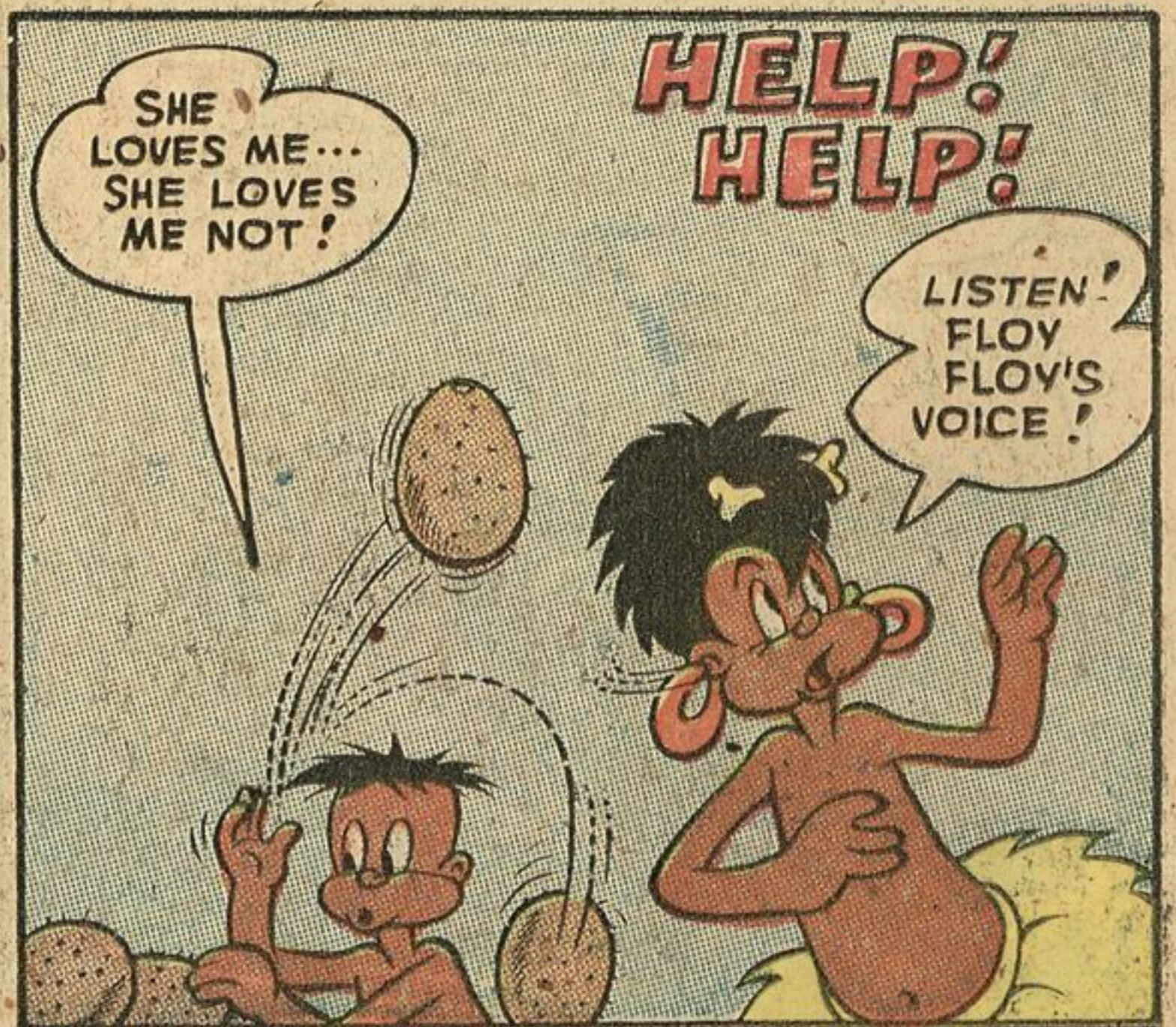
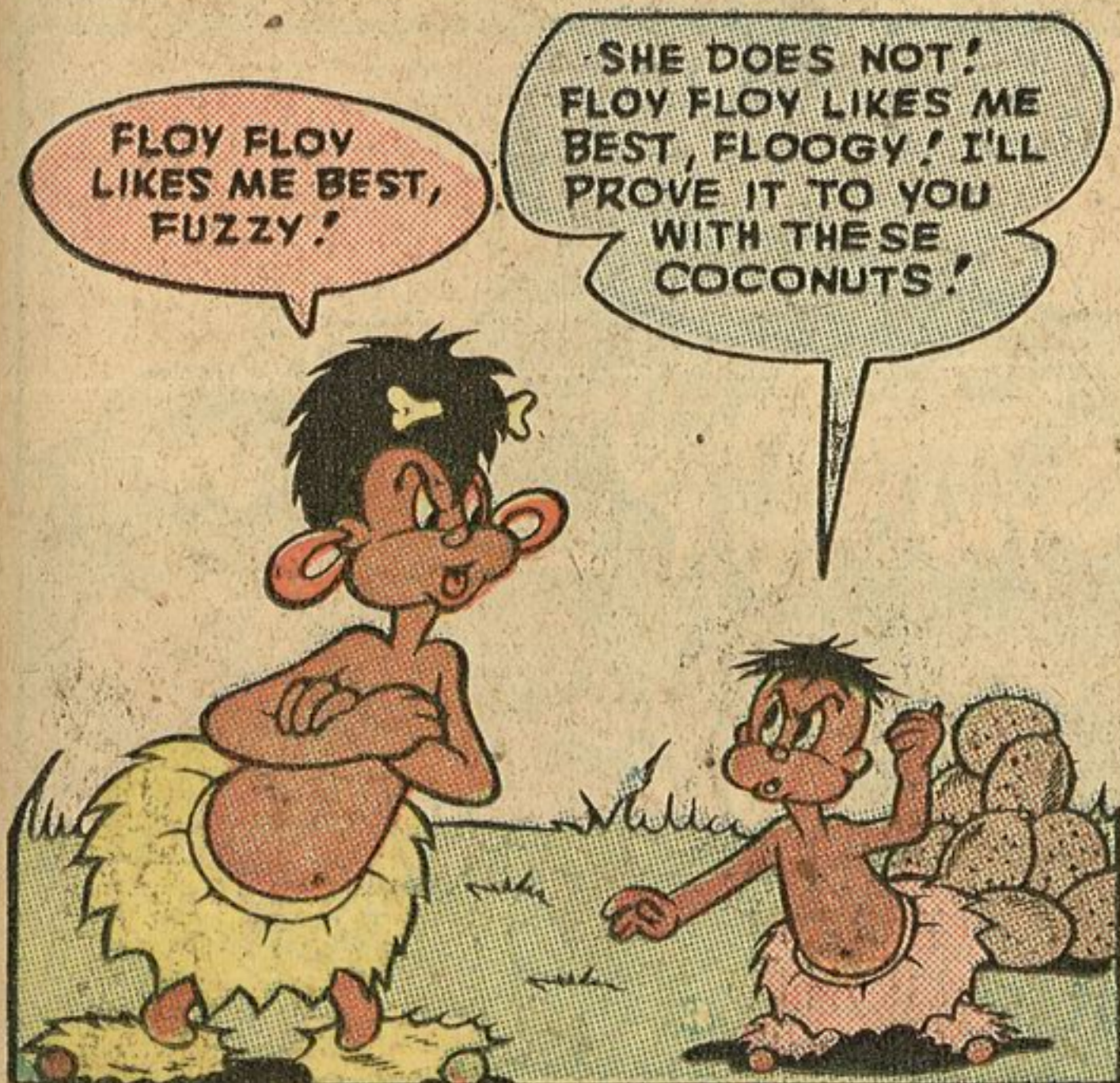
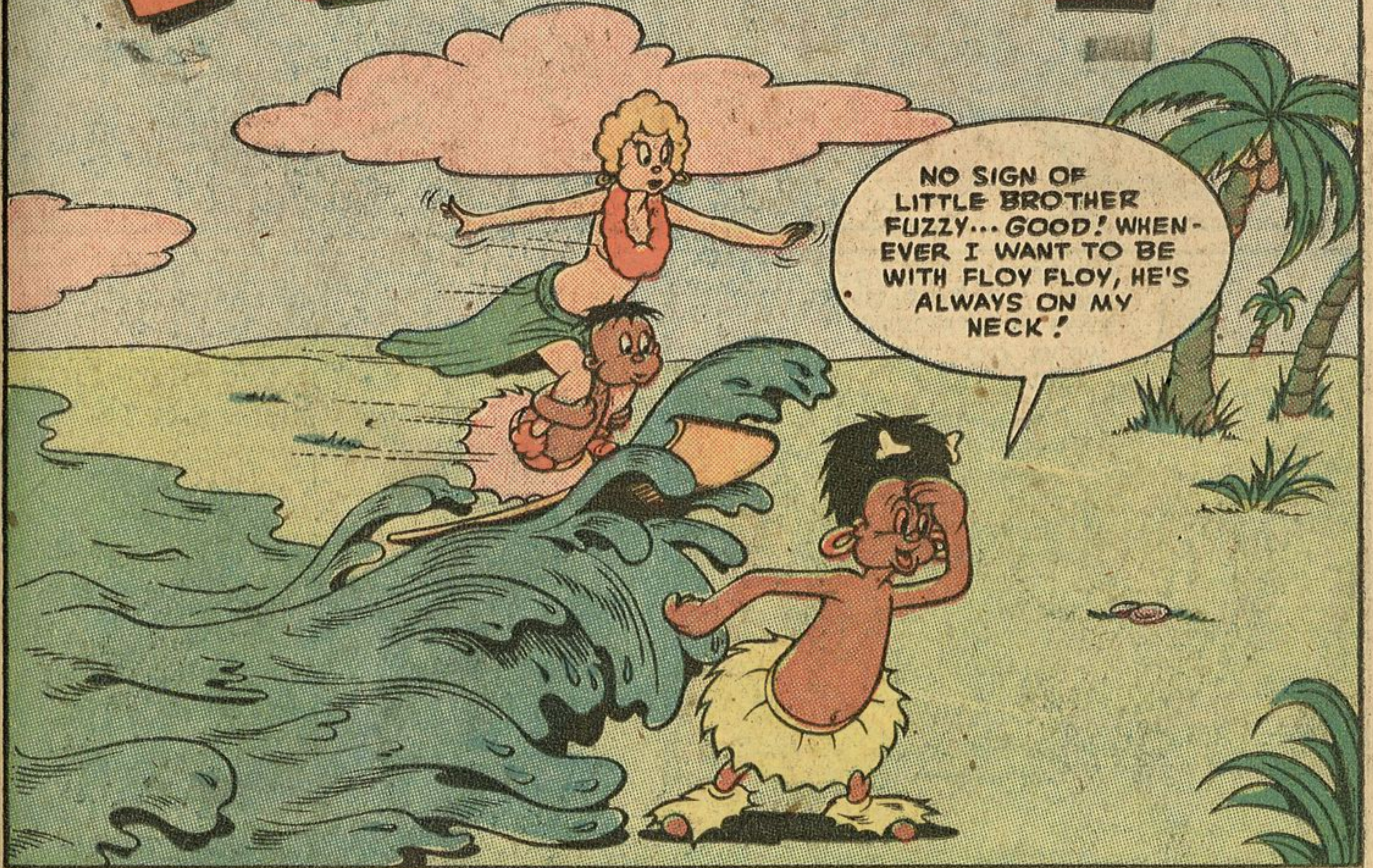
CRACK COMICS

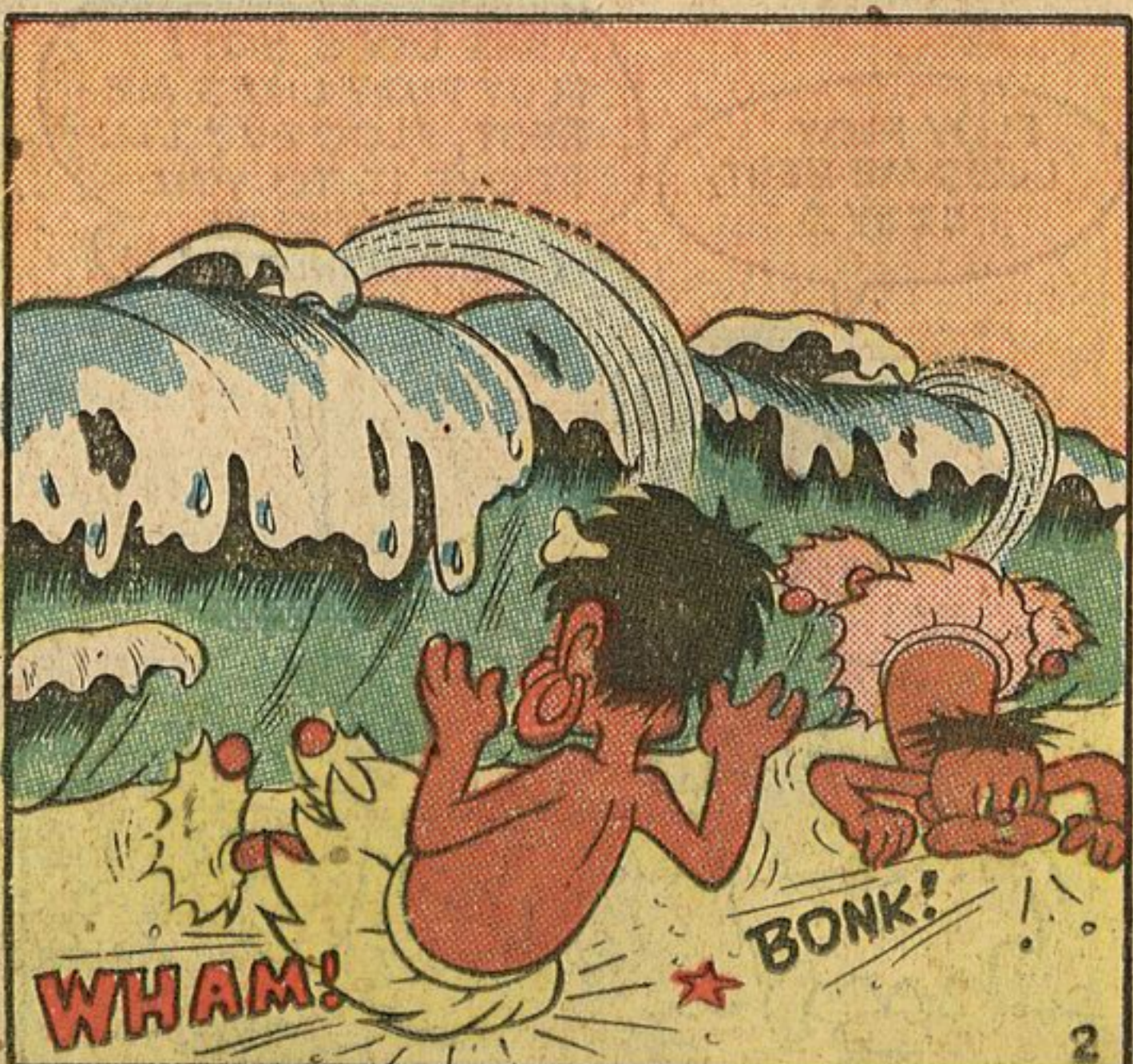
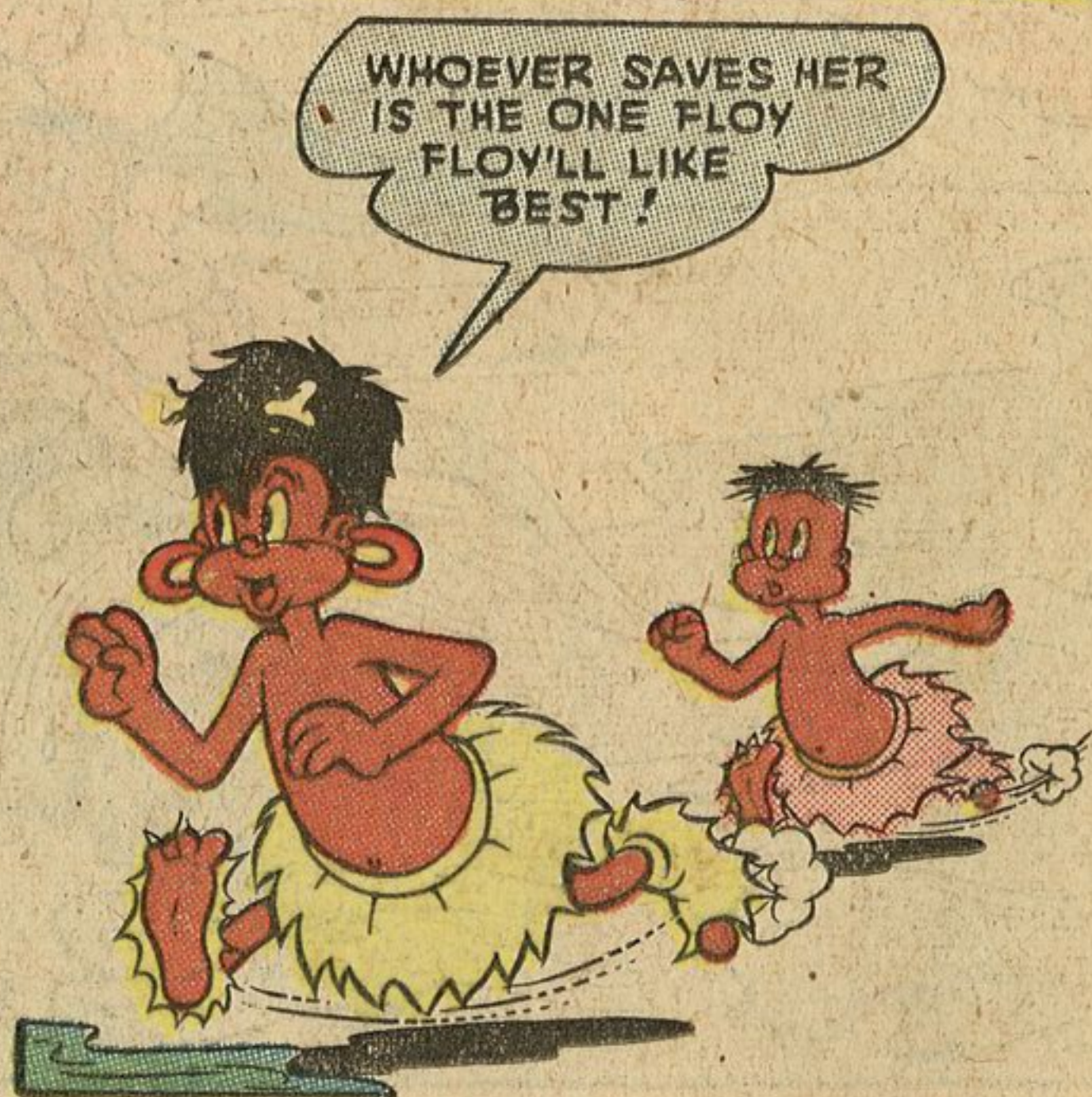
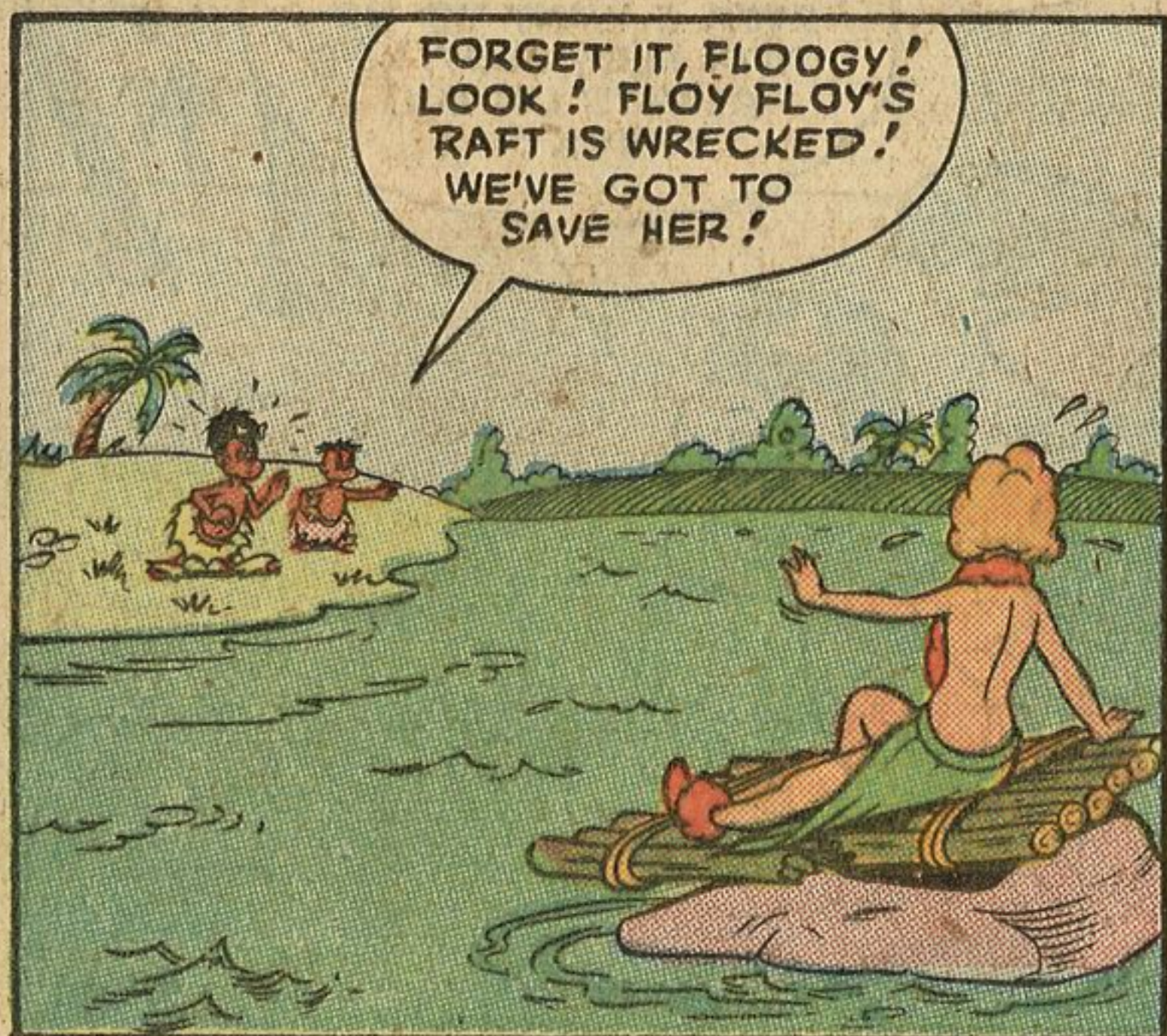
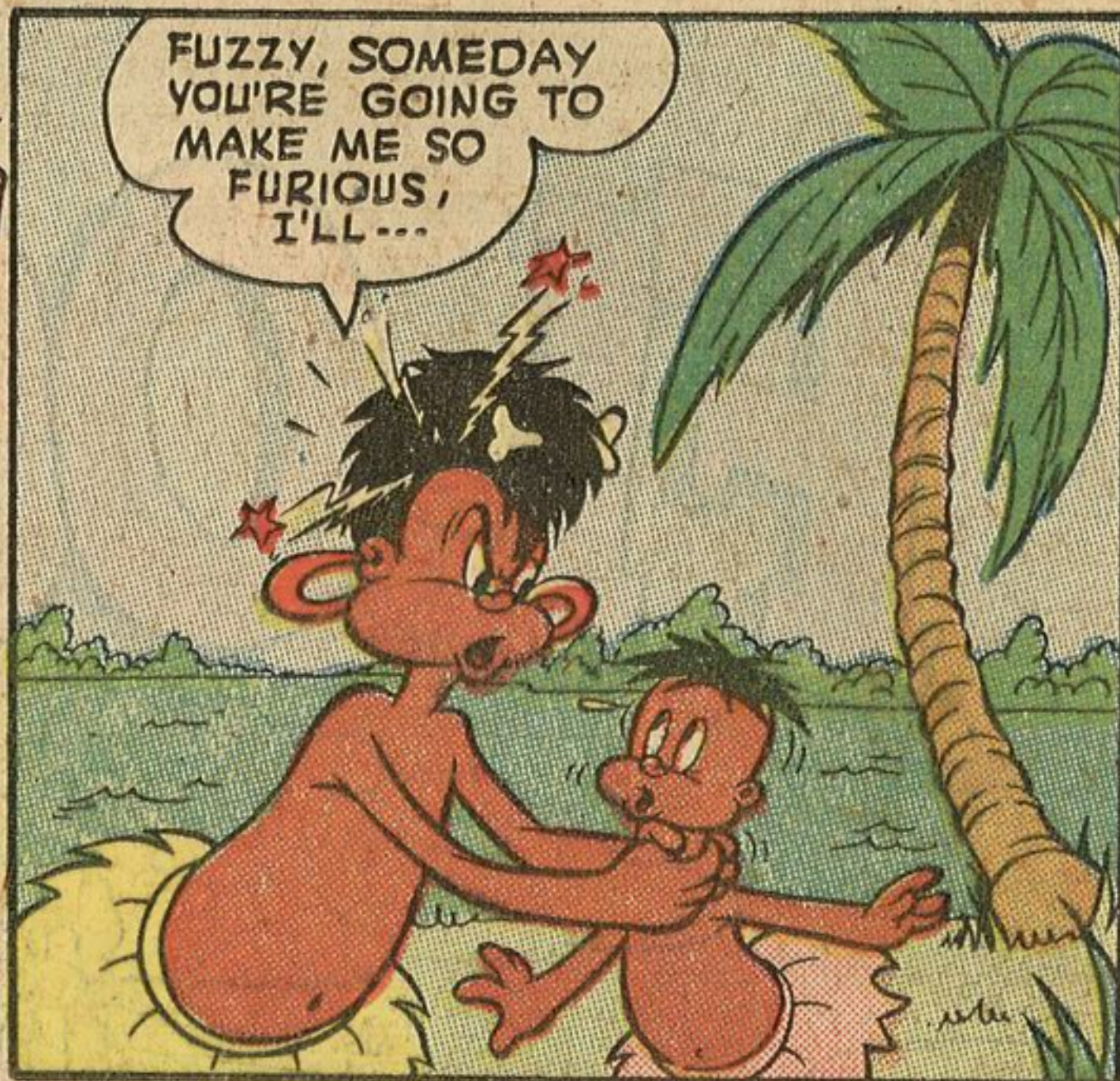
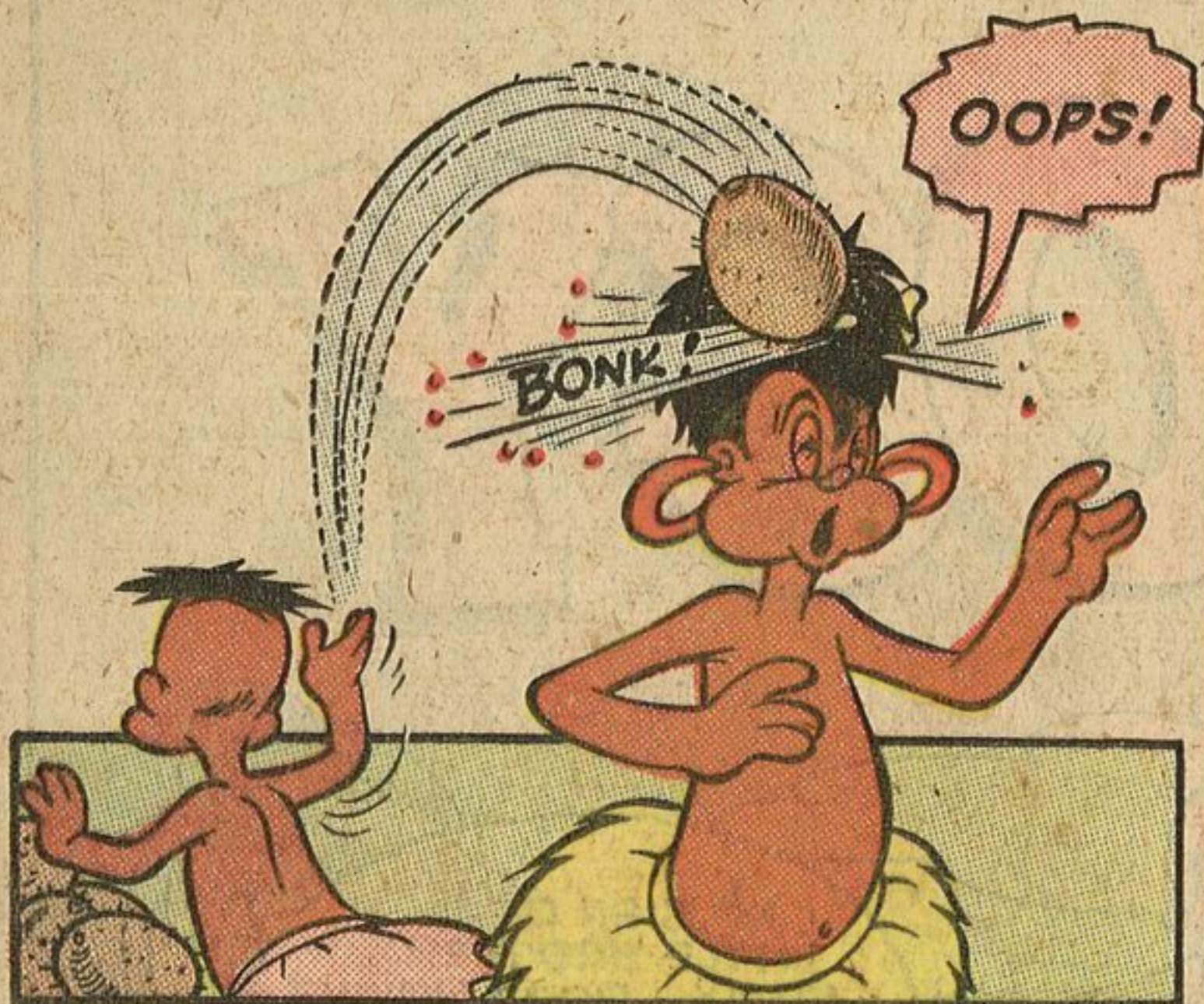


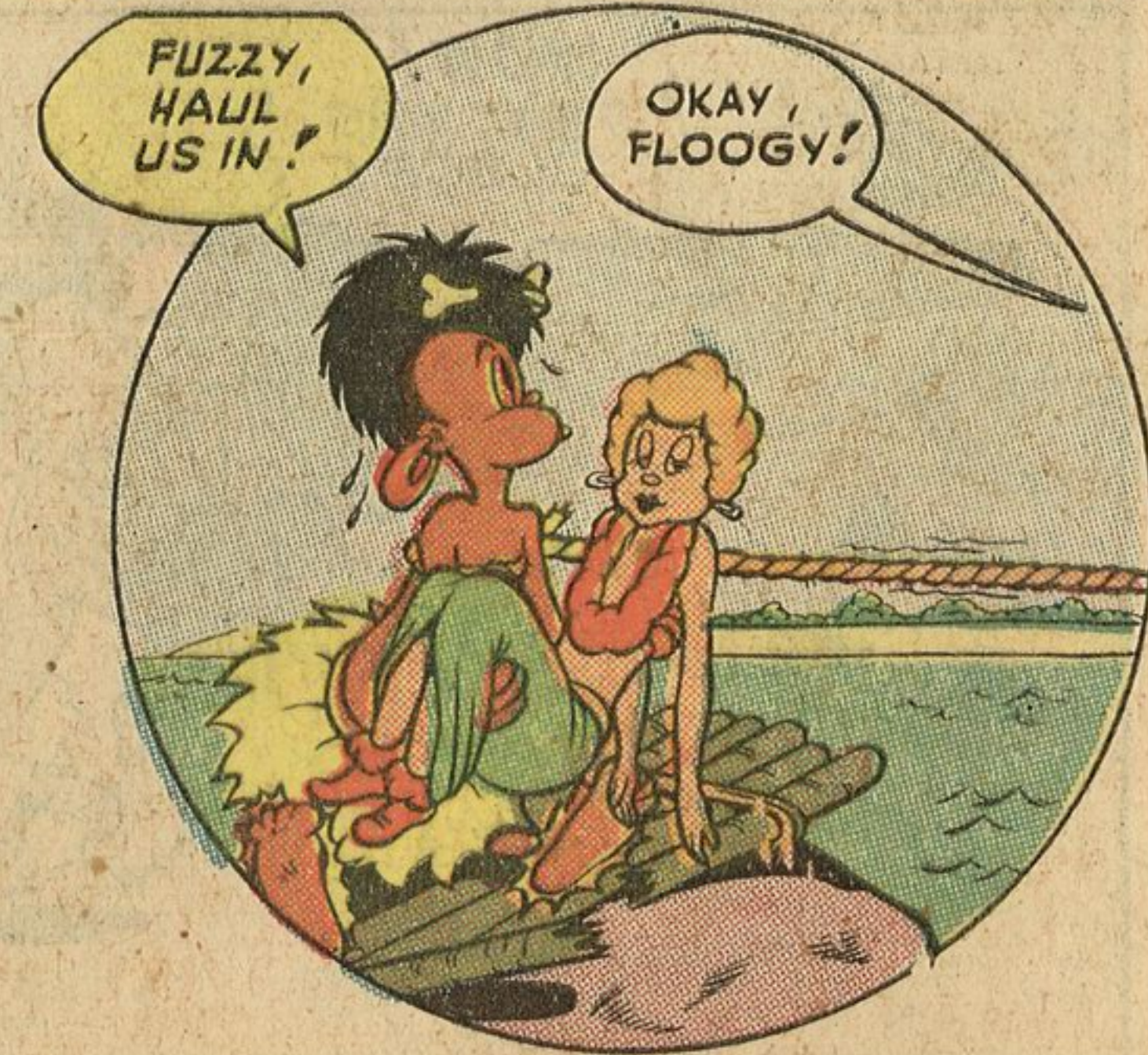
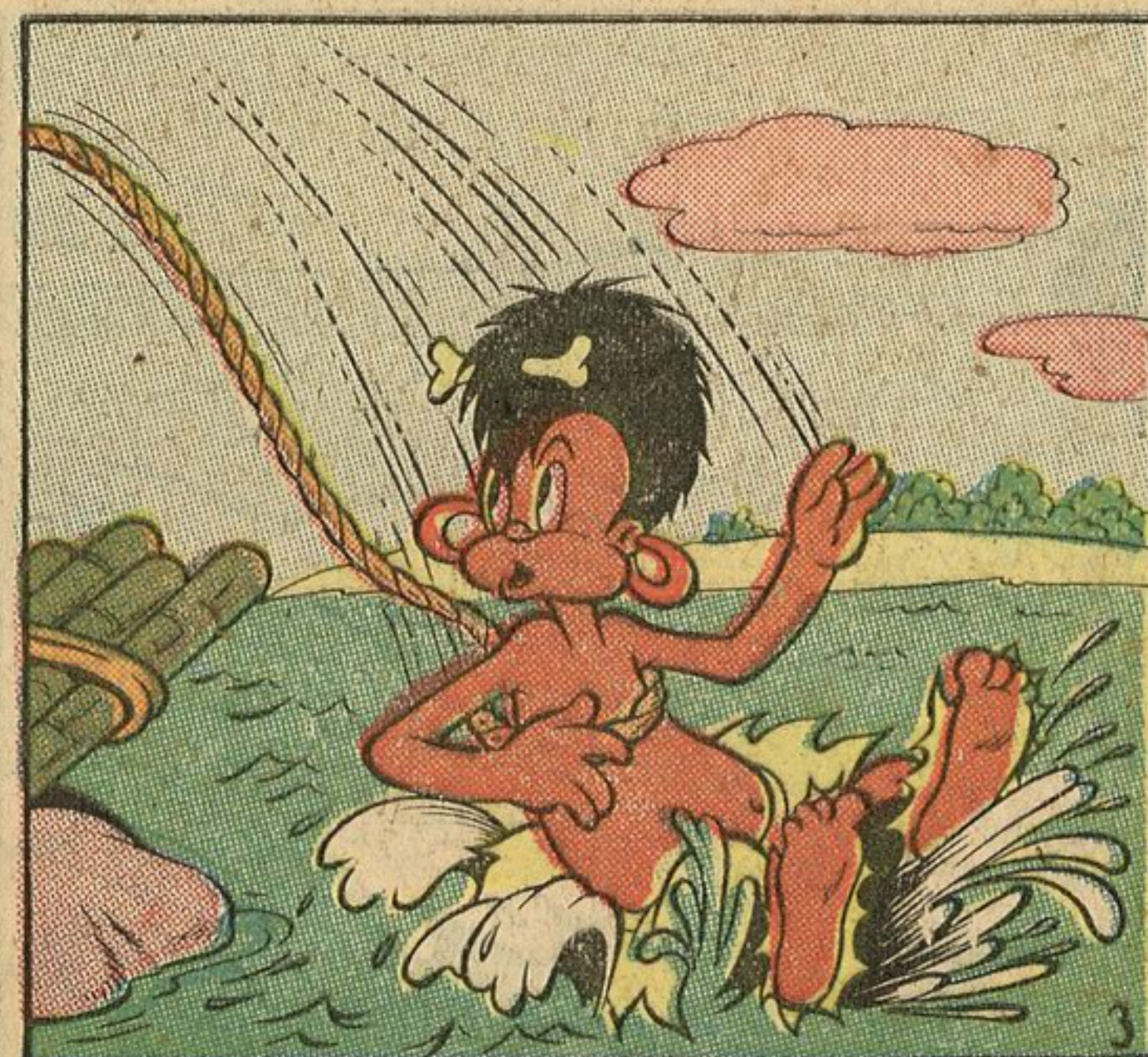
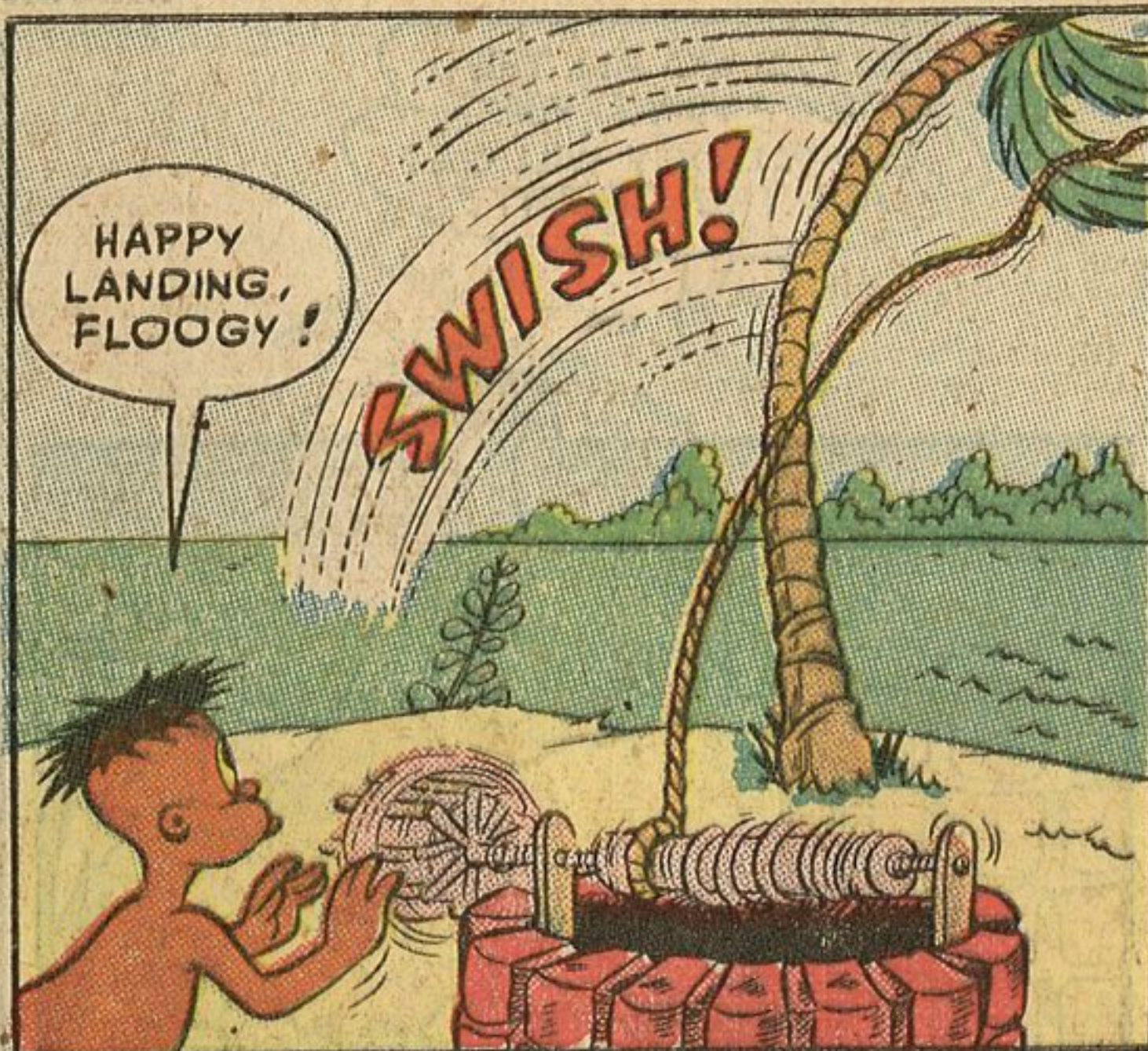
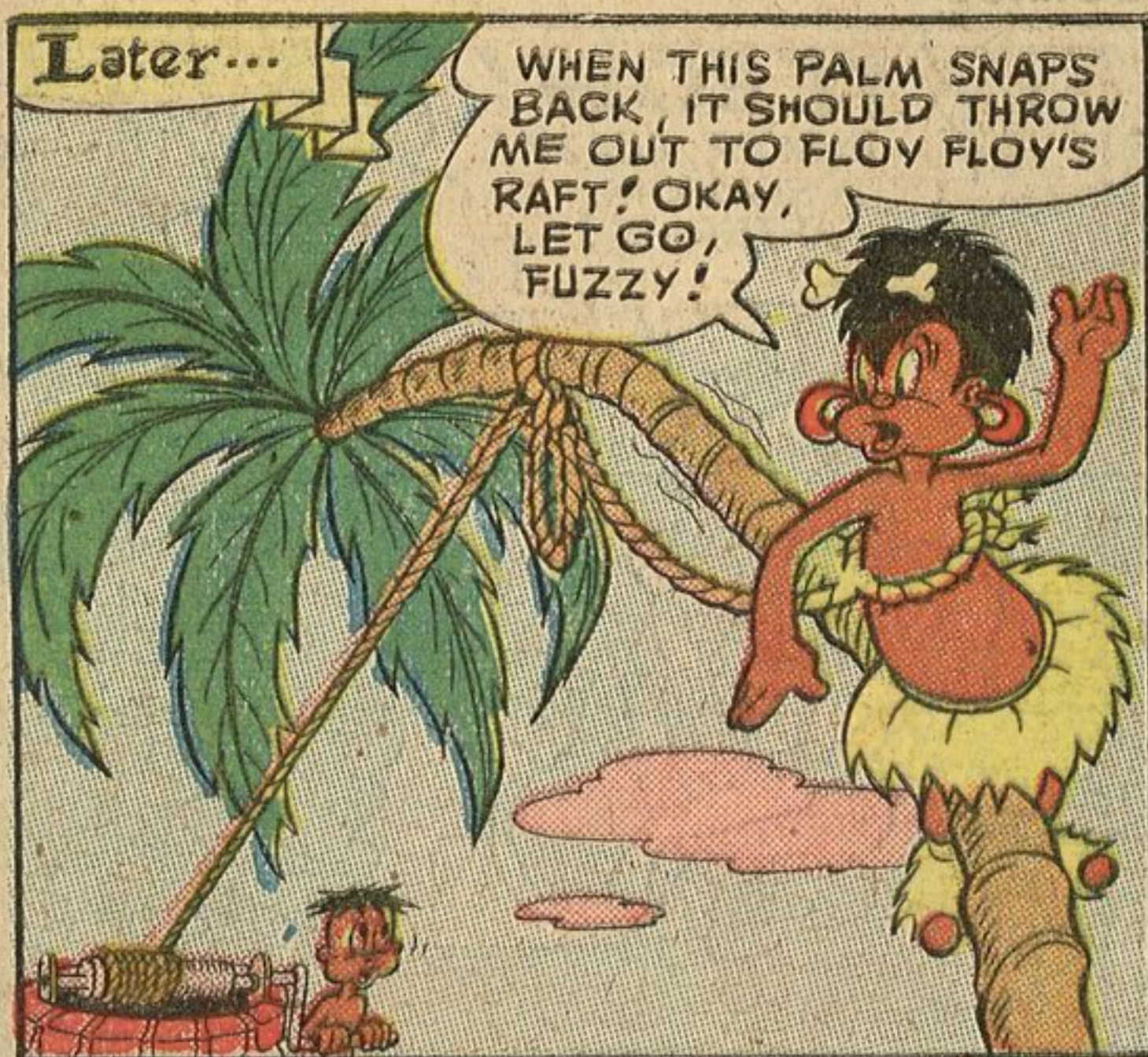
CRACK COMICS



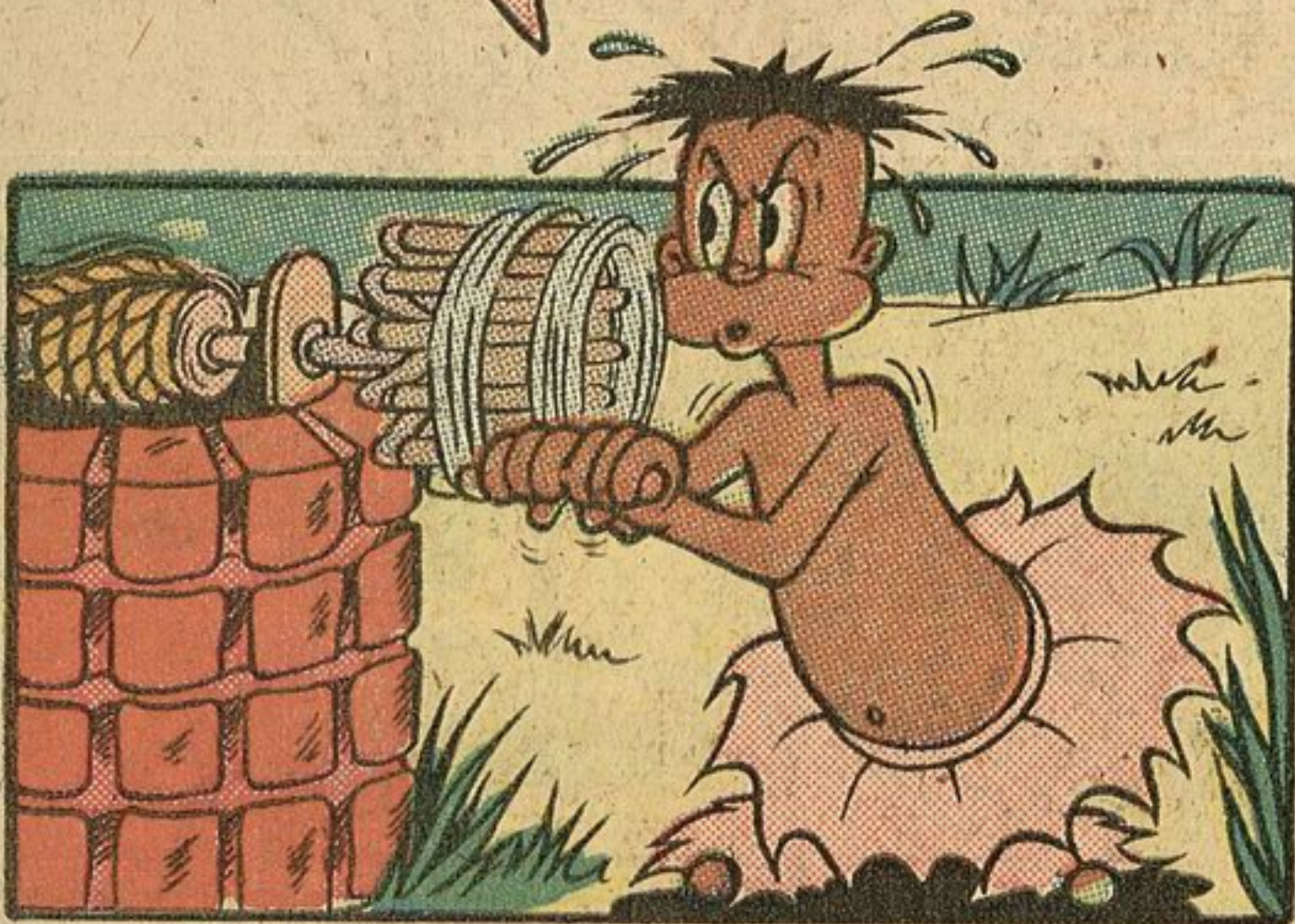
FLOOGY



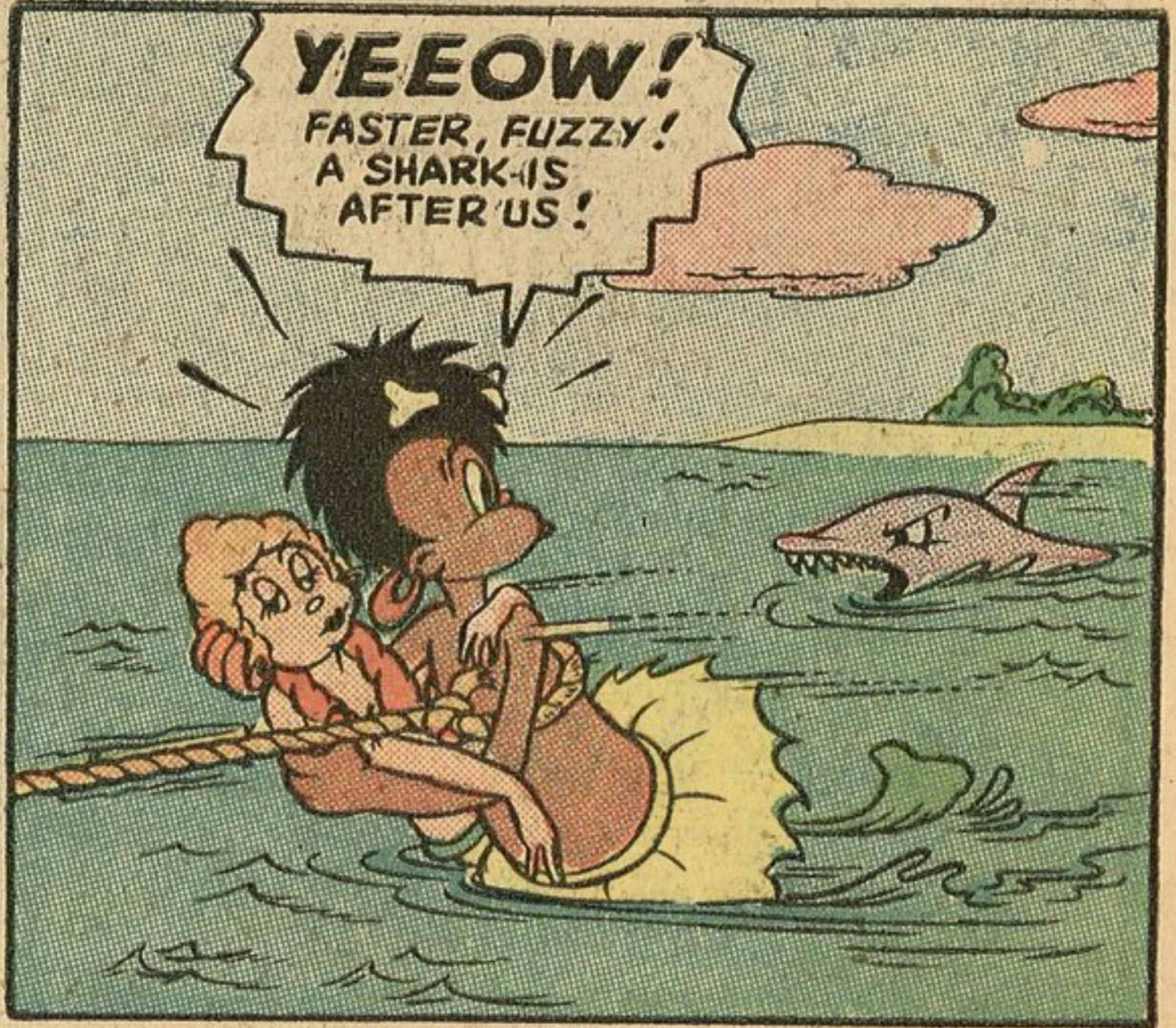




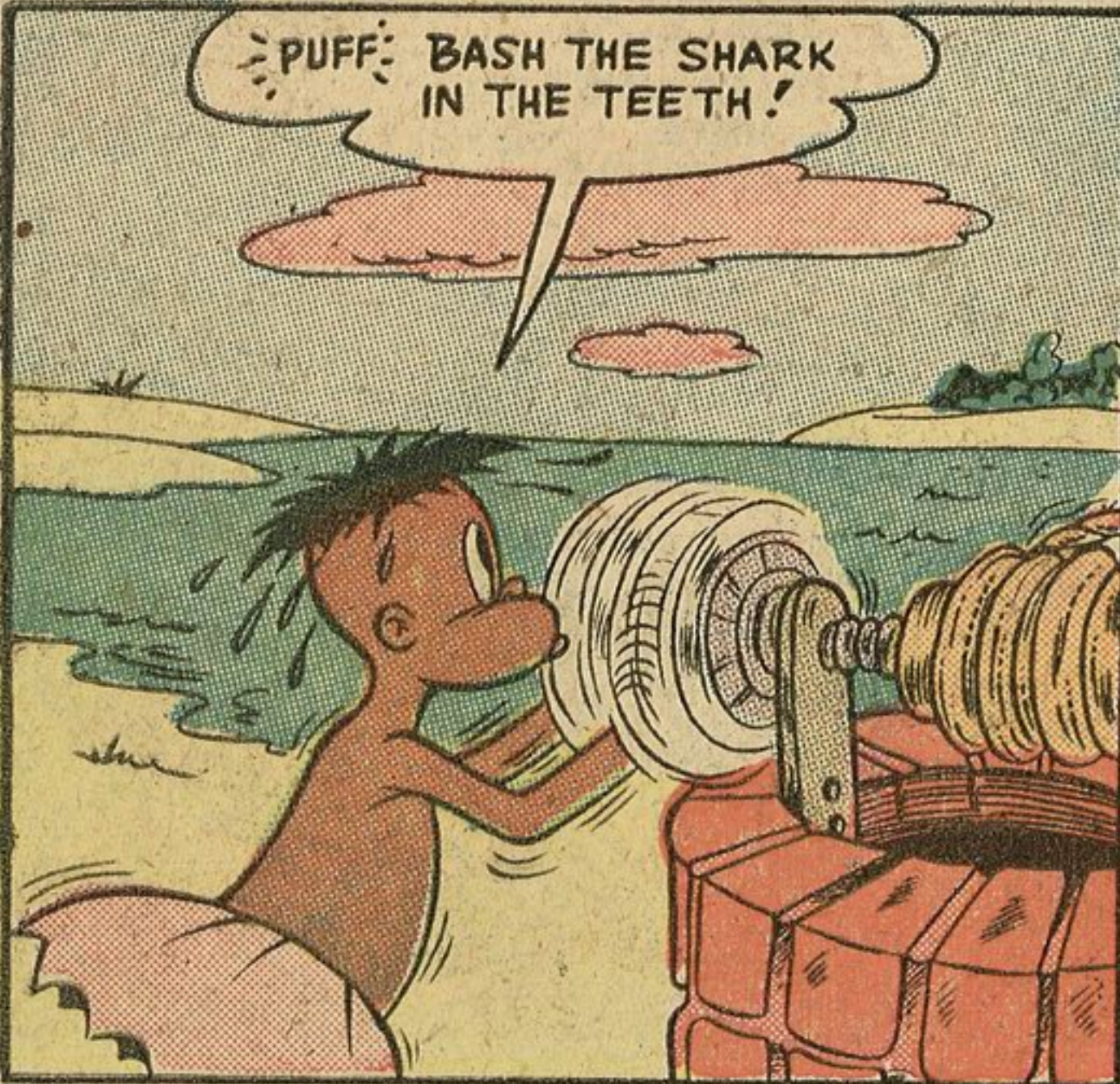
GOLLY, I DO ALL THE
WORK : PUFF : PUFF :
AND FLOOGY WILL GET
ALL THE CREDIT!



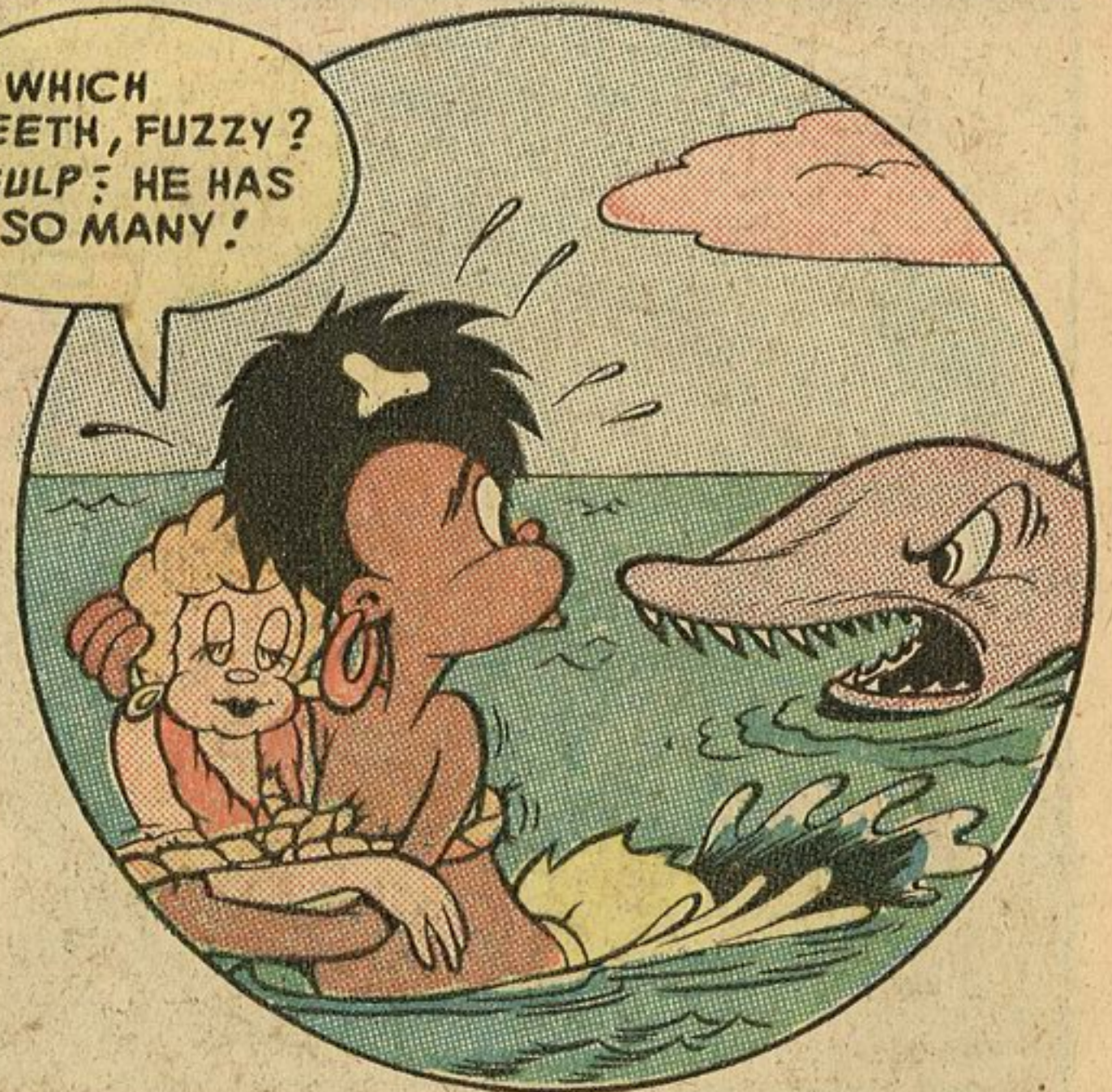
YEEOW!
FASTER, FUZZY!
A SHARK IS
AFTER US!



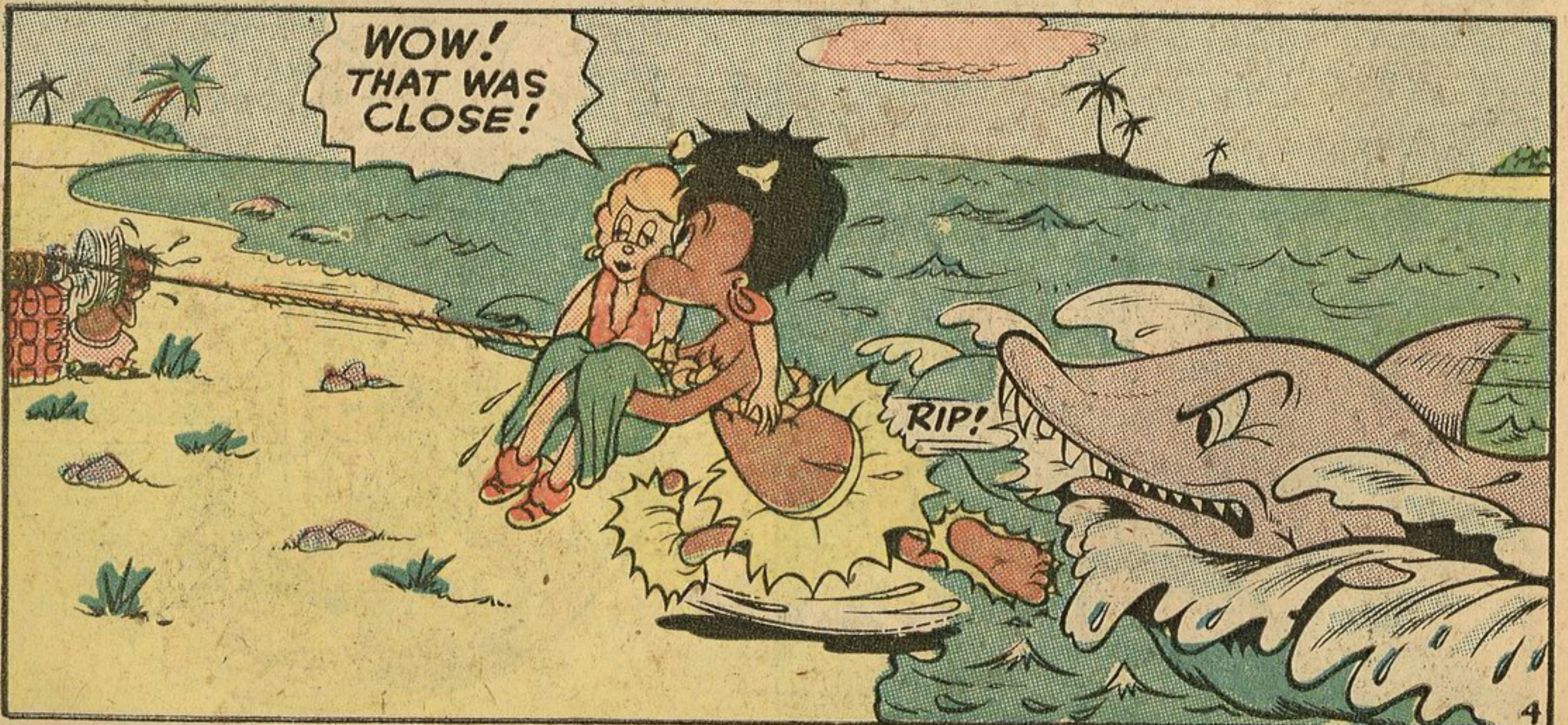
: PUFF : BASH THE SHARK
IN THE TEETH!

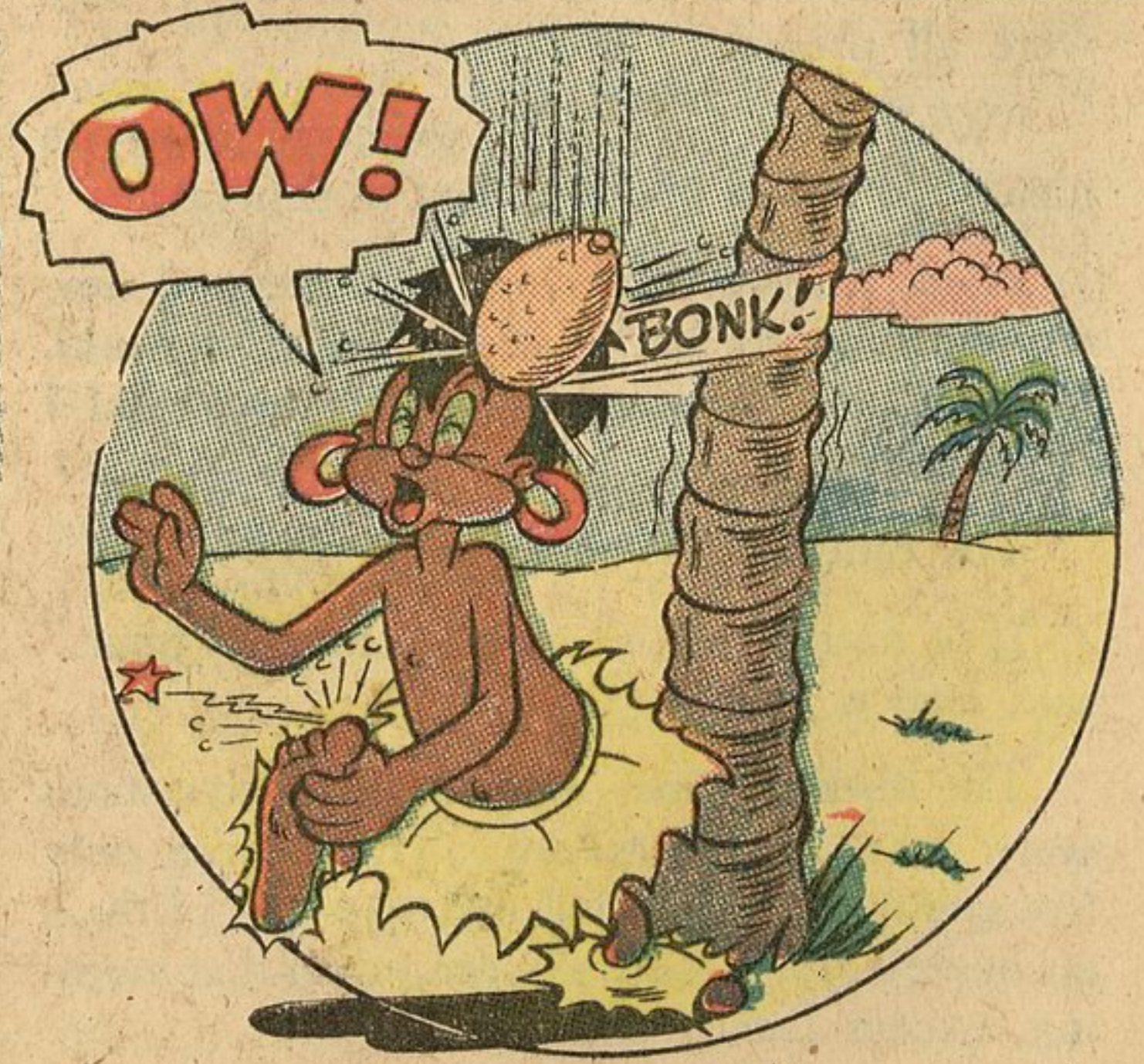
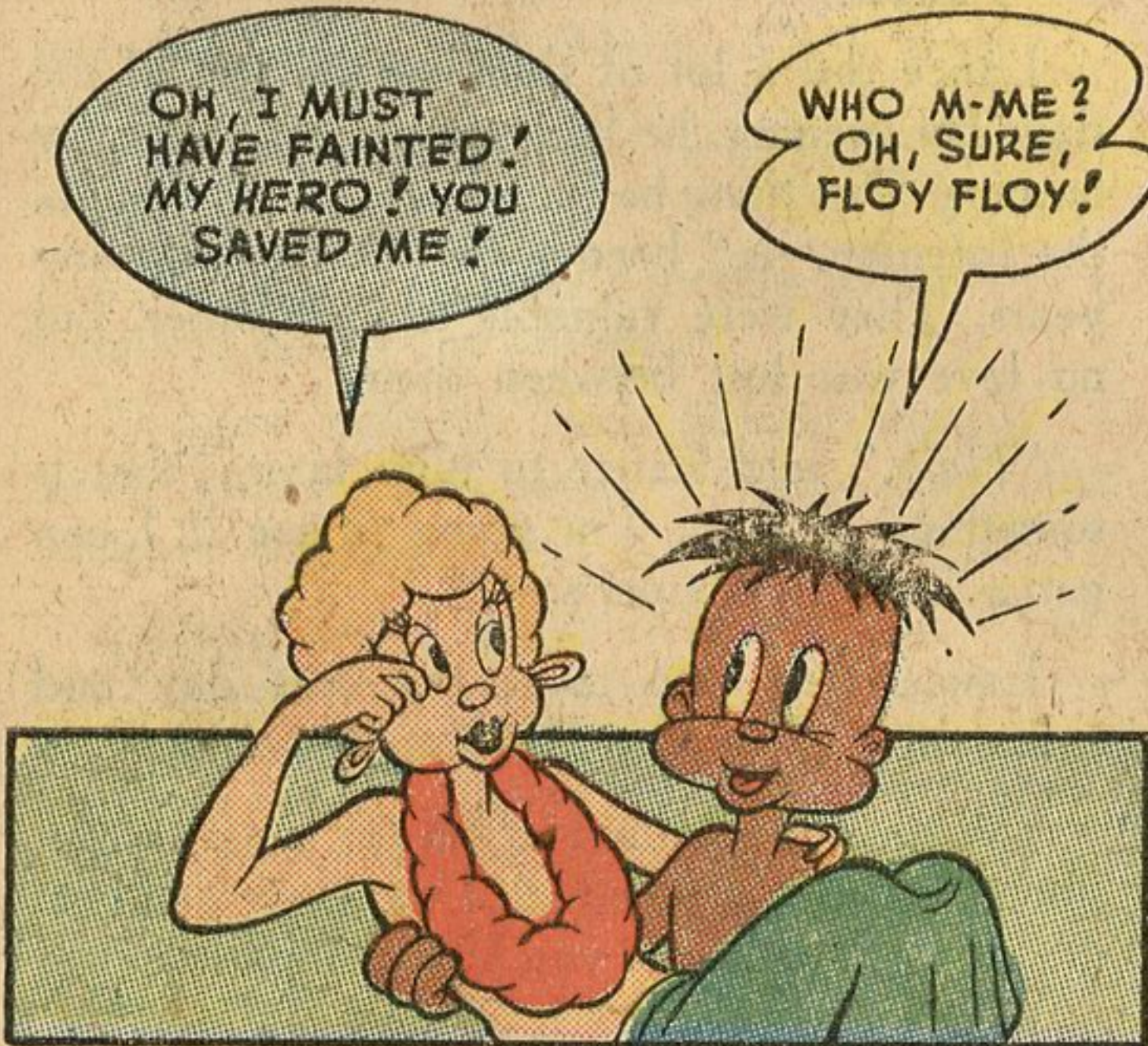
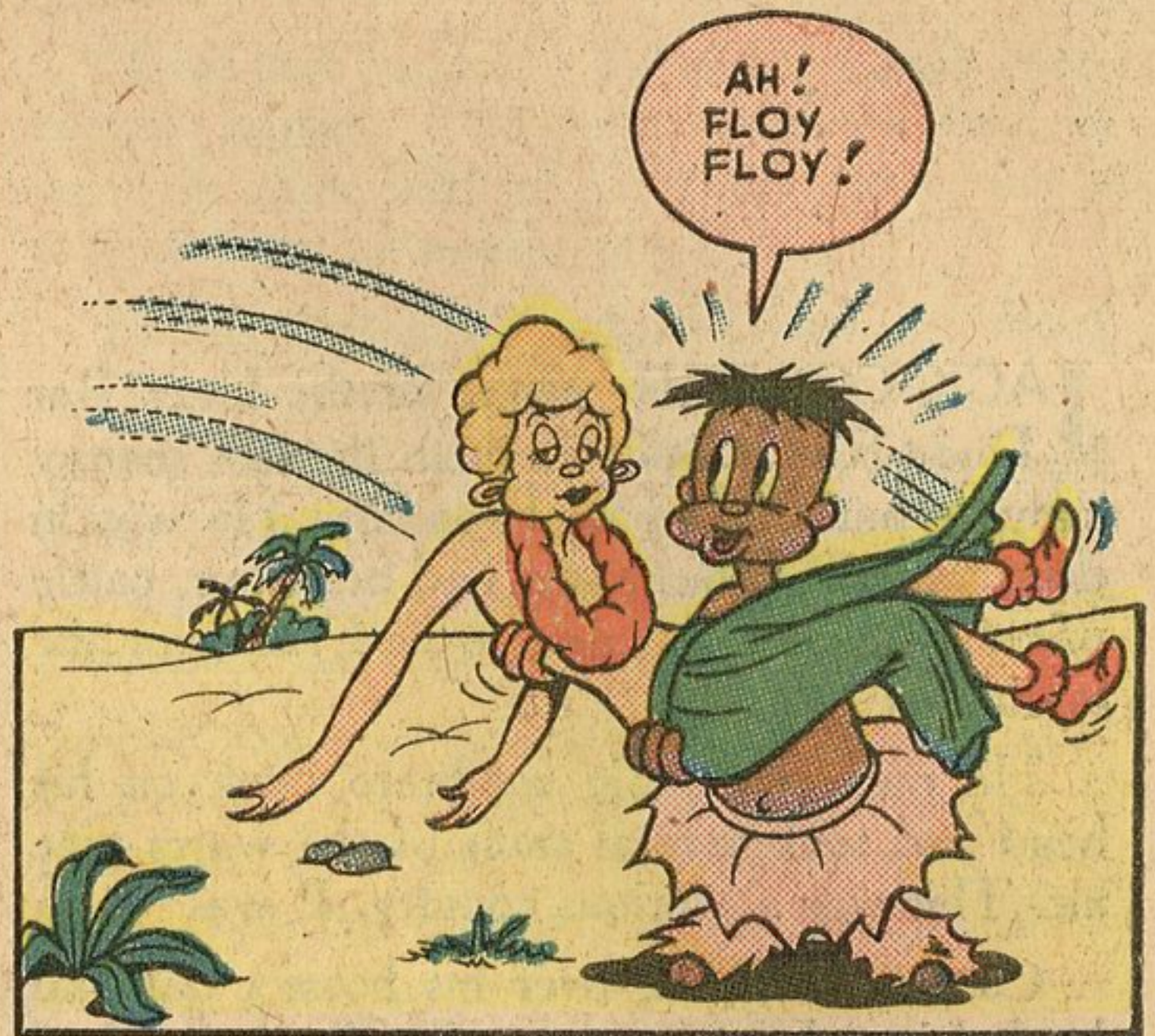
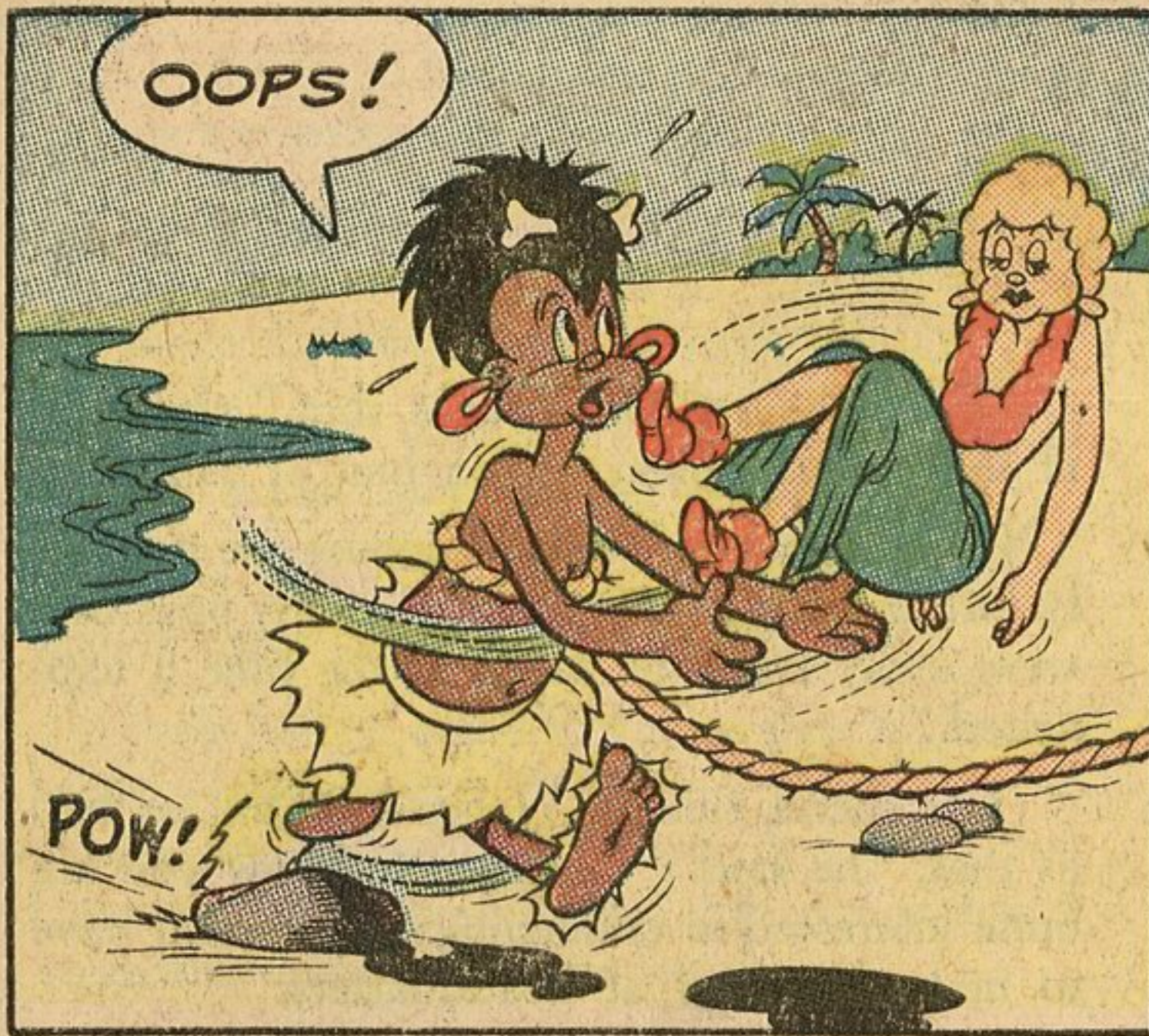


WHICH
TEETH, FUZZY?
: GULP : HE HAS
SO MANY!



WOW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!





MURDERER up a Tree

JACK COOPER, owner of the Lazy Bar Dude Ranch, rode through the last shaggy canyon that fringed his boundary. He was in deep thought. The season had been fair, cattle prices had gone up, and so had rates for the tourists.

He pushed his big sombrero back on his head and took several sniffs of the warm pine air. This was a glorious country. It was—

Cooper fell back over his horse's tail and landed in a heap on the trail. The bullet had gone in his temple. Range-bred, the horse stood by with dragging reins.

It was thus that Lance Gallant and Kim Meredith found the rancher.

"Why, it's Mr. Cooper!" cried Kim, leaping out of her saddle.

Lance got down. "He's been shot with a high-powered rifle."

Lance gathered the man up and slung him over his saddle.

"We'll take him in to the ranch, Kim. The police, or sheriff, must be notified."

They rode to the ranch, Kim sharing her horse with Lance.

Lance made a check of the cowboys; they were all present.

"Who shot him, does anybody have an idea?" he asked of the crowd in general.

Hank Mehin, the foreman, stepped forward. "Nobody had it in for Jack," he said. "Didn't have an enemy in the country that I know of."

The others made the same report.

"He hasn't been dead more than an hour," said Lance.

The sheriff came, and the usual questions were asked of everybody. There were only five guests at the ranch at this time—all of them accounted for. None had been riding that morning, except Lance and Kim.

"Funny you didn't hear a shot," the sheriff said, eyeing them with a hint of suspicion.

Lance grinned. "Yes. I suppose we naturally fall under suspicion, being the only ones who were away from the ranch at the time it happened."

The sheriff smiled. "I guess it isn't as bad as that," he said. "I happen to know you are quite interested in criminology; but you'll have to make a report at headquarters."

"I know."

Lance did a lot of thinking the rest of the day. By evening, he had arrived at practically nothing. One thing he found out: Hank Mehin, the foreman, had been with Cooper for many years. They were valuable to each other, but no love was lost between them.

"Now," said Lance to Kim later, "that is something at least. I'm going to see if I can get a look at Cooper's will."

Lance rode into town the next day and called upon Barnaby Wright, Attorney.

"Well, Mr. Gallant, it's a bit irregular but since a murder is involved, I guess we can skip it. . . . Yes, I'll show you Cooper's will."

He went to a safe and drew out a document, tossed it on the desk in front of Lance. The latter gave it a hasty glance.

"Hmmm-mm," he said. "All right, Mr. Wright. Thanks a lot. Be seeing you later." He left the office.

Lance kept an eye on Hank Mehin for the next two or three days, making no discoveries. Mehin rode the range with the other cowboys, kept a decent set of books on operations, and conducted himself above reproach.

"But I have a strange feeling about him," Lance told Kim. "There's something—"

"You're always getting hunches, Lance," Kim laughed.

"And sometimes they are good ones."

The sheriff's men worked on the case for a week, turning up nothing. The reason for Jack Cooper's murder was simply unknown.

Could it have been suicide?" asked one of the men, then caught himself. "But of course not, since no weapon was found."

"But," said another, "maybe he tossed it into a canyon, among some deep bushes."

Lance shook his head. "I've been over all that territory with a fine-tooth comb."

Hank Mehin came to Lance that night and made a statement: "I know you were in to see Lawyer Wright. Well, you found out that Cooper left me everything." He was diffident about the matter, it seemed to Lance.

"Yes," Lance nodded. "Nothing especially important about that, Mehin. Or is there?"

Mehin looked scared. "If you mean, did I knock off Cooper—"

"Not at all, Mehin. I merely asked you a question. Know the answer?"

"I know nothing," said Mehin, angrily. "I never killed old Cooper, I know that. But someone did."

Lance studied the man before him. "Mehin," he said, "care to ride out there where he was killed in the morning? I want to go over that scene again."

Hank got up. "It's all right with me," he said. "'Bout eight?"

Lance nodded and said good night.

A little past eight the next morning, Lance and Mehin dismounted at the spot where Cooper's body had lain.

"Now, Mehin," he said, "you get back on your horse and put him about where Cooper sat on his horse."

Mehin looked odd, but did it.

"Now," said Lance, "Cooper was shot through the left temple. The bullet came out almost directly across from its point of entry. Now look around."

Mehin did so. "Well?" he said at last.

"To shoot Cooper," Lance said, "his murderer had to stand on his left side, and aim at exactly Cooper's head height. See what I mean?"

Mehin nodded. "But in that case—"

"I see that you catch the idea," Lance interrupted hastily. "Cooper's murderer had to stand in plain sight of Cooper. There's not a tree or bush to screen him."

Mehin scratched his stubbly jaw and shook his head. "Don't make sense, does it?"

"No, Mehin, it doesn't. But I'll know more when I receive the ballistic report on the bullet that killed Cooper. Should be here this afternoon. Let's go back."

The ballistic report on the lethal bullet cleared up an important fact for Lance. It had been fired, not by a high-powered rifle, but a powerful foreign pistol of small calibre.

"But where is it?"

Lance paced back and forth in the pepper tree-shaded patio until late that night. He couldn't come to anything that pointed to reason or method.

Almost without knowing what he did, Lance rubbed the birthmark on his left wrist! The ghost of his dead brother, Michael, appeared before him, filmy at first, then vanishing, as it merged into Lance's body and they became Captain Triumph, dreaded nemesis of criminals all over the world.

Captain Triumph swirled out of the patio, unseen by anyone. Quickly he was whirling over the ground toward the murder spot. He believed Mehin innocent . . . but he must prove it. The moon was soft and silvery on the spot where Jack Cooper had toppled to his death. The surrounding canyons and distant mountains were dark, misty along the edges where the moonlight frosted them.

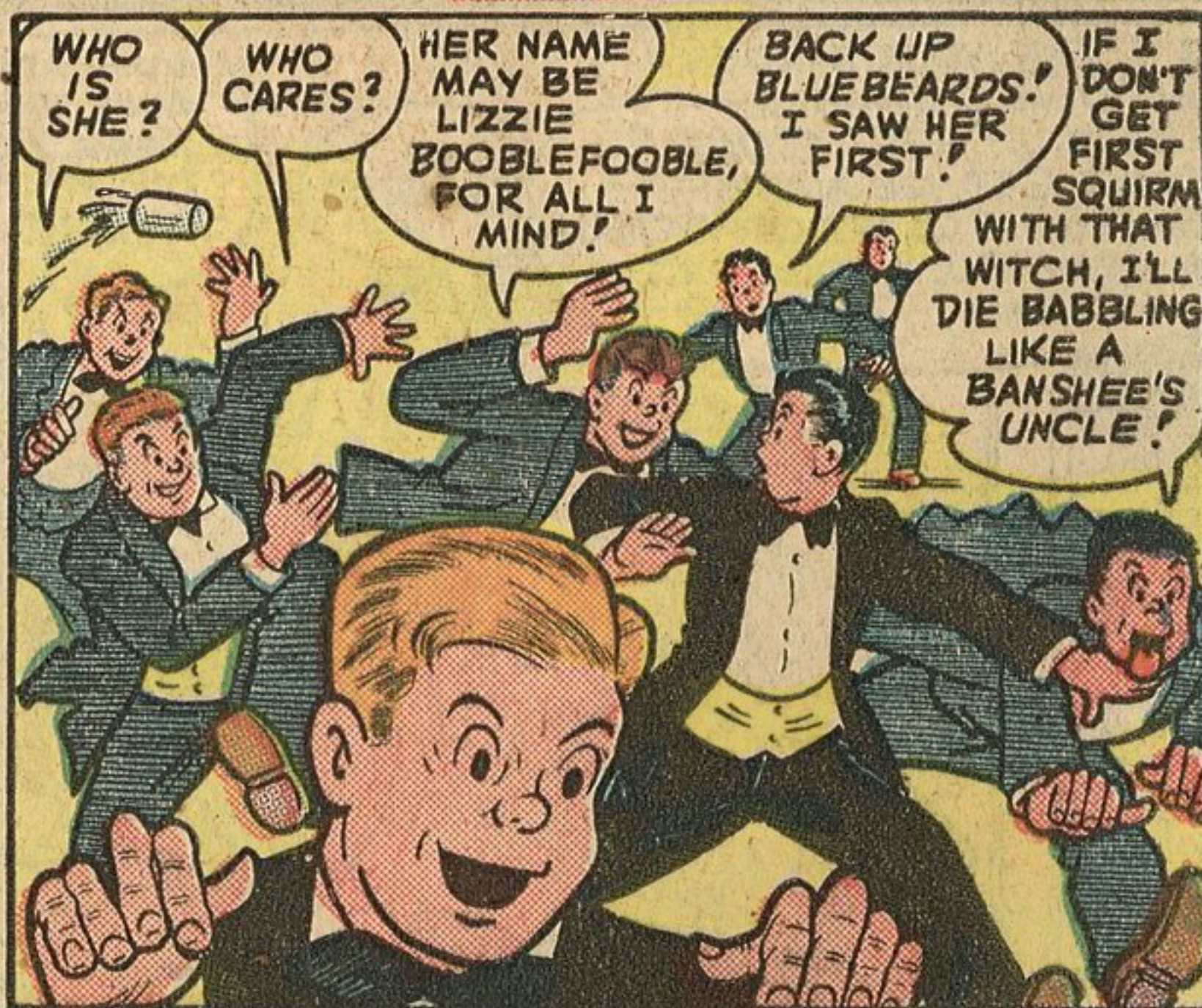
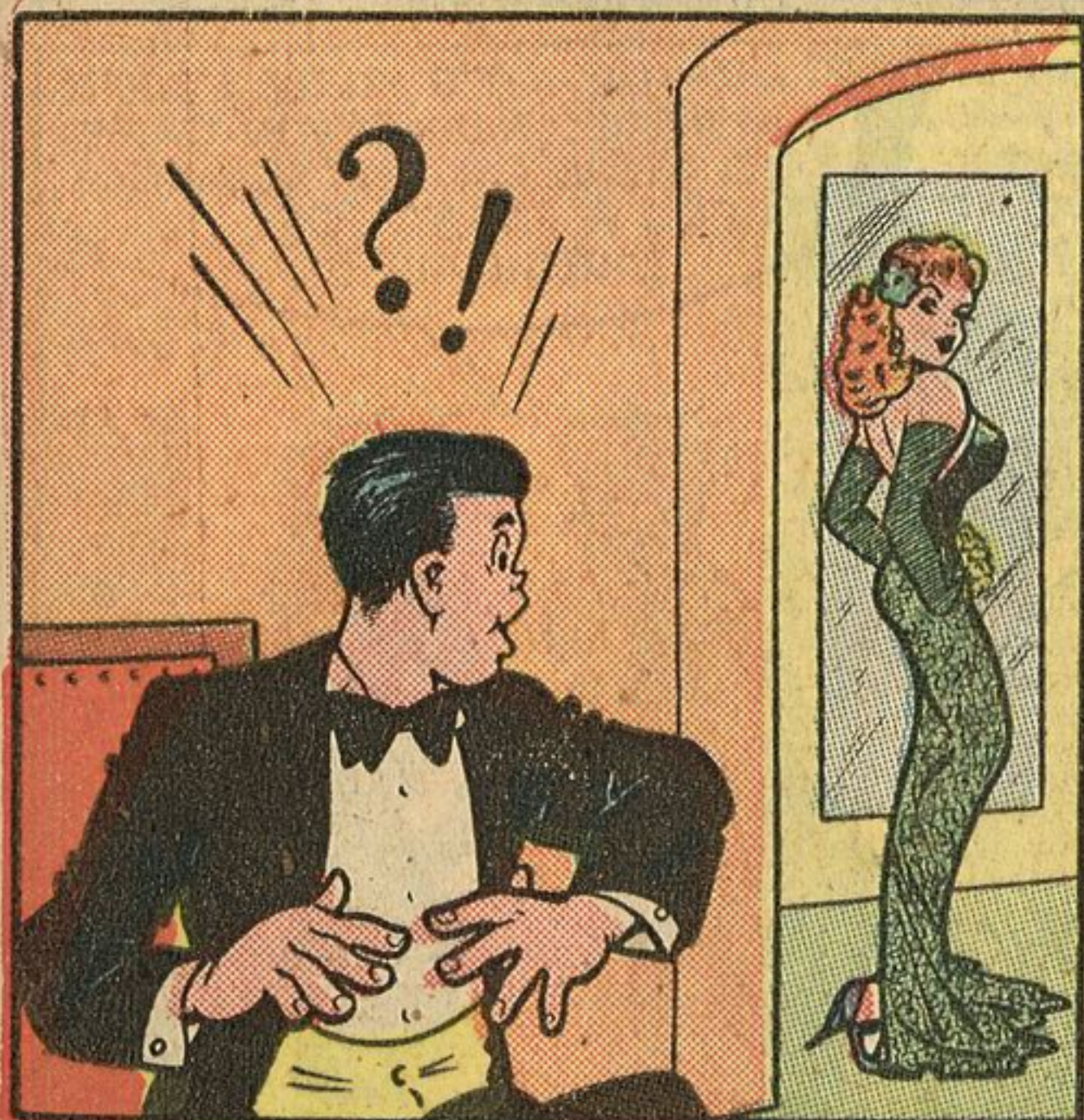
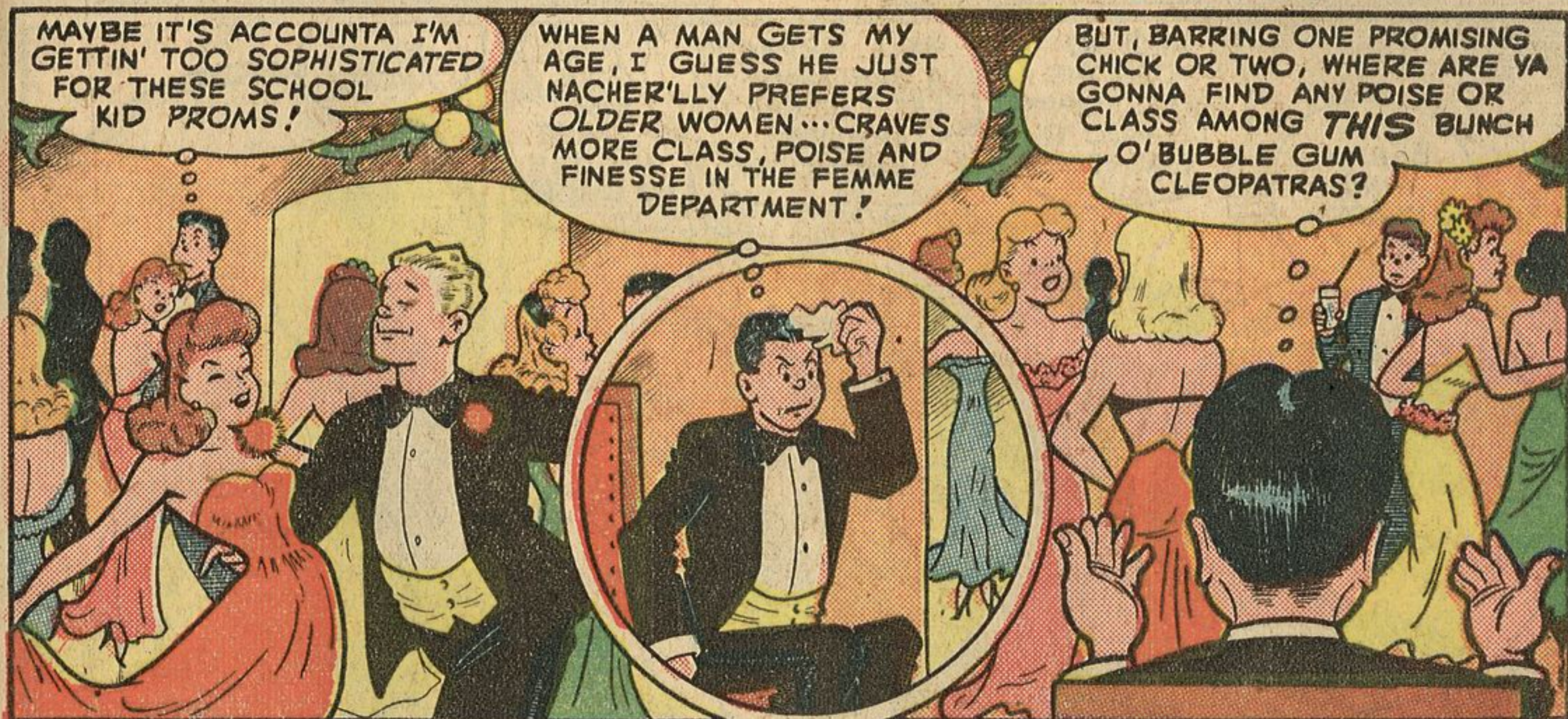
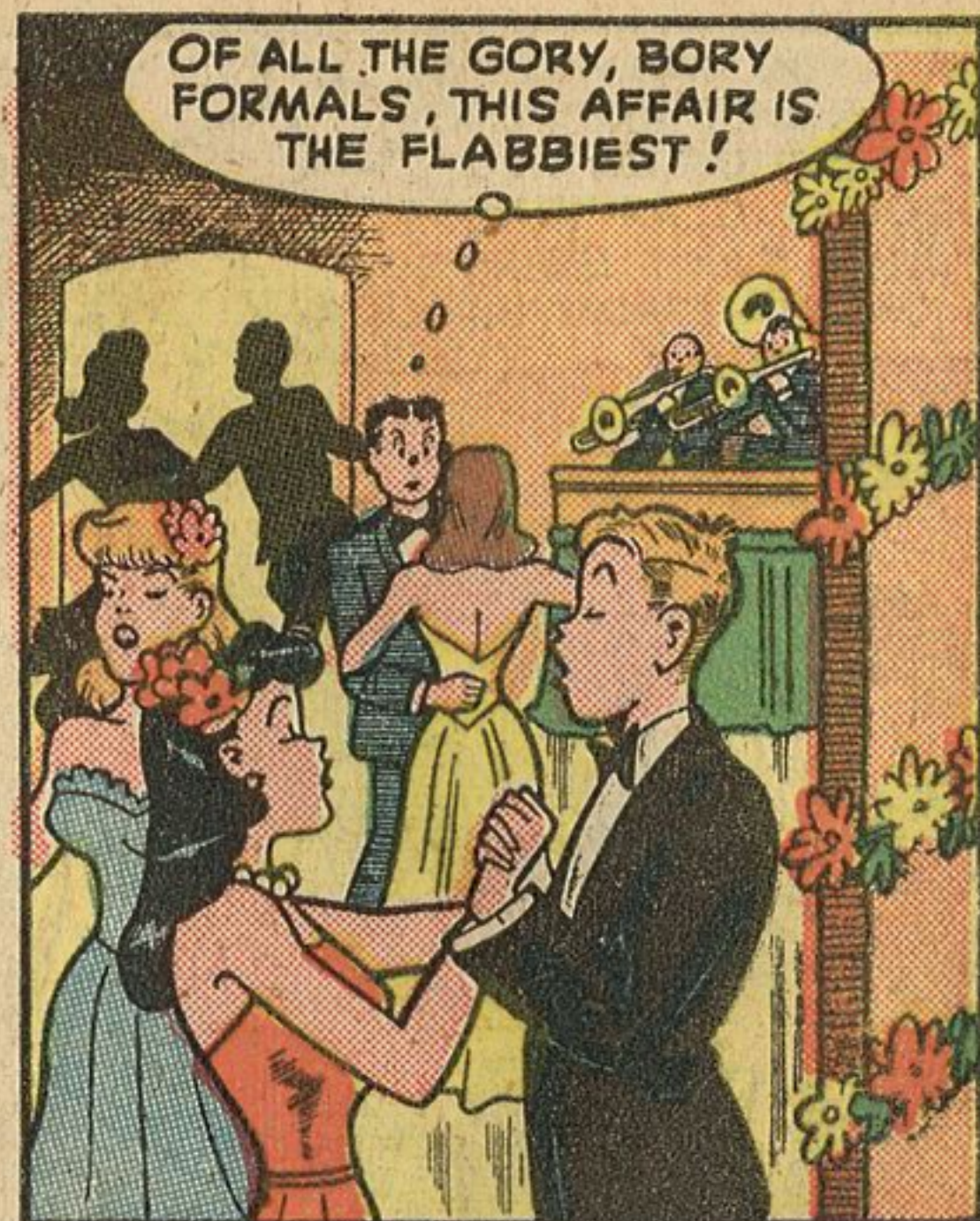
Captain Triumph hardly gave the spot a glance. He started climbing a tall tree that stood near the fatal spot and on the right side of the trail. He only climbed a few feet. The branches were thick. But he found what he was looking for: an ugly little Luger automatic with a silencer on its barrel.

The gun swung from a cord. The end of the cord was attached to a flexible limb. The gun could easily be drawn down to the trail.

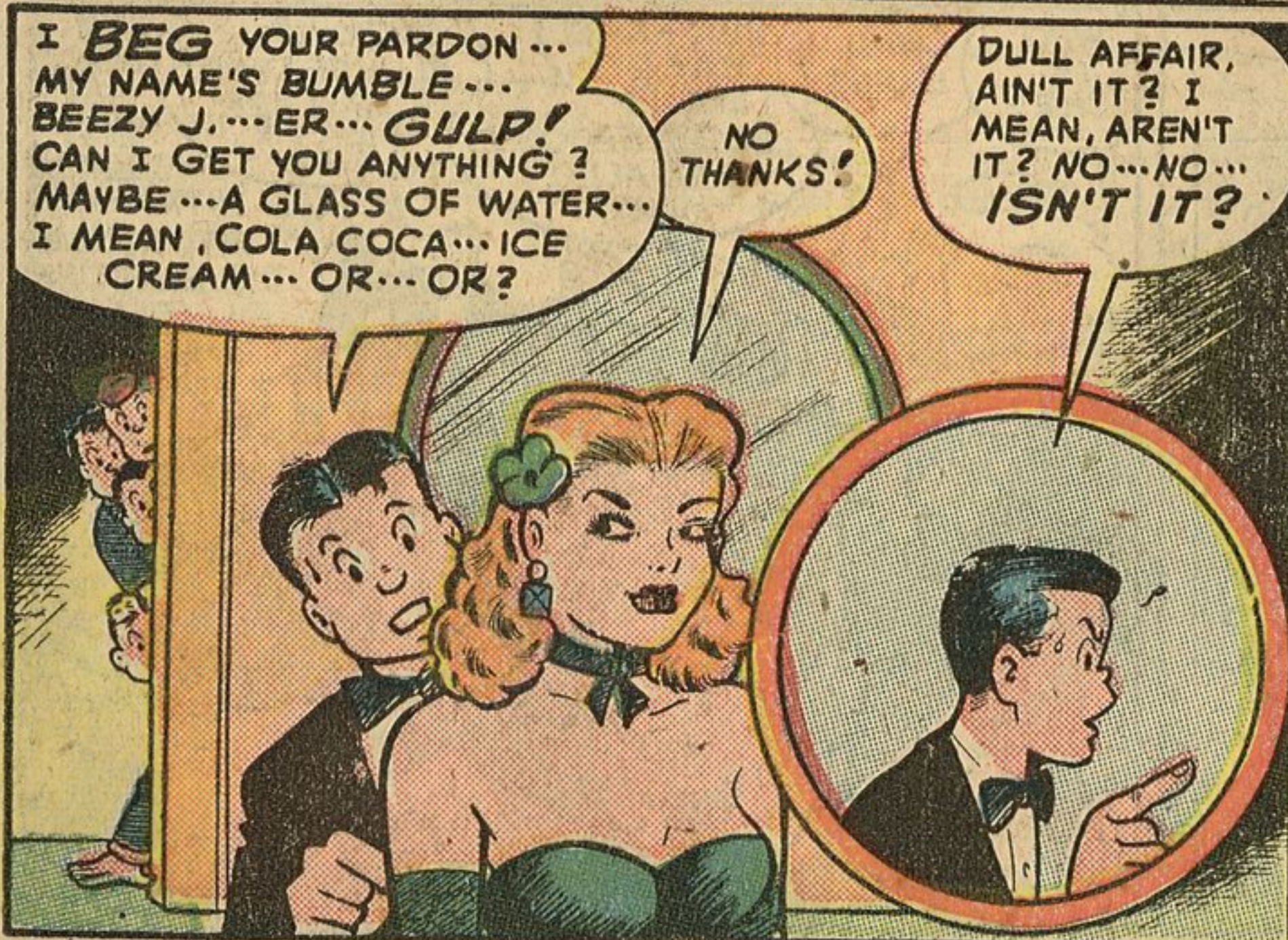
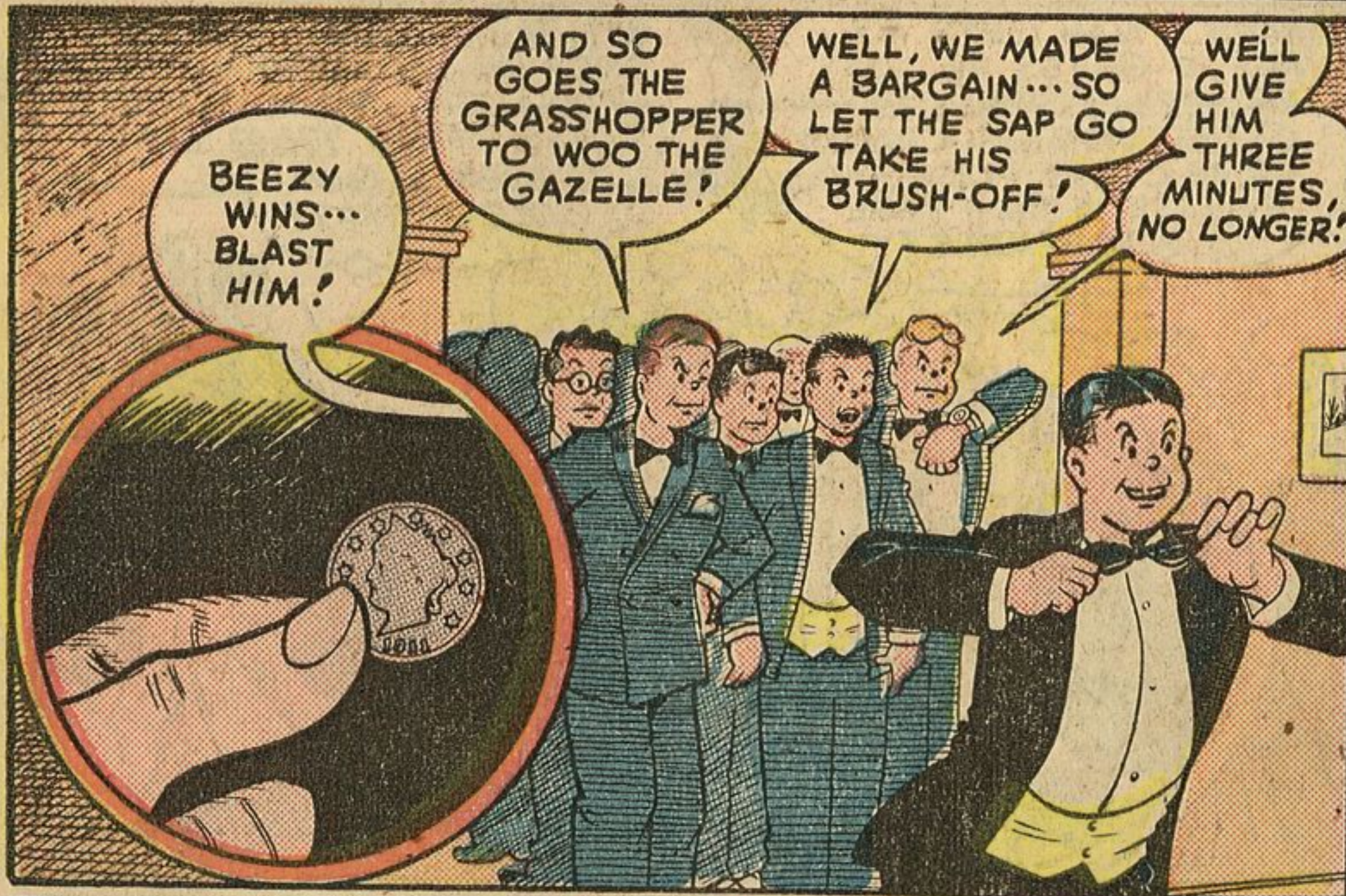
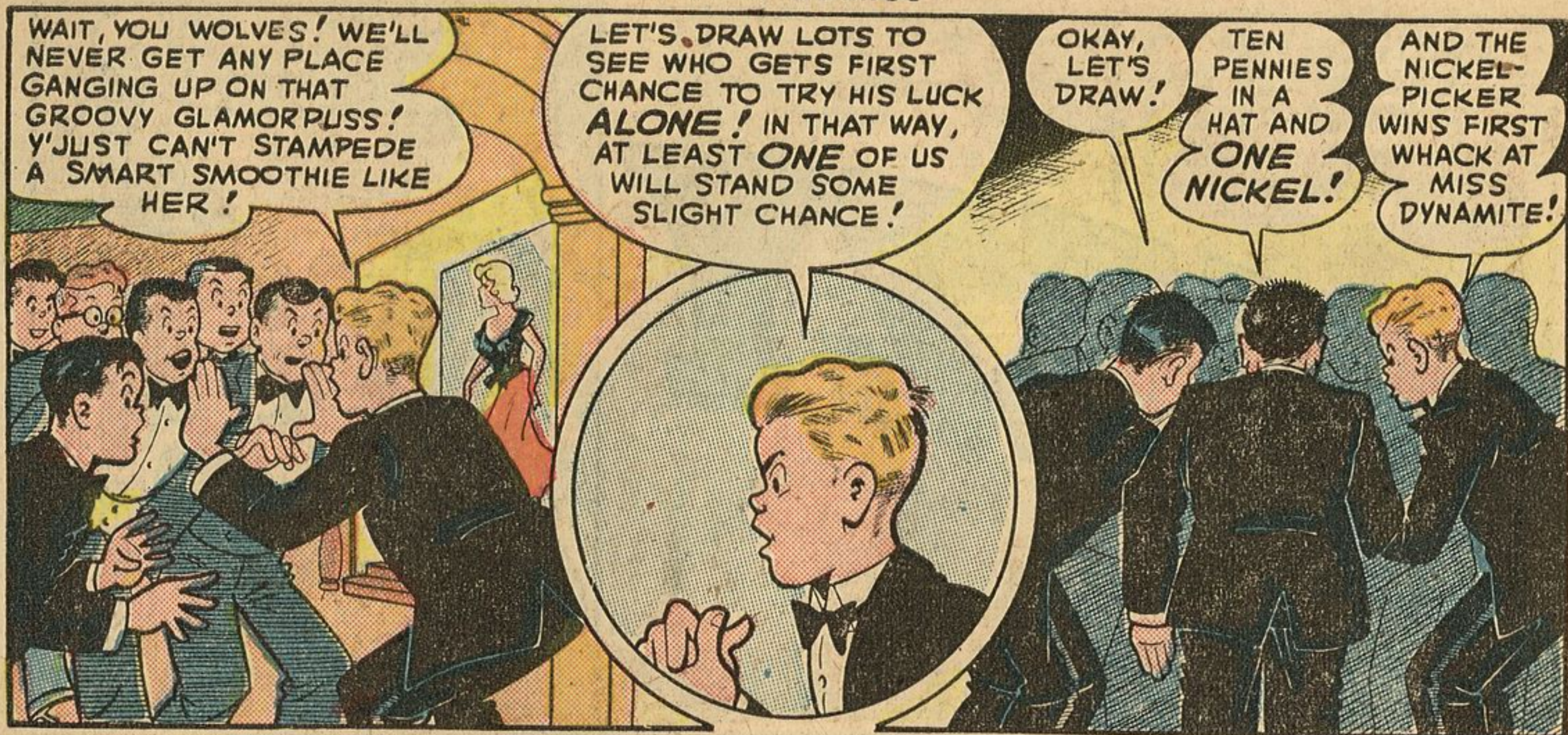
Yes, Lance thought, Cooper held it to his head, fired, and let go. The gun shot upward, out of sight. Clever trick to incriminate Hank Mehin, whom he hated.

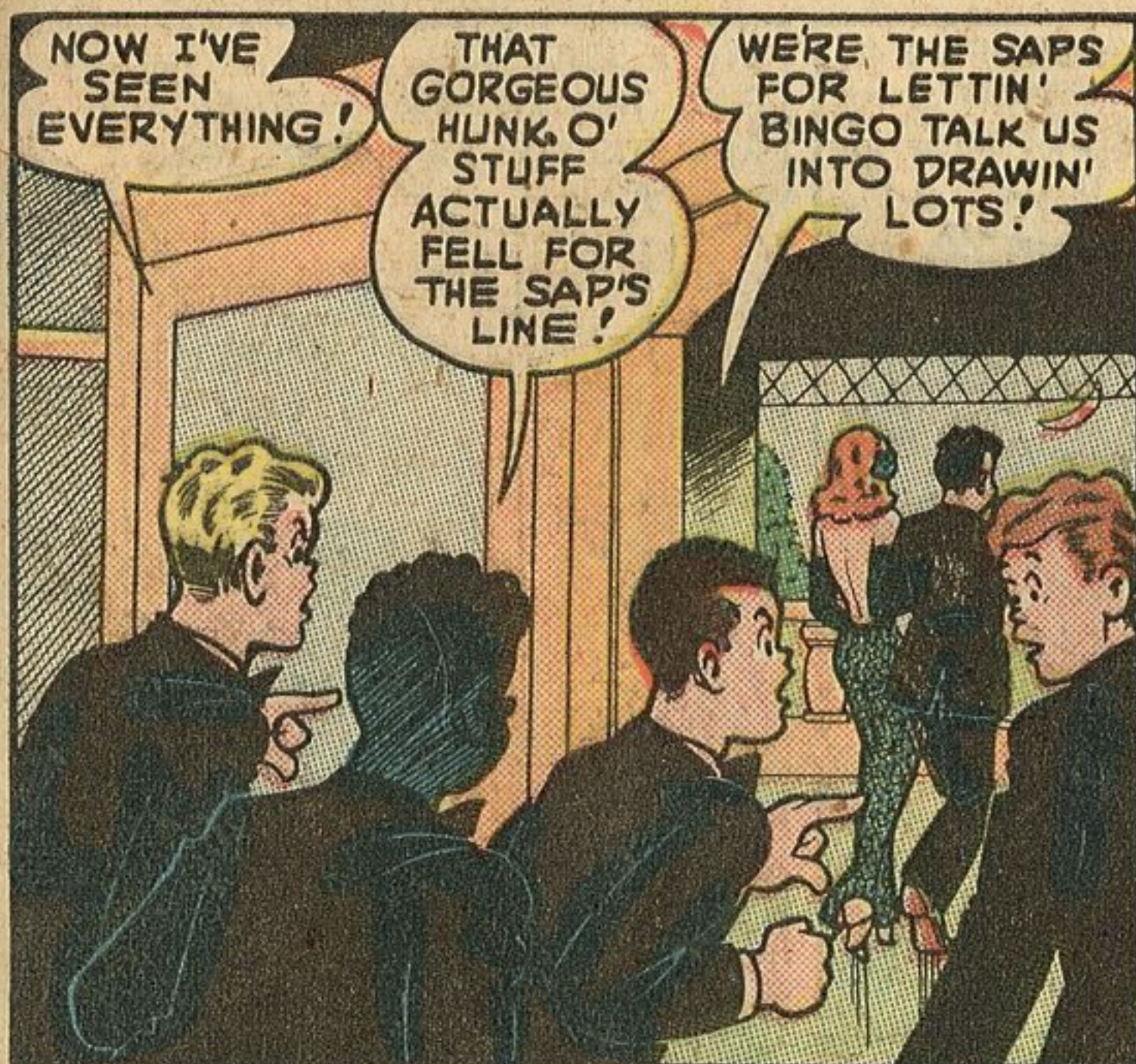


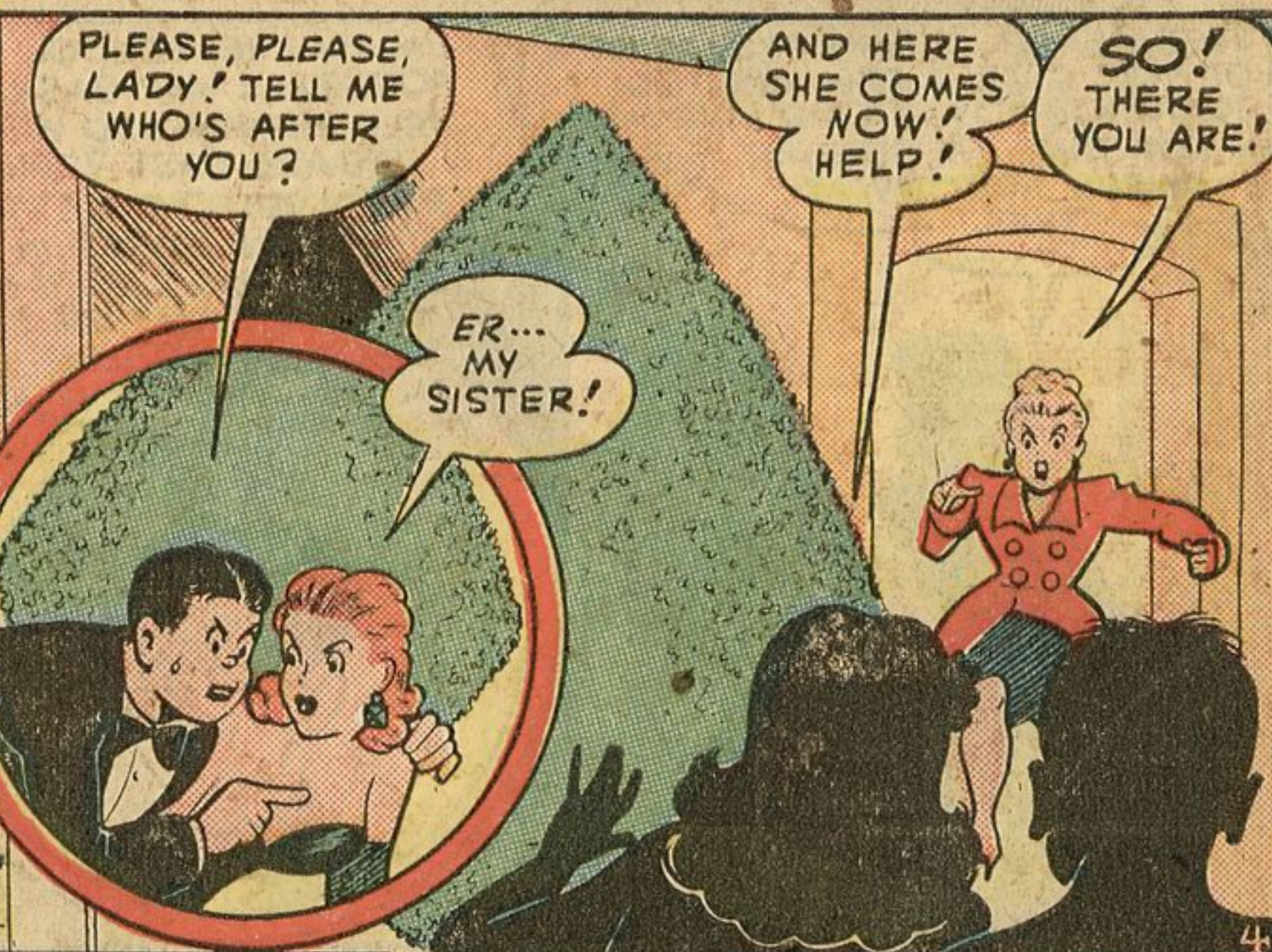
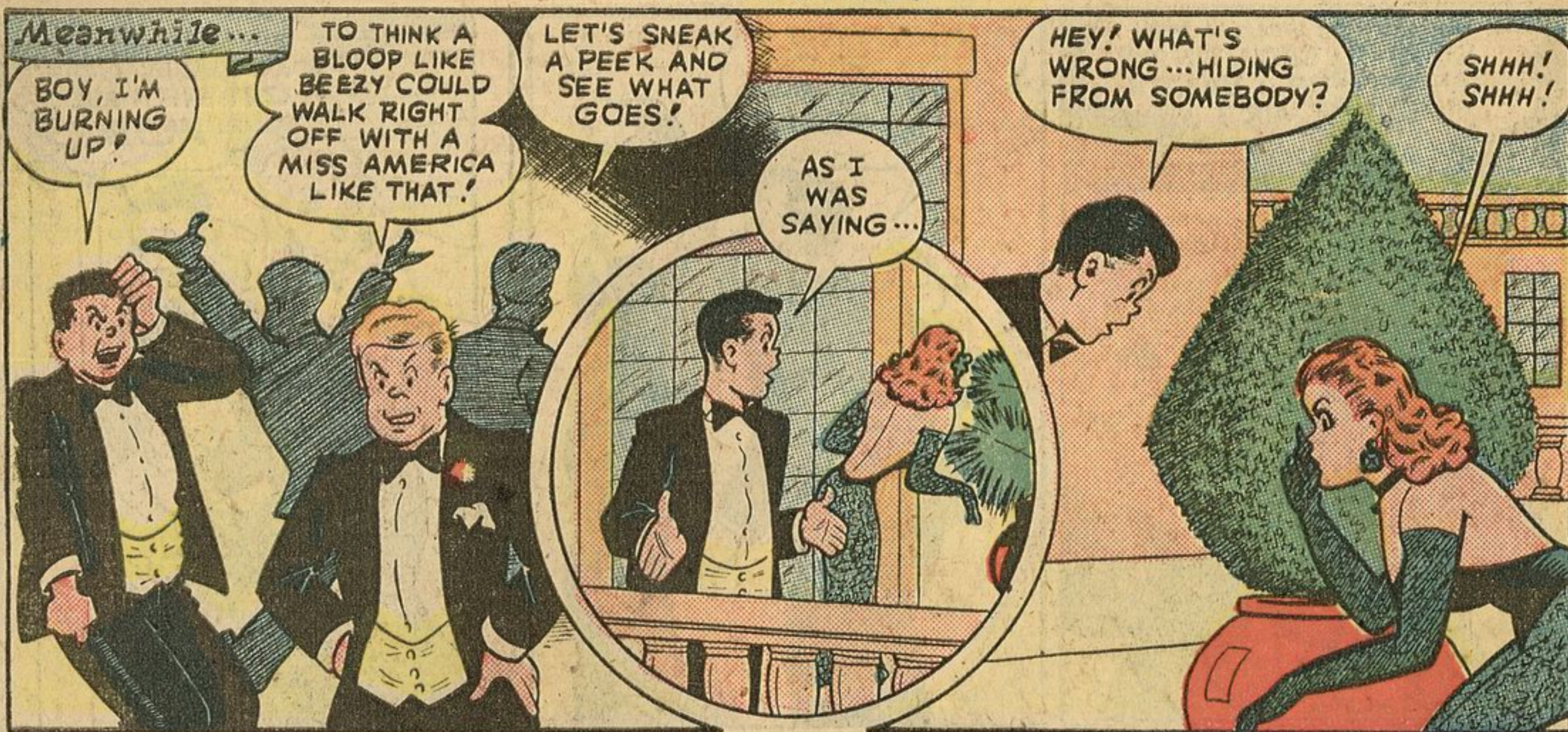
BEEZY

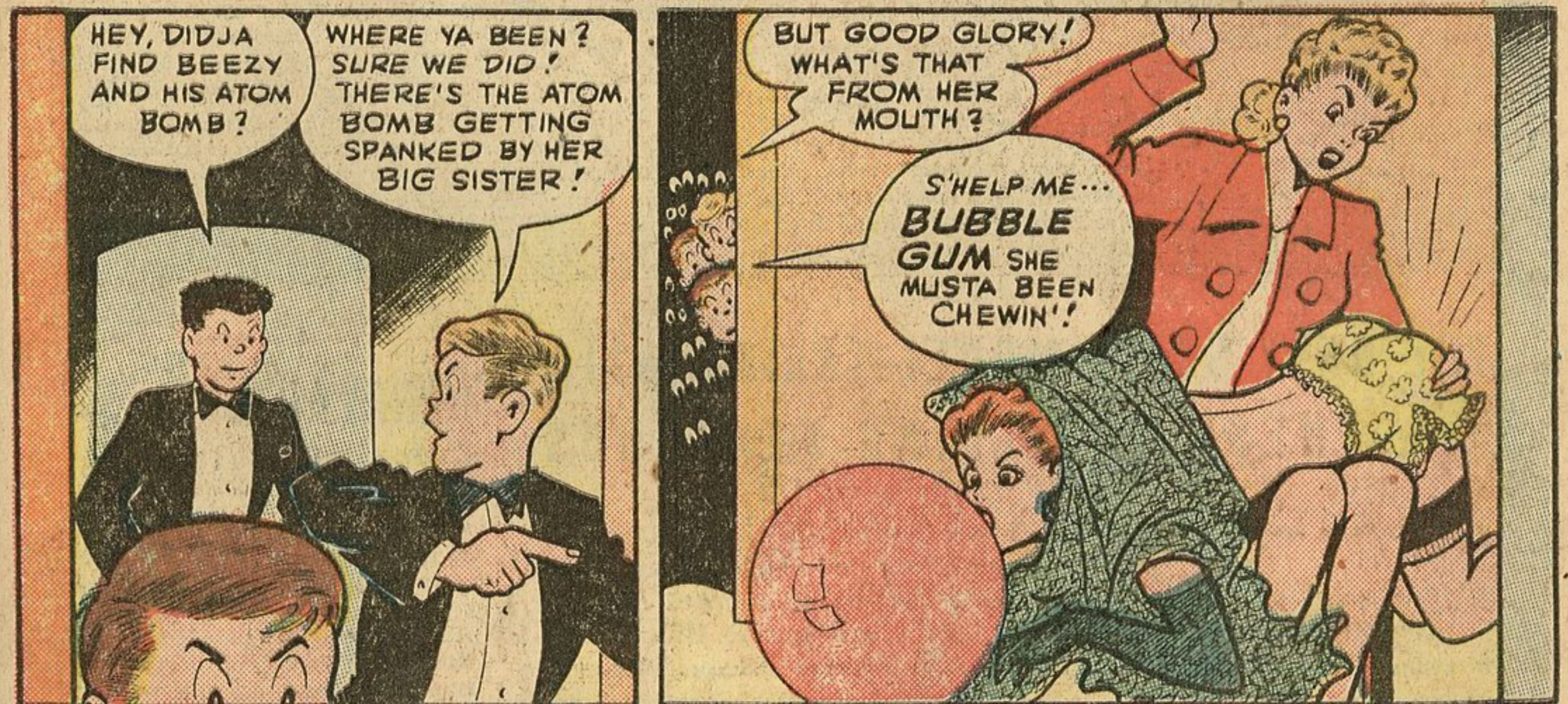
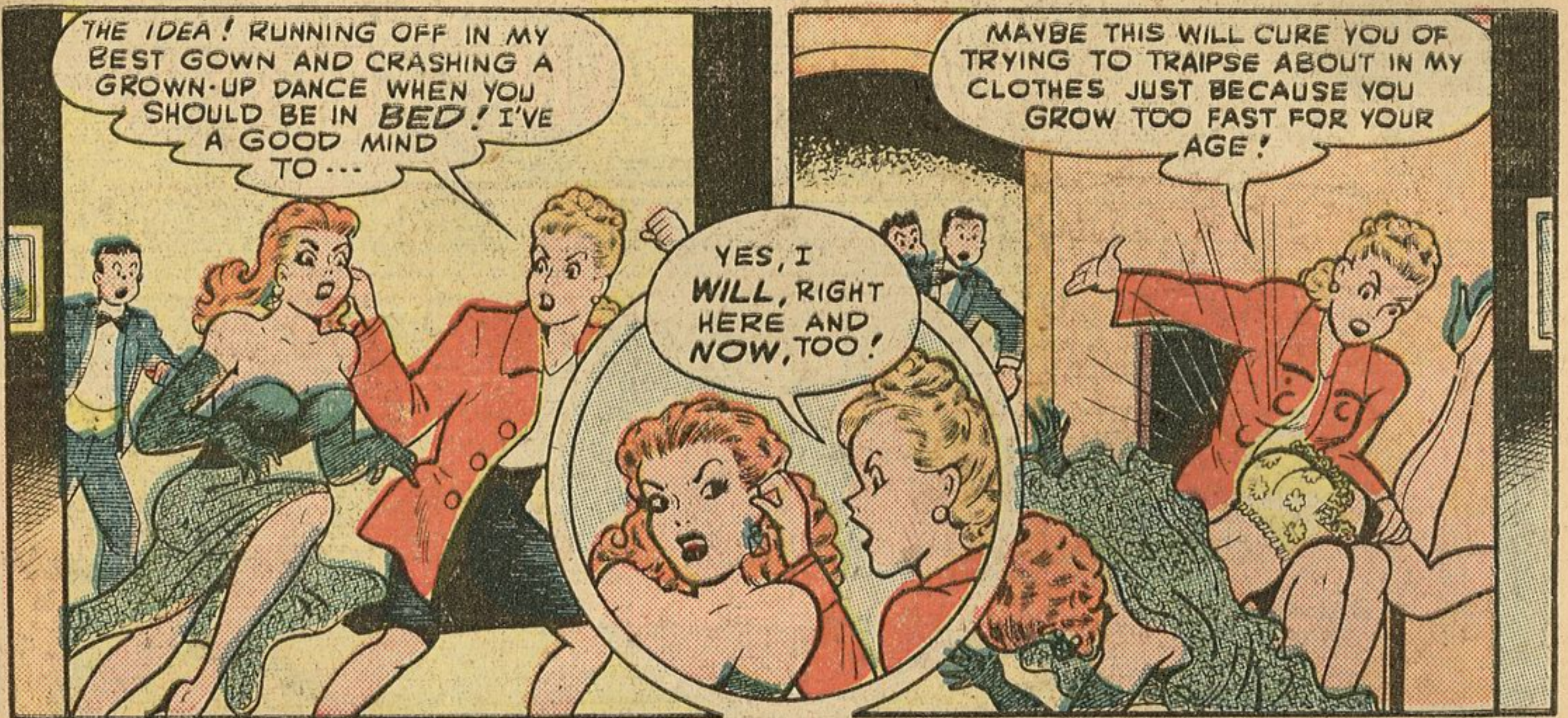


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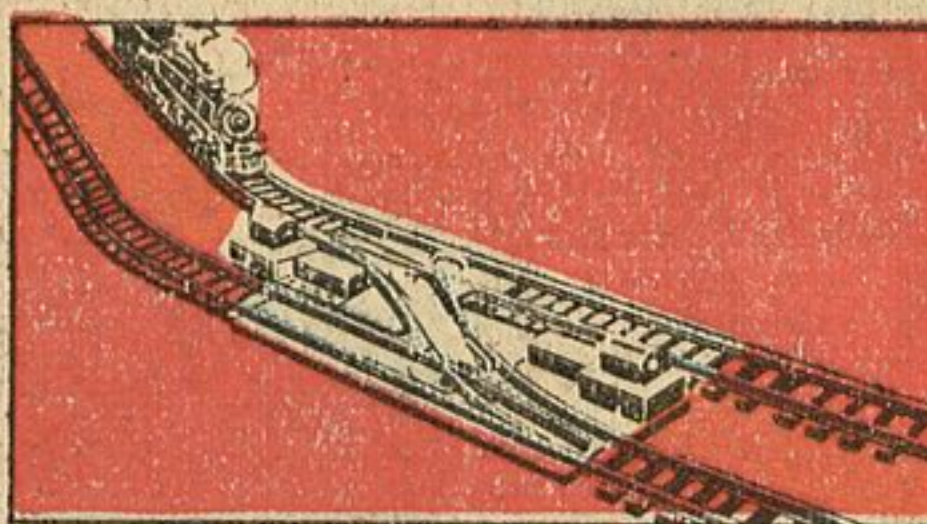
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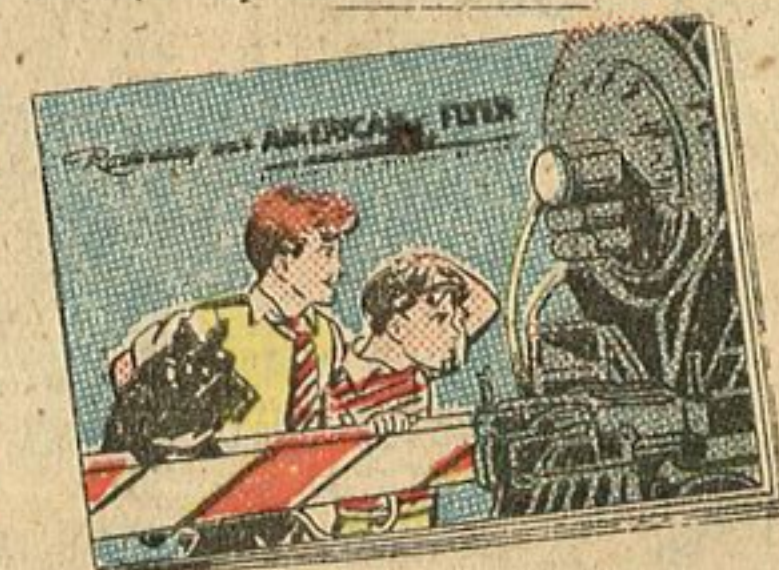


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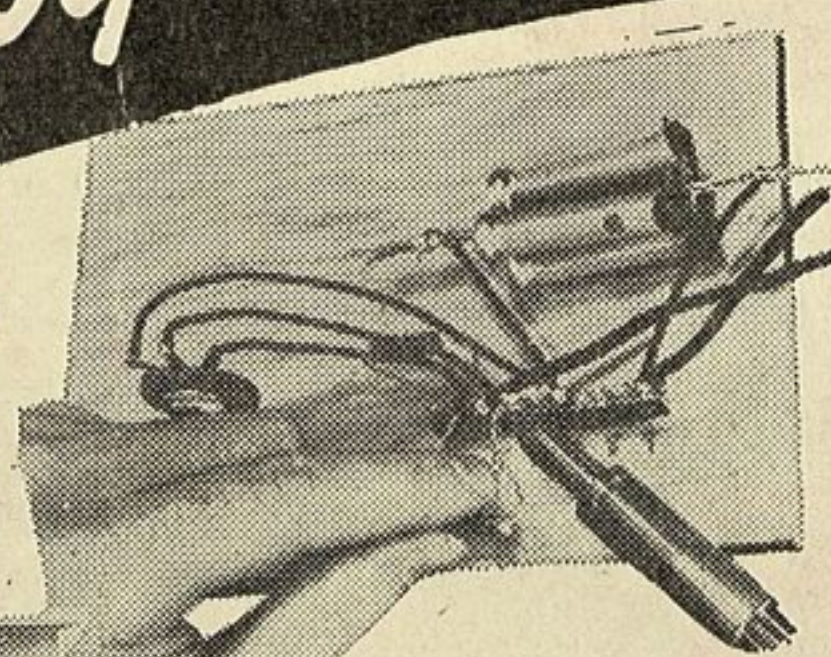
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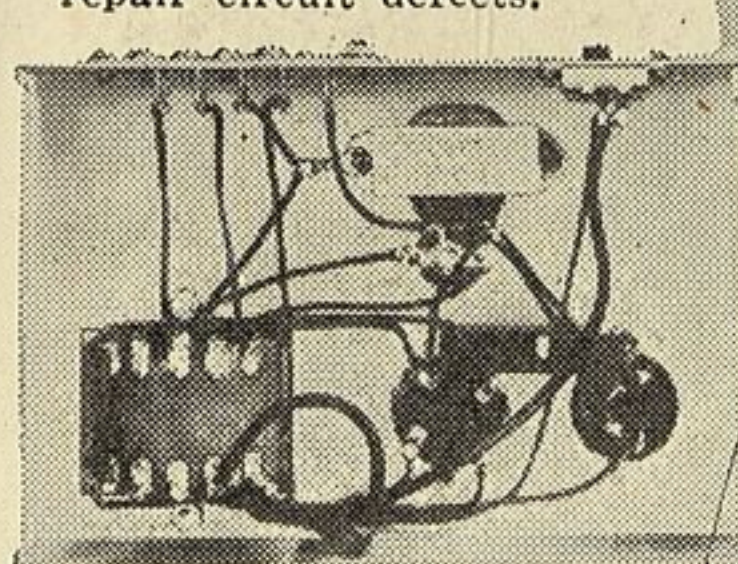
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RADIO PARTS I send you

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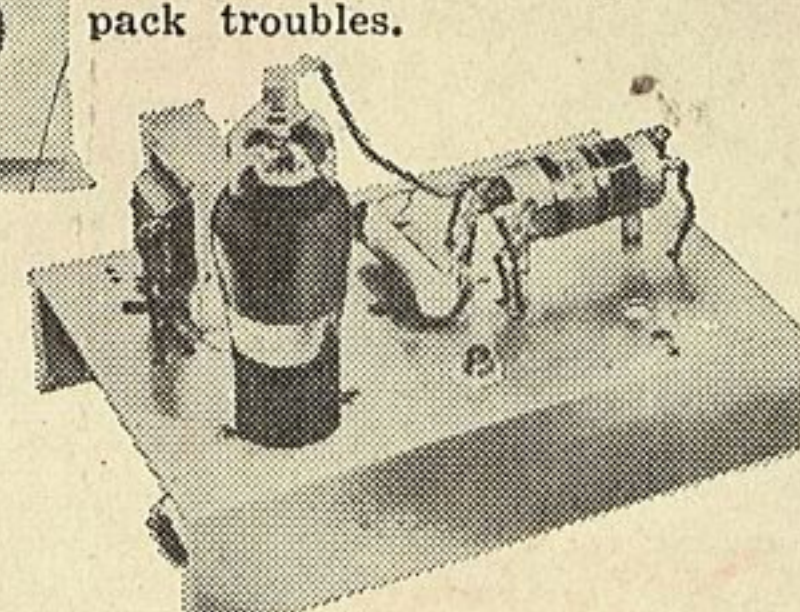
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them, see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4 You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack, make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



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